THE

MASTER-MINDS OF THE WEST:

THEIR BEST POEMS,

THOUGHTS, ESSAYS, AND TALES.

BY

EDITED BY

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD,

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ADDRESS.

VERY little credit can be the due of the Editor of the present Volume. He has simply selected and put together some of the best things said by our Transatlantic friends and brethren. For many of the criticisms and facts, connected with the Authors, he has to confess his obligations to the two bulky volumes of Rufus Griswold, which have never yet been published in England.

E. P. H.

Fulford.

JOHN GREENLEA

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THE

MASTER-MINDS OF THE WEST.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

During the present century many persons in America, whose early productions gave promise of brilliant achievements in maturity, have died young. It has been said that the history of American genius might be written in a series of obituaries of youthful authors. Were Drake, Sands, Griffin, Rockwell, Wilcox, Pinkney, Clarke, the Davidsons, and Brainard now alive, there would be no scarcity of American writers, nor would any of them have passed the ordinary meridian of existence. What they have left us must be regarded as the first fruits of minds whose full powers were to the last undeveloped, and which were never tasked to their full capacity.

John Gardner Calkins Brainard was a son of the Honourable J. G. Brainard, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. He was born at New London, in that State, on the 21st day of October, 1796. After finish-

ing his preparatory studies, which were pursued under the direction of an elder brother, he entered Yale College, in 1811, being then in the fifteenth year of his age. At this immature period, before the mind is fully awake to the nature and importance of moral and intellectual discipline, severe application to study is unusual. Brainard's books were neglected for communion with his own thoughts and "thick coming fancies," or for the society of his fellows. His college career was marked by nothing peculiar: he was distinguished for the fine powers he evinced whenever he chose to exert them, for the uniform modesty of his deportment, the kindness which characterised his intercourse with those about him, and a remarkable degree of sensitiveness, which caused him to shrink from every harsh collision, and to court retirement. On leaving college, in 1815, he commenced the study of law, in his native place, and on his admission to the bar, he removed to the city of Middleton, intending to practise there his profession. His success was less than he anticipated; perhaps because of his too great modesty—an unfortunate quality in lawyers—or, it may be, in consequence of his indolence and convivial propensities. One of his biographers remarks that his friends were always welcome, save when they came as clients.

Wearied with the vexations and dry formalities of his profession, he relinquished it in the winter of 1822, to undertake the editorship of the "Connecticut Mirror," a weekly political and literary gazette, published in Hartford.

But here he found as little to please him as in the business he had deserted. He was too indolent to prepare every week articles of a serious, argumentative character, and gave in their place, graceful or humorous paragraphs, and the occasional pieces of verse on which rests his reputation as a poet. These, at the time, were republished in many periodicals; and much praised. In the departments of poetry and criticism, the "Mirror" acquired a high reputation; but in others, while under his direction, it hardly rose to mediocrity.*

His first volume of poetry,† containing his

* The editor of the last edition of his works, of which I have received a copy since the above was written, and while this volume is passing through the press, speaks as follows of his editorial career, —"We are assured by competent testimony, that laboured and able political articles were withheld from publication, owing to causes over which he had little control. It is not, perhaps, necessary to detail the facts, but they certainly go far to exculpate him from the charge of levity, or weakness, in conducting the editorial department of his paper. Prudential considerations were suffered to have sway, at the expense of his reputation for political tact and foresight. The only substitutes for the articles referred to, were such brief and tame pieces as he could prepare, after the best and almost only hours for composition had passed by. This circumstance, together with the consciousness that the paper was ill sustained in respect to its patronage, was sufficiently discouraging to a person whose sensibilities were so acute as those of Brainard. It accounts, also, for the frequent turns of mental depression which marked his latter years —heightened, indeed, by that frequent and mortifying concomitant of genius—slender pecuniary means."

† The volume was introduced by the following characteristic address to the reader.—"The author of the following pieces has been induced to publish them in a book, from considerations which cannot be interesting to the public. Many of these little poems have been printed in the 'Connecticut Mirror,' and others are just fit to keep

contributions to the "Mirror," and some other pieces, was published early in 1825. It was favourably received by the public, and its success induced his friends to urge him to undertake the composition of a larger and more important work than he had yet attempted. His constitutional lassitude and aversion to high and continued effort deterred him from beginning the task until 1827, when his health began to wane, and it was no longer in his power. He then relinquished the editorship of the "Mirror," and sought for restoring quiet, and the gentle ministrations of affection, in the home of his childhood. His illness soon assumed the character of consumption, and he saw that he had but a brief time to live. A few weeks were passed on the eastern shore of Long Island, in the hope of deriving benefit from a change of air; but nothing could arrest the progress of the final malady; and he returned to New London, to prepare for the spiritual life upon which he was about to enter. He had always regarded with reverence the Christian character and profession, and he was now united

them company. No apologies are made, and no criticisms deprecated. The common-place story of the importunities of friends, though it has its share in the publication, is not insisted upon: but the vanity of the author, if others choose to call it such, is a natural motive, and the hope of 'making a little something by it,' is an honest acknowledgement, if it is a poor excuse." The motto of the title-page was as quaint:—

"Some said, 'John, print it;' others said, 'Not so;'
Some said, 'It might do good;' others said, 'No.'"
BUNYAN'S APOLOGY.

to the visible church,* and received the holiest of the sacraments. He lingered until the 26th of September, 1828, when he passed peacefully to the rest of those who "know that their Redeemer lives."

The pathway of Brainard was aside from the walks of ambition, and the haunts of worldliness. He lived within himself, holding communion with his own thoughts, and suffering from deep and lasting melancholy. Like Wilcox, it is said, he met with one of those disappointments in early life, which so frequently impress the soul with sadness; and though there was sometimes gaiety in his manner and conversation, it was generally assumed, to conceal painful musings, or to beguile sorrow.

His person was small, and well formed; his countenance mild, and indicative of the kindness and gentleness of his nature; and in his eyes there was a look of dreamy listlessness and tenderness. He was fond of society, and his pleasing conversation and amiable character won for him many ardent friends. He was peculiarly sensitive; and Mr. Whittier, in a

* "On this occasion," says the Reverend Mr. M'Ewen, "as he was too feeble to go to church and remain through the customary services, he arrived at and entered the sanctuary when these were nearly or quite through. Every one present (literally, almost) knew him—the occasion of his coming was understood—and when he appeared, pale, feeble, emaciated, and trembling in consequence of his extreme debility, the sensation it produced was at once apparent throughout the whole assembly. There seemed to be an instinctive homage paid to the grace of God in him; or, perhaps, the fact shows how readily a refined Christian community sympathises with genius and virtue destined to an early tomb."

sketch of his life, remarks that in his gayest moments a coldly spoken word, or casual inattention, would check at once the free flow of his thoughts, cause the jest to die on his lips, and "the melancholy which had been lifted from his heart, to fall again with increased heaviness."

Brainard lacked the mental discipline and strong self-command which alone confer true power. He never could have produced a great work. His poems were nearly all written during the six years in which he edited the "Mirror," and they bear marks of haste and carelessness, though some of them are very beautiful. He failed only in his humorous pieces; in all the rest his language is appropriate and pure, his diction free and harmonious, and his sentiments natural and sincere. His serious poems are characterised by deep feeling and delicate fancy; and if we had no records of his history, they would show us that he was a man of great gentleness, simplicity, and purity.

Brainard, who truly deserves the name of an American Poet, has left behind him a ballad on the Indian legend of the Black Fox, which haunted Salmon River, a tributary to the Connecticut. Its wild and picturesque beauty causes us to regret that more of the still lingering traditions of the Red Men have not been made the themes of his verse:—

THE BLACK FOX.

"How cold, how beautiful, how bright
The cloudless heaven above us shines!
But 'tis a howling winter's night—
'Twould freeze the very forest pines!

"The winds are up while mortals sleep;
The stars look forth while eyes are shut;
The bolted snow lies drifted deep
Around our poor and lonely hut.

"With silent step and listening ear,
With bow and arrow, dog and gun,
We'll mark his track—his prowl we hear—
Now is our time!—Come on, come on!

"O'er many a fence, through many a wood,
Following the dog's bewildered scent,
In anxious haste and earnest mood,
The white man and the Indian went.

"The gun is cocked, the bow is bent,
The dog stands with uplifted paw;
And ball and arrow both are sent,
Aimed at the prowler's very jaw.

"The ball to kill that Fox is run,
Not in a mould by mortals made;
The arrow which that Fox should shun
Was never made from earthly reed!

"The Indian Druids of the wood
Know where the fatal arrows grow;
They spring not by the summer flood,
They pierce not through the winter's snow!

"Why cowers the dog, whose snuffing nose
Was never once deceived till now?
And why amidst the chilling snows
Does either hunter wipe his brow?

"For once they see his fearful den;
'Tis a dark cloud that slowly moves
By night around the homes of men,
By day along the stream it loves.

"Again the dog is on the track,
The hunters chase o'er dale and hill;
They may not, though they would, look back,
They must go forward, forward still.

"Onward they go, and never turn,
Amidst a night which knows no day;
For never more shall morning sun
Light them upon their endless way.

'The hut is desolate; and there
The famish'd dog alone returns;
On the cold steps he makes his lair;
By the shut door he lays his bones.

"Now the tir'd sportsman leans his gun
Against the ruins on its site,
And ponders on the hunting done
By the lost wanderers of the night.

"And there the little country girls
Will stop to whisper, listen and look,
And tell, while dressing their sunny curls,
Of the Black Fox of Salmon Brook!"

The same writer has happily versified a pleasant superstition of the valley of the Connecticut. It is said that shad are conducted

from the Gulf of Mexico to the Connecticut by a kind of Yankee bogle in the shape of a bird. He makes his appearance annually about a week before the shad, calls them after him, and gives warning to the fishermen to mend their nets.

THE SHAD SPIRIT.

"Now drop the bolt, and securely nail
The horse-shoe over the door;
'Tis a wise precaution, and if it should fail,
It never fail'd before.

"Know ye the Shepherd that gathers his flock,
Where the gales of the Equinox blow,
From each unknown reef, and sunken rock
In the Gulf of Mexico;

"While the Monsoons growl, and the trade-winds bark,
And the watch-dogs of the surge
Pursue through the wild waves the ravenous shark.
That prowls around their charge?

"To fair Connecticut's northernmost source,
O'er sand-bars, rapids and falls,
The Shad Spirit holds his onward course,
With the flocks which his whistle calls.

"O how shall we know where he went before?
Will he wander around us for ever?
The last year's shad-heads shall shine on the shore,
To light him up the river.

"And well can he tell the very time,
To undertake his task—
When the pork-barrel's low he sits on the chine,
And drums on the empty cask.

"The wind is light and the wave is white,
With the fleece of the flock that's near:
Like the breath of the breeze, he comes over the seas,
And faithfully leads them here.

"And now he's passed the bolted door,
Where the rusted horse-shoe clings;
So carry the nets to the nearest shore,
And take what the Shad-Spirit brings."

ON CONNECTICUT RIVER.

"FROM that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain
That links the mountain to the mighty main,
Fresh from the rock and swelling by the tree,
Rushing to meet, and dare, and breast the sea—
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;
The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar,
Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore;—
The promontories love thee—and for this
Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for thy kiss.

"Stern, at thy source, thy northern guardians stand,
Rude rulers of the solitary land,
Wild dwellers by thy cold, sequester'd springs,
Of earth the feathers and of air the wings;

Their blasts have rock'd thy cradle, and in storm
Cover'd thy couch and swathed in snow thy form—
Yet, bless'd by all the elements that sweep
The clouds above, or the unfathom'd deep,
The purest breezes scent thy blooming hills,
The gentlest dews drop on thy eddying rills,
By the moss'd bank, and by the aged tree,
The silver streamlet smoothest glides to thee.

"The young oak greets thee at the water's edge
Wet by the wave, though anchor'd in the ledge.
—'Tis there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,
Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds,
And there the wild-cat purs amid her brood,
And trains them in the sylvan solitude,
To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink
Paddling the water by the quiet brink;—
Or to out-gaze the gray owl in the dark,
Or hear the young fox practising to bark.

"Dark as the frost-nipp'd leaves that strew'd the ground,
The Indian hunter here his shelter found;
Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true,
Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe,
Spear'd the quick salmon leaping up the fall,
And slew the deer without the rifle-ball;
Here his young squaw her cradling tree would choose,
Singing her chant to hush her swart pappoose;
Here stain her quills and string her trinkets rude,
And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood.
—No more shall they thy welcome waters bless,
No more their forms thy moon-lit banks shall press,
No more be heard, from mountain or from grove,
His whoop of slaughter, or her song of love.

"Thou didst not shake, thou didst not shrink
when, late,
The mountain-top shut down its ponderous gate,
Tumbling its tree-grown ruins to thy side,
An avalanche of acres at a slide
Nor dost thou say, when winter's coldest breath
Howls through the woods and sweeps along the
heath—
One mighty sigh relieves thy icy breast,
And wakes thee from the calmness of thy rest.

"Down sweeps the torrent ice—it may not stay
By rock or bridge, in narrow or in bay—
Swift, swifter to the heaving sea it goes,
And leaves thee dimpling in thy sweet repose.
—Yet as the unharm'd swallow skims his way,
And lightly drops his pinions in thy spray,
So the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas,
And swell and whiten in thy purer breeze,
New paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars
Feather thy waves and touch thy noble shores.

"Thy noble shores! where the tall steeple
shines,
At mid-day, higher than the mountain pines;
Where the white school-house with its daily drill
Of sunburn'd children, smiles up on the hill;
Where the neat village grows upon the eye,
Deck'd forth in Nature's sweet simplicity—
Where hard-won competence, the farmer's wealth,
Gains merit, honour, and gives labour health;
Where GOLDSMITH'S self might send his exiled
band
To find a new 'Sweet Auburn' in our land.

"What Art can execute, or Taste devise,
Decks thy fair course and gladdens in thine eyes—

As broader sweep the bendings of thy stream,
To meet the southern sun's more constant beam
Here cities rise, and sea-wash'd Commerce hails
Thy shores and winds with all her flapping sails,
From tropic isles, or from the torrid main—
Where grows the grape, or sprouts the sugar-cane—
Or from the haunts where the striped haddock play,
By each cold, northern bank and frozen bay.
Here, safe return'd from every stormy sea,
Waves the striped flag, the mantle of the free,
—That star-lit flag, by all the breezes curl'd
Of yon vast deep whose waters grasp the world.

"In what Arcadian, what Utopian ground
Are warmer hearts or manlier feelings found,
More hospitable welcome, or more zeal
To make the curious 'tarrying' stranger feel
That, next to home, here best may he abide,
To rest and cheer him by the chimney-side;
Drink the hale farmer's cider, as he hears
From the grey dame the tales of other years.
Cracking his shag-barks, as the aged crone
—Mixing the true and doubtful into one—
Tells how the Indian scalp'd the helpless child,
And bore its shrieking mother to the wild,
Butcher'd the father hastening to his home,
Seeking his cottage—finding but his tomb.
How drums, and flags, and troops were seen on high,
Wheeling and charging in the northern sky,
And that she knew what these wild tokens meant,
When to the Old French War her husband went,
How, by the thunder-blasted tree, was hid
The golden spoils of far-famed ROBERT KIDD;

And then the chubby grandchild wants to know
About the ghosts and witches long ago,
That haunted the old swamp.
The clock stikes ten—
The prayer is said, not unforgotten then
The stranger in their gates. A decent rule
Of elders in thy Puritanic school.

"When the fresh morning wakes him from his dream,
And daylight smiles on rock, and slope, and stream,
Are there not glossy curls and sunny eyes,
As brightly lit and bluer than thy skies;
Voices as gentle as an echo'd call,
And sweeter than the soften'd waterfall
That smiles and dimples in its whispering spray,
Leaping in sportive innocence away:—
And lovely forms, as graceful and as gay
As wild-brier, budding in an April day!
—How like the leaves—the fragrant leaves it bears,
Their sinless purposes and simple cares.

"Stream of my sleeping fathers! when the sound
Of coming war echoed thy hills round,
How did thy sons start forth from every glade,
Snatching the musket where they left the spade.
How did their mothers urge them to the fight,
Their sisters tell them to defend the right;—
How bravely did they stand, how nobly fall,
The earth their coffin and the turf their pall;
How did the aged pastor light his eye,
When, to his flock, he read the purpose high
And stern resolve, whate'er the toil may be,
To pledge life, name, fame, all—for liberty.

—Cold is the hand that penn'd that glorious page—
Still in the grave the body of that sage
Whose lip of eloquence and heart of zeal
Made patriots rest and listening statesmen feel—
Brought thy green mountains down upon their foes,
And thy white summits melted of their snows,
While every vale to which his voice could come,
Rang with the fife and echoed to the drum.

"Bold river! better suited are thy waves
To nurse the laurels clustering round thy graves
Than many a distant stream, that soaks the mud
Where thy brave sons have shed their gall at blood,
And felt, beyond all other mortal pain,
They ne'er should see their happy home again.

"Thou hadst a poet once,—and he could tell,
Most tunefully, whate'er to thee befell;
Could fill each pastoral reed upon thy shore—
But we shall hear his classic lays no more!
He loved thee, but he took his aged way,
By Erie's shore, and PERRY'S glorious day,
To where Detroit looks out amidst the wood,
Remote beside the dreary solitude.

"Yet for his brow thy ivy leaf shall spread,
Thy freshest myrtle lift its berried head,
And our gnarl'd charter-oak put forth a bough,
Whose leaves shall grace thy TRUMBULL'S honour'd brow."

TO THE DEAD.

"How many now are dead to me
That live to others yet!
How many are alive to me
Who crumble in their graves, nor see
That sickening, sinking look, which we
Till dead can ne'er forget.

"Beyond the blue seas, far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
One died in prison, far away,
Where stone on stone shut out the day,
And never Hope or Comfort's ray
In his lone dungeon shone.

"Dead to the world, alive to me,
Though months and years have pass'd;
In a lone hour, his sigh to me
Comes like the hum of some wild bee,
And then his form and face I see,
As when I saw him last.

"And one with a bright lip and cheek,
And eye, is dead to me
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek!
His lip was cold—it would not speak:
His heart was dead, for it did not break:
And his eye, for it did not see.

"Then for the living be the tomb,
And for the dead the smile;
Engrave oblivion on the tomb
Of pulseless life and deadly bloom,—
Dim is such glare: but bright the gloom
Around the funeral pile."

THE DEEP.

"THERE'S beauty in the deep:
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And, though the lights shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea gems glow,
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid;
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

"There's music in the deep:—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore,—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves, with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.
There's music in the deep.

"There's quiet in the deep:—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;
Above, let care and fear contend
With sin and sorrow to the end:
Here, far beneath the tainted foam
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep."

STANZAS.

"THE dead leaves strew the forest walk,
And wither'd are the pale wild flowers;
The frost hangs black'ning on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

"I learn'd a clear and wild-ton'd note,
That rose and swell'd from yonder tree—
A gay bird with too sweet a throat,
There perch'd, and rais'd her song for me.
The winter comes, and where is she?
Away—where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

"Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there,
The northern breeze that rustles by
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair;
No forest tree stands strip'd and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead,
No mountain top, with sleety hair,
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

"Go there, with all the birds, and seek
A happier clime, with livelier flight,
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,
And leave me lonely with the night.
I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
And mark where all its glories shone,—
See—that it all is fair and bright,
Feel—that it all is cold and gone."

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

"WHAT is there saddening in the autumn leaves?
Have they that 'green and yellow melancholy'
That the sweet poet spake of?—Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
Of the wild equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colours hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sighed.

"The moon stays longest for the hunter now:
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store:
While Man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
The bright, blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
'What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?'"

CHAPTER II.

AMERICAN HUMOUR.

SAM SLICK.

THE authorship of this amusing work is generally attributed to Mr. Justice Haliburton, one of the judges of Nova Scotia, of which he is said to be a native, consequently a British-born subject; but he is better known in America by the *soubriquet* of "Sam Slick, of Slickville," a name he has acquired from his sayings and doings in *The Clockmaker*, one of the most original productions of the day, being a series of sketches illustrative of the peculiarities of Yankee character. These sketches first appeared anonymously, about fourteen years ago, in the columns of a colonial journal, and were subsequently collected and published in a small volume, which spread with great rapidity over British America and the United States, being received by all classes with a cordial welcome. The same success attended its republication in England.

In 1838, a work of a political character, by the same author, entitled *The Bubbles of Ca-*

nada, appeared, embracing every topic connected with the state of that colony; these being treated with a masterly hand, could not fail of exciting peculiar interest at that time.

In 1839, our author published a work of an epistolatory kind, entitled *The Letter Bag of the Great Western*, which was also very popular.

In 1840, appeared a new series of *The Clockmaker*, in which Sam somewhat intimates an ambitious view of the President's chair. As a stepping-stone to such an elevation, we now learn that he has contrived to get an appointment as *attache* to the Court of "St. Jimses," in which character he appears in the work.

Sam brings two friends (already known to those who have perused his previous history) in his train. These are, an old American Church Minister, and Squire Poker, a retired member of the provincial bar in Nova Scotia. The Squire writes the book, carefully setting down the talk of Sam and the Minister; and having, of course, peculiar views of his own, makes the conversation subservient to them.

For sly, caustic wit the author stands unrivalled; his humour is frank, hearty, and unaffected; even in the most extravagant scenes, a decent method and an adherence to nature are observed; his illustrations are irresistible; his observations sound and sagacious; the language quaint and acute; and the assumed character is well sustained.

We cannot help thinking, however, that Sam seemed more free and vigorous in his humble attire among the Blue Noses, than in

British superfine; he is somewhat formal and constrained in starched linen, but still remains unsophisticated, measuring everything English by the American standard—finished mechanism by wooden clocks—with universal nature for a regulator. Altogether Sam, though bold, quaint, and original, is a very decent, amusing, and instructive fellow, and deserves a hearty welcome anywhere and everywhere.

SAM SLICK ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

"Now, these boardin'-schools for gals here is a hundred thousand times wuss than the nigger nurseries was. Mothers send their children here 'cause they are too lazy to tend 'em, or too ignorant to teach 'em themselves, or 'cause they want 'em out o' the way that they may go into company, and not be kept at home by kickin', squeelin', gabblin', brats; and what do they larn here? why, nothin' that they had ought to, and everything that they had ought not to. They don't love their parents, 'cause they haint got that care, and that fondlin', and protection, and that habit that breeds love. Love won't grow on cold ground, I can tell you. It must be sheltered from the frost, and protected from the storm, and watered with tears, and warmed with the heat of the heart, and the soil be kept free from weeds; and it must have support to lean on, and be tended with care day and night, or it pines, grows yaller, fades away, and dies. It's a tender plant is love, or else I don't know human natur', that's all. Well, the parents don't love them nother. *Mothers can get*

weaned as well as babies. The same causes a'most makes folks love their children, and that makes their children love them. Who ever liked another man's flower-garden as well as his own? Did you ever see one that did, for I never did? He haint tended it, he haint watched its growth, he haint seed the flowers bud. unfold, and bloom. *They haint growed up under his eye and hands, he haint attached to them, and don't care who plucks 'em.*"

SAM LEARNED IN THE LAW.

"Few things resemble each other more in natur' than an old cunnin' lawyer and a spider. He weaves his web in a corner with no light behind him to show the thread of his nest, but in the shade like, and then he waits in the dark-office to receive visitors. A buzzin', burrin', thoughtless fly, thinkin' of nothin' but his beautiful wings and well-made legs, and rather near-sighted withal, comes stumblin', head over heels into the net.

"'I beg your pardon,' says fly, 'I reelly didn't see this net-work of yours; the weather is so foggy, and the streets so confounded dark—they ought to burn gas here all day. I am afraid I have done mischief.'

"'Not at all,' says spider, bowin' most gallus purlite, 'I guess it's all my fault; I reckon I had ought to have hung a lamp out; but pray don't move, or you *may* do dammage. Allow me to assist you.'

"And then he ties one leg and then t'other, and furls up both his wings, and has him as fast as Gibraltar.

"'Now,' says spider, 'my good friend (a phrase a feller always uses when he's a-goin' to be tricky), I am afeard you have hurt yourself a considerable sum; I must bleed you.'

"'Bleed me,' says fly, 'excuse me, I am much obliged to you, I don't require it.'

"'Oh, yes, you do, my dear friend,' he says; and he gets ready for the operation.

"'If you dare to do that,' says fly, 'I'll knock you down, you scoundrel, and I'm a man that what I lay down I stand on.'

"'You had better get up first, my good friend,' says spider, a laughin'. 'You must be bled; you must pay damages;' and he bleeds him, and bleeds him, and bleeds him, till he gasps for breath, and feels faintin' come on.

"'Let me go, my good feller,' says poor fly, 'and I will pay liberally.'

"'Pay,' says spider; 'you miserable uncircumcised wretch, you have nothin' left to pay with; take that,' and he gives him the last dig, and fly is a gone coon—bled to death."

"'*I don't like preachin' to the narves instead of the judgment.*—I recollect a lady once, tho', convarted by preachin' to her narves, that was an altered woman all the rest o' her days.'

"'How was that?' said he: 'These stories illustrate the "science of religion." I like to hear *them*.'

"'There was a lady,' said I, (and I thought I'd give her a story for her book,) 'that tried to rule her husband a little tighter than was agreeable,—meddlin' with things she didn't onderstand, and dictatin' in matters of politics and religion, and everything a'most. So one day her husband had got up considerable airly in the mornin', and went out and got a

tailor, and brought him into his wife's bed-room afore she was out o' bed :—

"'Measure that woman,' said he, 'for a pair of breeches; she's detarmined to wear 'em, and I'm resolved folks shall know it,' and he shook the cow-skin over the tailor's head to show him he intended to be obeyed. It cured her,—she begged and prayed, and cried, and promised obedience to her husband. He spared her, but it effectuated a cure. Now that's what I call *preachin' to the narves:* Lord, how she would have kicked and squeeled if the tailor had a ———.

"'A very good story,' said she, abowin' and amovin' a little, so as not to hear about the measurin'—a very good story indeed.'

"'If you was to revarse that maxim o' yourn,' said I, 'and say democracy is too often found at the root of religion, you'd be nearer the mark, I reckon. I knew a case once exactly in point.'

"'Do tell it to me,' said she; 'it will illustrate "the spirit of religion."'

"'Yes,' said I, 'and illustrate your book, too, if you are awritin' one, as most English travellers do. Our congregation,' said I, 'to Slickville, contained most of the wealthy and respectable folk there, and a most powerful and united body it was. Well, there came a split once on the election of an Elder, and a body of the upper-crust folks separated and went off in a huff. Like most folks that separate in temper, they laid it all to conscience; found out all at once they had been adrift afore all their lives, and joined another church as different from ourn in creed as chalk is from cheese; and to shew their humility, hooked on to the poorest congregation in the place. Well, the minister was quite lifted up in the stirrups when he saw these

folks jine him; and to shew his zeal for them next Sunday, he looked up at the gallery to the niggers, and, said he "My brother'n," said he, "I beg you won't spit down any more on the aisle seats, for there be gentlemen there now.' Jist turn your heads, my sable friends, and let go over your shoulders. Manners, my brothers, manners before backey."'

"'Well, the niggers seceded; they said it was an infringement on their rights, on their privilege of spittin', as freenien, where they liked, how they liked, and when they liked, and they quit in a body.'

"'Democracy,' said they, 'is the root of religion.'

"I hadn't been asittin' there long afore Doctor Ivory Hovey came up, asmirkin', and asmilin', and arubbin' of his hands, as if he was agoin' to say somethin' very witty; and I observed, the moment he came, Arabella took herself off. She said, she couldn't bide him at all.'

'Well,' Mr. Slick,' said he, 'how be you? How do you do, upon an average, eh? Pray, what's your opinion of matters and things in general, eh? Do you think you could exhibit such a show of fine bloomin' galls in Slickville, eh? Not a bad chance for you, I *guess*,'—(and he gave that word guess a twang that made the folks larf all round,)—said he, 'for you to spekilate for a wife, eh?'

"'Well,' says I, 'there a pretty show o' galls, that's sartain,—but they wouldn't conde-scend to the like o' me.'

"'I was athinkin' there was some on 'em that would jist suit you to a T.'

"'*Me*,' says he, adrawin' of himself up and looking big,—'*me!*' and he turned up his nose like

a pointer dog when the birds flowed off. 'When *I* honour a lady with the offer of *my* hand,' says he, 'it *will* be a *lady*.

"'Well,' thinks I, 'if you ain't a consaited critter it's a pity; most on 'em are a plaguy sight too good for you, so I will jist pay you off in your own coin.' Says I, 'you put me in mind of Lawyer Endicot's dog.'

"'What's that?' says the folks acrowdin' round to hear it, for I seed plain enough that not one on 'em liked him one morsel.

"'Says I,' 'he had a great big black dog that he used to carry about with him everywhere he went, into the churches and into the court. The dog was always abotherin' of the judges agettin' between their legs, and they always told the lawyer to keep his dog to home. At last, old Judge Poison said to the constable one day, in a voice of thunder, "Turn out that dog!" and the judge gave him a kick that sent him halfway across the room, yelpin' and howlin' like anything.'

"The lawyer was properly vexed at this, so says he to the dog, 'Pompey,' says he, 'come here!' and the dog came up to him. 'Didn't I always tell you,' said he, 'to keep out o' bad company? Take that,' said he, agivin' of him a'most an awful kick—'take that!—and the next time only go among gentlemen:' and away went the dog, lookin' foolish enough, you may depend.

"'What do you mean by that are story, sir?' said he, abristlin' up like a mastiff. 'Nothin',' said I; 'only that a puppy sometimes gets into company that's too good for him, by mistake; and if he forgets himself, is plaguy apt

to get bundled out faster than he' came in ;'—and I got up and walked away to the other side.

"Folks gave him the nickname of Endicott's dog arter that, and I was glad on it ; it sarved him right, the consaited ass. I heerd the critter amutterrin' sun'thin' of the Clockmaker illustratin' his own case, but as I didn't want to be parsonal, I made as if I didn't hear him. As I went over towards the side-table, who should I see alcanin' up against it but Mr. Bobbin, pretty considerable well shaved, with a glass o' grog in his hand, alookin' as cross as you please, and so far gone, he was athinkin' aloud, and atalkin' to himself. 'There comes "soft sawder," says he, and "human natur',"—amcanin' me—a Yanky broom,—wooden nutmegs,—cussed sarcy,—great mind to kick him. Arabella's got her head turned,—consaited minx ; —good exterior, but nothin' in her,—like Slick's clocks, all gilded and varnished outside, and soft wood within. Gist do for Ivory Hovey,—same breed,—big head,—long ears,—a pair of donkeys ! Sly old cock, that deacon,—joins Temperance Societies to get popular,—slips the gin in, pretends it's water ;—I see him. But here goes, I believe I'll slip off.' Thinks I, it's gettin' on for mornin' ; I'll slip off too ; so out I goes, and harnesses up old Clay, and drives home.

"Jist as I came from the barn, and got opposite to the house, I heerd some one acrackin' of his whip, and abawlin' out at a great size ; and I looked up, and who should I see but Bobbin in his waggon ag'in the pole fence. Comin' in the air had made him blind drunk. He was alickin' away at the top pole of the fence, and afancyin' his horse was there, and wouldn't go.

"'Who comes there ?' said he.

"'Clockmaker,' said I.

"'Gist take my horse by the head,—that's a good fellor—will you?' said he, 'and lead him out as far as the road. Cuss him, he won't stir.'

"'Spiles a good horse to lead him,' says I; 'he always looks for it again. Jist you lay it on to him well,—his hams ain't made o' hickory like mine. Cut away at him; he'll go by-and-bye:'—and I drove away, and left him 'acuttin' and aslashin' at the fence for dear life. Thinks I, you are not the first ass that has been brought *to a poll*, anyhow.

"Next day I met Nabal.

"'Well,' said he, 'Mr. Slick, you hit our young trader rather hard last night; but I warn't sorry to hear you, tho', for the critter is so full of consait, it will do him good. He wants to pull every one down to his own level, as he can't rise to theirs, and is for everlastin'ly spoutin' about House Assembly business, officials, aristocrats, and such stuff; he'd be a plaguy sight better, in my mind, attendin' to his own business, instead of talkin' of other folks's; and usin' his yardstick more, and his tongue less. And, between you and me, Mr. Slick,' said he,—'tho' I hope you won't let on to any one that I said anything to you about it,—but atween ourselves, as we are alone here, I am athinkin' my old woman is in a fair way to turn Arabella's head, too. All this paintin', and singin', and talkin' Latin is very well, I consait, for them who have time for it, and nothin' better to do at home. It's better, p'r'aps, to be adoin' of that than adoin' of nothin'; but for the like o' us, who have to live by farmin', and keep a considerable of a large dairy, and upwards of a hundred sheep, it does seem to me, sometimes, as if it were a little out of place. Be candid, now,' said he, 'for I should like to hear

what your real genu*wine* opinion is touchin' this matter, seein' that you know a good deal of the world.'

"'Why, friend Nabal,' says I, 'as you've axed my advice, I'll give it to you; tho' anythin' partainin' to the apron-string is what I don't call myself a judge of, and feel delicate of meddlin' with. Woman is woman,' says I; 'that's a fact; and a fellor that will go for to provoke hornets, is plaguy apt to get himself stung, and I don't know as it serves him right too; but this I must say, friend, that you're just about half right,—that's a fact. The proper music for a farmer's house is the spinning-wheel,—the true paintin' the dye stuffs,—and the tambourin' the loom. Teach Arabella to be useful, and not showy—prudent, and not extravagant. She is jist about as nice a gall as you'll see in a day's ride; now don't spoil her, and let her get her head turned, for it would be a rael right down pity. One thing you may depend on for sartin, as a maxim in the farmin' line,—*a good darter and a good housekeeper is plaguy apt to make a good wife and a good mother.*"

THE SNOW WREATH.

"WHOEVER has read Haliburton's 'History of Nova Scotia' (which, next to Mr. Josiah Slick's 'History of Cuttyhunk,' in five volumes, is the most important account of unimportant things I have ever seen,) will recollect that this good city of Annapolis is the most ancient one in North America; but there is one fact omitted by that author, which I trust he will not think an intru-

sion upon his province if I take the liberty of recording, and that is, that in addition to its being the most ancient, it is also the most loyal city of this Western Hemisphere. This character it has always sustained, and 'royal,' as a mark of particular favour, has ever been added to its cognomen by every government that has had dominion over it.

"Under the French, with whom it was a great favourite, it was called Port Royal; and the good Queen Anne, who condescended to adopt it, permitted it to be called Annapolis Royal. A book issuing from Nova Scotia is, as Blackwood very justly observes, in his never-to-be-forgotten, never-ever-to-be-sufficiently-admired review of the first series of this work, one of those unexpected events that, from their great improbability, appear almost incredible. Entertaining no doubt, therefore, that every member of the cabinet will read this *lusus naturæ*, I take this opportunity of informing them that our most gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, has not in all her wide-spread dominions more devoted or more loyal subjects than the good people of Annapolis Royal.

"'Here it was,' said I, 'Mr. Slick, that the egg was laid of that American bird, whose progeny have since spread over this immense continent.'

"'Well, it is a'most a beautiful bird too, ain't it?' said he; 'what a plumage it has; what a size it is! It is a whopper,—that's sartain: it has the courage and soarin' of the eagle, and the colour of the peacock, and his majestic step and keen eye; the world never seed the beat of it; that's a fact. How streaked the English must feel when they think they once had it in a cage and couldn't keep it there! it is a pity they are so invyous tho', I declare.'

"'Not at all, I assure you,' I replied; 'there is not a man among them who is not ready to admit all you have advanced in favour of your national emblem: the fantastic strut of the peacock, the melodious and attic tones, the gaudy apparel, the fondness for display which is perpetually exhibiting to the world the extended tail with painted stars, the amiable disposition of the bird towards the younger and feebler offspring of others, the unwieldy.

"'I thought so,' said he: 'I hadn't ought to have spoke of it afore you, for it does seem to rile you; that's sartain; and I don't know as it was jist altogether right to allude to a thin' that is so humblin' to your national pride. But, squire, ain't this been a hot day? I think it would pass muster among the hot ones of the West Indgies a'most. I do wish I could jist slip off my flesh and sit in my bones for a space, to cool myself, for I ain't seed such thawy weather this many a year, I know. I calculate I will brew a little lemonade, for Marm Bailey ginerally keeps the materials for that Temperance Society drink.'

"This climate o' Nova Scotia does run to extremes; it has the hottest and the coldest days in it I ever seed. I shall never forget a night I spent here three winters ago. I come very near freezin' to death. The very thought of that night will cool me the hottest day in summer. It was about the latter end of February, as far as my memory serves me, I came down here to cross over the bay to St. John, and it was considerable arter daylight down when I arrived. It was the most violent slippery weather, and the most cruel cold, I think, I ever mind seein' since I was raised.

"Says Marm Bailey to me,—

"'Mr. Slick,' says she, 'I don't know what

'onder the sun I'm agoin' to do with you, or how I shall be able to accommodate you, for there's a whole raft of folks from Halifax, here, and a batch of moose-huntin' officers, and I 'don't know who all; and the house is chock full, I declare.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I'm no ways partikler—I can put up with most anything. I'll jist take a stretch here, afore the fire on the floor;—for I'm e'en a'most chilled to death, and awful sleepy too; first come,' says I, 'first sarved, you know's an old rule, and luck's the word no-a-days. Yes, I'll jist take the hearth-rug for it, and a good warm berth it is too.'

"'Well,' says she, 'I can't think o' that at no rate: there's old Mrs. Fairns in the next street but one; she's got a spare bed she lets out sometimes: I'll send up to her to get it ready for you, and to-morrow these folks will be off, and then you can have your old quarters again'

"So, arter supper, old Johnny Farquhar, the English help, showed me up to the widder's. She was considerable in years, but a cheerfulsome old lady and very pleasant, but she had a darter, the prettiest gall I ever seed since I was created. There was sunthin' or other about her that made a body feel melancholy too; she was a lovely lookin' critter, but her countenance was sad; she was tall and well made, had beautiful lookin' long black hair and black eyes; but, oh! how pale she was!—and the only colour she had was a little fever-like-lookin' red about her lips. She was dressed in black, which made her countenance look more marble like; and yet whatever it was,—natur', or consumption, or desartion, or settin' on the anxious benches, or what not,—that made her look so, yet she hadn't fallen away one

morsel, but was full-formed and well-waisted. I couldn't keep my eyes off her.

"I felt a kind o' interest in her; I seemed as if I'd like to hear her story, for sunthin' or another had gone wrong—that was clear; some little story of the heart, most like, for young galls are plaguy apt to have a tender spot thereabouts. She never smiled, and when she looked on me she looked so streaked and so sad, and cold withal, it made me kinder superstitious. Her voice, too, was so sweet, and yet so doleful, that I felt proper sorry and amazin' curious too; thinks I, I'll jist ax to-morrow all about her, for folks have pretty 'cute ears in Annapolis: there ain't a smack of a kiss that ain't heard all over the town in two twos, and sometimes they think they hear 'em even afore they happen. It's a'most a grand place for news, like all other small places I ever seed. Well, I tried jokin' and funny stories, and every kind o' thing to raise a larf, but all wouldn't do; she talked and listened and chatted away as if there was nothin' above partikiler; but still no smile; her face was cold, and clear, and bright as the icy surface of a lake, and so transparent, too, you could see the veins in it. Arter a while the old lady showed me to my chamber, and there was a fire in it: but, oh! my snakes, how cold! it was like goin' down into a well in summer; it made my blood fairly thicken ag'in. Your tumbler is out, squire; try a little more of that lemonade; that iced water is grand. Well, I sot over the fire a space, and gathered up the little bits o' brands an' kindlin' wood (for the logs were green, and wouldn't burn up at no rate); and then I ondressed and made a desperate jump right into the cold bed, with only half clothes enough on it for such weather, and wrapped up all the clothes round me.

"Well, I, thought I should have died. The frost was in the sheets, and my breath looked like the steam from a boilin' tea-kettle, and it settled right down on the quilt, and froze into white hoar. The nails in the house cracked like a gun with a wet wad, they went off like thunder, and now and then you'd hear some one run along over so fast, as if he couldn't show his nose to it for one minit, and the snow creakin' and crumplin' onder his feet, like a new shoe with a stiff sole to it. The fire wouldn't blaze no longer, and only gave up a blue smoke, and the glass in the winder looked all fuzzy with the frost. Thinks I, I'll freeze to death to a sartinty. If I go for to drop off asleep as sure a the world I'll never wake up ag'in. I've heerin' tell of folks afore now feelin' dozy like out in the cold, and layin' down to sleep, and goin' for it, and I don't half like to try it, I vow. Well, I got considerable narvous like, and I kept awake near about all night, tremblin' and shakin' like ague. My teeth fairly chattered ag'in; first I rubbed one foot ag'in t'other, then I doubled up all in a heap, and then rubbed all over with my hands. Oh! it was dismal, you may depend; at last I began to nod and doze, and fancy I seed a flock o' sheep atakin' a split for it over a wall, and tried to count 'em, one by one, and couldn't; and then I'd start up, and then nod ag'in. I felt it acomin' all over, in spite of all I could do; and thinks I, it ain't so everlastin' long to daylight now; I'll try it any how, I'll be darned if I don't, so here goes.

"Jist as I shot my eyes, and made up my mind for a nap, I hears a low moan and a sob; well, I sits up and listens, but all was silent ag'in. Nothin' but them otarnal nails agoin' off, one arter t'other, like anything. Thinks I, to myself, the wind's agettin' up, I estimate; it's as like as not

we shall have a change o' weather. Presently I heerd a light step on the entry, and the door opens softly, and in walks the widder's darter on tiptoe, dressed in a long white wrapper, and after peerin' all round to see if I was asleep, she goes and sits down in the chimbly corner, and picks up the coals and fixes the fire, and sits alookin' at it for ever so long. Oh! so sad and so melancholy; it was dreadful to see her. Says I to myself, says I, what on airth brings the poor critter here, all alone, this time o' night; 'and the air so plaguy cold too? I guess, she thinks I'll freeze to death; or, p'r'aps, she's walkin' in her sleep. But there she sot lookin' more like a ghost than a human—first she warmed one foot and then the other; and then held her hands over the coals, and moaned bitterly. Dear! dear! thinks I, that poor critter is afreezin' to death as well as me; I do believe the world is acomin' to an end right off, and we shall all die of cold, and I shivered all over. Presently she got up, and I saw her face, part covered with her long black hair, and the other parts so white and so cold, it chilled me to look at it, and her footsteps I consaited sounded louder, and I cast my eyes down to her feet, and I actilly did fancy they looked froze. Well, she come near the bed, and lookin' at me, stood for a space without stirrin', and then she cried bitterly.

"'He, too, is doomed,' said she; 'he is in the sleep of death, and so far from home, and all his friends too.'

"'Not yet,' said I, 'you dear critter you, not yet, you may depend;—but you will be if you don't go to bed;—so,' says I, 'do for gracious sake return to your room, or you will perish.'

"'It's frozen,' says she; 'it's deathy cold; the bed is a snow wreath, and the piller is ice, and

the coverlid is congealed; the chill has struck into my heart, and my blood has ceased to flow. I'm doomed, I'm doomed to die; and oh! how strange, how cold is death!'

"Well, I was all struck up of a heap; I didn't know what on airth to do: says I to myself, says I, 'Here's this poor gall in my room carryin' on like ravin' distracted mad in the middle of the night here; she's oneasy in her mind, and is awalkin' as sure as the world, and how it's agoin' for to eend, I don't know,—that's a fact.'

"'Katey,' says I, 'dear, I'll get up and give you my bed if you are cold, and I'll go and make up a great rousin' big fire, and I'll call up the old lady, and she will see to you, and get you a hot drink; sunthin' must be done, to a sartainty, for I can't bear to hear you talk so.'

"'No,' says she, 'not for the world; what will my mother say, Mr. Slick! and me here in your room, and nothin' but this wrapper on: it's too late now; it's all over;' and with that she fainted, and fell right across the bed.

"Oh, how cold she was! the chill struck into me; I feel it yet: the very thought is enough to give one the ague. Well, I'm a modest man, squire; I was always modest from a boy;—but there was no time for ceremony now, for there was a sufferin', dyin' critter—so I drew her in, and folded her in my arms, in hopes she would come too, but death was there.

"I breathed on her icy lips, but life seemed extinct, and every time I pressed her to me, I shrunk from her till my back touched the cold gypsum wall. It felt like a tomb, so chill, so damp, so cold—(you have no notion how cold them are kind o' walls are, they beat all natur')—squeezed between this frozen gall on one side,

and the icy plaster on the other, I felt as if my own life was a ebbin' away fast.

"'Poor critter!' says I, 'has her care of me brought her to this pass? I'll press her to my heart once more; p'r'aps the little heat that's left there may revive her, and I can but die a few minutes sooner.'

"It was a last effort, but it succeeded; she she seemed to breathe again—I spoke to her, but she couldn't answer, tho' I felt her tears flow fast on my bosom; but I was actually sinking fast myself now,—I felt my end approachin'. Then came reflection—bitter and sad thoughts, too, I tell you.

"'Dear, dear!' said I, 'here's a pretty kettle o' fish, ain't there? we shall be both found dead here in the mornin', and what will folks say of this beautiful gall, and one of our free and enlightened citizens, found in such a scrape? Nothin' will be too bad for 'em that they can lay their tongues too, that's a fact: the Yankee villain, the cheatin' Clockmaker, the ——;' the thought gave my heart a jupe, so sharp, so deep, so painful, I awoke and found I was shuggin' a snow wreath, that had sifted thro' a hole in the roof on the bed; part had melted and trickled down my breast, and part had froze to the clothes and chilled me through. I woke up, proper glad it was all a dream, you may depend—but amazin' cold and dreadful stiff, and I was laid up at this place for three weeks, with the 'cute rheumatiz—that's a fact.

"'But your pale young friend,' said I; 'did you ever see her again? pray, what became of her?'

"'Would you believe it?' said he; 'the next mornin', when I came down, there sot Katey by the fire, lookin' as bloomin' as a rose, and as chip-

per as a canary bird ;—the fact is, I was so uncommon cold, and so sleepy too, the night afore, that I thought everybody and everything looked cold and dismal too.'

" 'Mornin', sir,' said she, as I entered the keepin' room ; 'mornin' to you, Mr. Slick ; how did you sleep last night ? I'm most afeard you found that are room dreadful cold, for little Binney opened the window at the head of the bed to make the fire draw and start the smoke up, and forgot to shut it again, and I guess it was wide open all night ;—I minded it arter I got to bed, and I thought I should ha' died alarfin'.'

" 'Thank you,' said I, 'for that ; but you forget you come and shot it yourself.'

" 'Me !' said she ; 'I never did no such a thing. Catch me indeed agoin' into a gentleman's chamber : no, indeed, not for the world.'

" 'If I wasn't cold,' said I, 'it's a pity—that's all ! I was e'en a'most frozen as stiff as a poker, and near about frightened to death too, for I seed you or your ghost last night, as plain as I see you now ; that's a fact.'

" 'A ghost !' said she : 'how you talk ! do tell. Why, how was that ?'

" Well, I told her the whole story from beginning to eend. First she larfed ready to split at my account of the cold room, and my bein' afeard to go to sleep : but then she stopt pretty short, I guess, and blushed like anything when I told her about her comin' into the chamber, and looked proper frightened, not knowin' what was to come next ; but when she heerd of her turnin' first into an iccicle, and then into a snow-drift, she haw-hawed right out. I thought she actilly would have gone into hysterics.

" 'You might have frozen,' said she, 'in mel.

down airnest, afore I'd agone into your chamber at that time o' night to see arter you, or your fire either,' said she, 'you may depend: I can't think what on airth could have put that crotchet into your head.'

"'Nor I, either,' said I; 'and besides,' said I, aketchin' hold of her hand, and drawin' her close to me,—'and besides,' says I, 'I shouldn't have felt so awful cold neither, if you ——.'

"'Hold your tongue,' said she, 'you gorey you, this minit; I won't hear another word about it, and go right off and get your breakfast, for you was sent for half an hour ago.'

"'Arter bein' mocked all night,' says I, 'by them air' icy lips of your ghost, now I see them are pretty little sarcy ones of yourn, I think I must, and I'll be darned if I won't have a ——.'

"'Well, I estimate you won't, then,' said she, 'you impedence,—' and she did fend off like a brave one—that's a fact; she made frill, shirt collar, and dickey fly like snow; she was as smart as a fox-trap, and as wicked as a meat axe: there was no gettin' near her no how. At last, said she, 'If there aint mother acomin', I do declare, and my hair is all spifflicated, too, like a mop,—and my dress all rumfoozled, like anything,—do, for gracious sake, set things to rights a little afore mother comes in, and then cut and run: my heart is in my mouth, I declare.' Then she sot down in a chair, and put both hands behind her head a puttin' in her combs. 'Oh, dear,' said she, pretendin' to try to get away, 'is that what you call puttin' 'hings to rights? Don't squeeze so hard; you'll choke me, I vow.'

"'It tante me that's achokin' of you,' said I, 'it's the heart that's in your mouth.' Oh, if it had only been them lips instead of the ghost!'

"'Quick,' says she, aopenin' of the door,—'I hear mother on the steps; 'quick, be off; but mind you don't tell any one that ar' ghost story; people might think there was more in it than met the ear.'

"'Well, well,' said I to myself, 'for a pale face, sad, melancholy-lookin' gall, if you hav'n't turned out as rosy a rompin', larkin', light-hearted a heifer as ever I see'd afore, it's a pity.'

"'There's another lemon left, squire, 'spose we mix a little more sourin' afore we turn in, and take another glass "to the widder's darter."'

A CURE FOR SMUGGLING.

"WHEREVER '*Natur' does least, man does most*,' said the Clockmaker. Just see the difference atween these folks here to Liverpool and them up the bay of Fundy. Their natur' has given them the finest country in the world,—she has taken away all the soil from this place, and chucked it out there, and left nothin' but rocks and stones here. There they jist vegetate, but here they go a-head like anything. I was credibly informed, when Liverpool was first settled, folks had to carry little light ladders on their shoulders to climb over the rocks, and now they've got better streets, better houses, better gardens, and a better town than any of the baymen. They carry on a considerable of a fishery here, and do a great stroke in the timber business

"I shall never forget a talk I had with Ichabod Gates here, and a frolic him and me had with the tide-waiter. Ichabod had a large store o' goods,

and I was in there one evenin' a drinkin' tea along with him, and we got a talkin' about smugglin'.

"Says he, 'Mr. Slick, your people ruin the trade here, they *do* smuggle so; I don't know as I ever shall be able to get rid of my stock of goods, and it cost me a considerable sum too. What a pity it is them navy people, instead of carryin' freights of money from the West Indgies, warn't employed more a protectin' of our fisheries and our trade.'

"'Why don't you smuggle then too,' says I, 'and meet 'em in their own way?—tit for tat—diamond cut diamond—smuggle yourselves and seize *them*;—free trade and sailor's rights is our maxim.'

"'Why,' says he, 'I ain't jist altogether certified that's right; it goes ag'in my conscience to do the like o' that are, and I must say I like a fair deal. In a gineral way a'most, I've observed what's got over the devil's back is commonly lost onder his belly. It don't seem to wear well.'

"'Well, that's onconvenient too, to be so thin skinned,' said I, 'for conscience most commonly has a hide as thick as the sole of one's foot; you may cover it with leather to make it look decent-like, but it will bear a considerable hard scrubbin' without anythin' over it.'

'"Now,' says I, 'I will put you in a track that will serve you without bringin' corns on your conscience either. Do you jist pretend to smuggle and make believe as if you were agoin' the whole hog in it. It's safer and full out as profitable as the rael thing, and besides there's no sort o' risk in it in the world. When folks hear a thing is smuggled they always think it's cheap, and never look into the price; they bite directly—it's a grand bait that. Now always onload your vessels

at night, and let folks hear a cart agoin' into your place atween two and three o'clock in the mornin'; fix one o' the axles so it will squeak like a pig, and do you look suspicious, mysterious, and oneasy. Says you, (when a chap says, "I guess you were up late last night,") "ax me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies. There are so many pimpin' eyes about now, a body has to be cautious, if he don't want to get into the centre of a hobble. If I'm up late, I guess it's nobody's business but my own I'm about anyhow; but I hope you won't make no remarks about what you seed or heerd."'

"Well, when a feller axes arter a thing, do you jist stand and look at him for a space without sayin' a word, inquirin' like with a dubersum' look, as if you didn't know as you could trust him or no; then just wink, put your finger on your nose, and say, 'Foller me now,' and take him into the cellar. 'Now,' says you, 'friend, don't betray me, I beseech you, for your life; don't let on to any one about this place;—people will never think o' suspectin' me, if you only keep dark about it. I'll let you see some things,' says you, 'that will please you I know; but don't blow me—that's a good soul. This article,' says you atakin' up one that cost three pounds, 'I can afford to let you have as low as five pounds,' and that one as cheap as six pounds on one condition,—but you must promise me on the word and honour of a man.' The critter will fall right into the trap, and swear by all that's good he'll never breathe it to a'livin' soul, and then go right off and tell his wife, and you might as well pour a thing into a filterin' stone as into a woman's ear; it will run right thro', and she'll go abraggin' to her neighbours of the bargain they have got, and swear them to secrecy, and they'll tell the whole

country in the same way, as a secret of the cheap things Ichabod Gates has. Well, the excise folks will soon hear o' this, and come and sarch your house from top to bottom; and the sarch will make your fortin', for as they can't find nothin', you will get the credit of doin' the officers in great style.

"'Well, well,' said Ichabod, 'if you Yankees don't beat natur'. I don't believe, on my soul, there's a critter in all Nova Scotia would athought o' such a scheme as that; but it's a grand joke, and comports with conscience, for it paralls pretty close with the truth: I'll try it.'

"'Try it,' says I, 'to be sure; let's go right off this blessed night, and hide away a parcel of your goods in the cellar,—put some in the garrat and some in the gig-house. Begin and sell to-morrow, and all the time I'm to Liverpool I'll keep a runnin' in and out o' your house; sometimes I'll jist come to the corner of the fence, put my head over and draw it back ag'in, as if I didn't want folks to see me; and sometimes I'll make as if I was agoin' out, and if I see any one acomin' I'll spring back and hide behind the door: it will set the whole town on the look-out,—and they'll say it's me that's smugglin', either on my own hook or yourn.'

"In three days he had a great run o' custom, particularly arter night-fall. It was fun alive to see how the critters were bammed by that hoax.

"On the fifth day the tide-waiter came.

"'Mr. Slick,' says he, 'I've information th—.'

"'Glad to hear it,' says I; 'an officer without information would be a poor tool—that's a fact.'

"Well, it brought him up all astandin'. Says he,—

"'Do you know who you're atalkin' to?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'I guess I do; I'm talkin' to a man of information; and that bein' the case, I'll be so bold as to ax you one question,—have you anything to say to me, for I'm in a considerable of a hurry?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'I have. I'm informed you have smuggled goods in the house.'

"'Well, then,' says I, 'you can say what many galls can't boast on at any rate.'

"'What's that?' says he.

"'Why,' says I, 'that you are *miss*informed.'

"'Mr. Gates,' said he, 'give me a candle—I must go to the cellar.'

"'Sartainly, sir,' said Ichabod, 'you may sarch where you please; I've never smuggled yet, and I am not agoin' now to commence at my time of life.'

"As soon as he got the candle, and was agoin' down to the cellar with Gates, I called out to Ichabod:—

"'Here,' says I, 'Ich, run quick, for your life—now's your time;' and off we ran up stairs as hard as we could leg it, and locked the door; the searcher hearin' that, up too and arter us hot foot, and bust it open. As soon as we heerd him adoin' of that, we out o' the other door and locked that also, and down the back stairs to where we started from. It was some time afore he broke in the second door, and then he followed us down, lookin' like a proper fool.

"'I'll pay you up for this,' said he to me.

"'I hope so,' said I, 'and Ichabod too. A pretty time o' day this, when folks can tare and race over a decent man's house, and smash all afore him this way for nothin', ain't it? Them doors you broke all to pieces will come to sunthin', you may depend;—a joke is a joke, but that's no joke.'

"Arter that he took his time; searched the cellar, upper rooms, lower rooms, and garret, and found nothin' to seize; he was all cut up, and amazin' vexed and put out. Says I—

"'Friend, if you want to catch a weasel, you must catch him asleep; now if you want to catch me a smugglin', rise considerably airly in the mornin', will you?'

"This story made Ichabod's fortin' a'most; he had smuggled goods to sell for three years, and yet no one could find him in the act, or tell where under the sun he had hid 'em away to. At last the secret leaked out, and it fairly broke up smugglin' on the whole shore. That story has done more nor twenty officers—that's a fact.

"'There's nothin' a'most,' said the Clockmaker, 'I like so much as to see folks cheat themselves. I don't know as I ever cheated a man myself in my life: I like to do things above board handsom', and go strait a head; but if a chap seems bent on cheatin' himself, I like to be neighbourly and help him to do it. I mind once, when I was to the eastward of Halifax atradin', I bought a young horse to use while I gave old Clay a run to grass. I do that most every fall, and it does the old critter a deal of good. He kinder seems to take a new lease every time, it sets him up so. Well, he was a most especial horse, but he had an infarnal temper, and it required all my knowledge of horseflesh to manage him. He'd kick, sulk, back, bite, refuse to draw, or run away, jist as he took the notion. I mastered him, but it was jist as much as a bargain too; and I don't believe, tho' I say it myself, there is any other gentleman in the province could have managed him but me. Well, there was a parson livin' down there that took a great fancy to that horse. Whenever he seed me

adrivin' by, he always stopt to look at his action and gait, and admired him amazin'ly.

"'Thinks I to myself, 'that man is inokilated —it'll break out soon—he is determined to cheat himself, and if he is, there is no help for it, as I see, but to let him.'

"One day I was adrivin' out at a'most a deuce of a size, and he stopped me.

"'Hallo!' says he, 'Mr. Slick, where are you agoin' in such a desperate hurry? I want to speak a word to you.'

"So I pulls up short.

"'Mornin',' says I, 'parson, how do you do to-day?'

"'That's a very clever horse of yourn,' says he.

"'Middlin',' says I; 'he does my work, but he's nothin' to brag on; he ain't jist equal to old Clay, and I doubt if there's are a blue-nose horse that is either.'

"'Fine action, that horse,' said he.

"'Well,' says I, 'people do say he has considerable fine action, but that's better for himself, than me, for it makes him travel easier.'

"'How many miles will he trot in an hour?' said he.

"'Well,' says I, 'if he has a mind to and is well managed, he can do fifteen hansum'.'

"'Will you sell him?' said he.

"'Well,' says I, 'parson, I would sell him, but not to you; the truth is,' said I, smilin', 'I have a great regard for ministers; the best friend I ever had was one, the Reverend Joshua Hopewell, of Slickville, and I wouldn't sell a horse to one I didn't think would suit him.'

"'Oh!' said he, 'the horse would suit me exactly; I like him amazin'ly: what's your price?'

"'Fifty pounds to anybody else,' said I, 'but

fifty-five to you, parson, for I don't want you to have him at no price. If he didn't suit you, people would say I cheated you, and cheatin' a parson is, in my mind, pretty much of a piece with robbin' of a church. Folks would think considerable hard of me for to go for to sell you a horse that worn't quite the thing, and I shouldn't blame them one mite or morsel if they did.'

"'Why, what's the matter of him?' asked he.

"'Well,' says I, 'minister,' says I, alarfin' right out, everything is the matter of him.'

"'Oh!' says he, 'that's all nonsense: I've seen the horse in your hands often, and desire no better.'

"'Well,' says I, 'he will run away with you, if he gets a chance, to a certainty.'

"'I will drive him with a curb,' said he.

"'He will kick,' says I.

"'I'll put a back strap on him,' said he.

"'He will go backwards faster than forward,' said I.

"'I will give him the whip, and teach him better,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, alarfin' like anything, 'he won't go at all sometimes.'

"'I'll take my chance of that,' said he; 'but you must take off that five pounds.'

"'Well,' says I, 'parson, I don't want to sell you the horse—that's a fact; but if you must have him, I suppose you must, and I will substract the five pounds on one condition, and that is, if you don't like the beast, you tell folks that you would have him, tho' I tried to set him out as bad as I could, and said everythin' of him I could lay my tongue to.'

"'Well,' says he, 'the horse is mine, and if he don't suit me, I acquit you of all blame.'

"Well, he took the horse, and cracked and boasted most prodigiously of him; he said he wouldn't like to take a hundred pounds for him; that he liked to buy a horse of a Yankee, for they were such capital judges of horse-flesh they hardly ever a'most had a bad one; and that he knew he was agoin' to get a first chop one, the moment he found I didn't want to sell him; and that he never saw a man so loath to part with a beast. Oh dear! how I larfed in my sleeve when I heerd tell of the gooney talkin' such nonsense; thinks I, 'he'll live to larn yet some things that ain't writ down in Latin afore he dies, or I'm mistakened —that's all.' In the course of a few days the horse began to find he'd changed hands, and he thought he'd try what sort o' stuff his new master was made on; so he jist took the bit in his mouth one fine mornin', and ran off with him, and kicked his gig all to flinders, and nearly broke the parson's neck; and findin' that answer, he took to his old tricks ag'in, and got worse than ever. He couldn't do nothin' with him,—even the helps were frightened out of their lives to go into the stable to him, he skeered them so.

"So he come to me one day lookin' quite streaked, and, says he,

"'Mr. Slick, that horse I bought of you is a perfect devil; I never saw such a critter in my life; I can neither ride him nor drive him. He jist does what he pleases with us, and we can't help ourselves nohow. He actilly beats all the unruly animals I ever seed in my life.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I told you so, minister—I didn't want to sell him to you at all; but you would have him.'

"'I know you did,' said he; 'but you larfed so all the time, I thought you were in jeest. I

thought you didn't like to sell him, and jist said so to put me off, jokin' like: I had no idee you were in airnest: I wouldn't give ten pounds for him.'

"'Nor I either,' said I; 'I wouldn't take him as a gift, and be bound to keep him.'

"'How could you, then,' said he, 'have the conscience to ax me fifty pounds for him, and pocket it so coolly?'

"'To prevent you from buying him, parson,' said I, 'that was my reason. I did all I could for you; I axed you five times as much as he was worth, and said all I could think on to run him down, too; but *you took yourself in.*'

"'There's two ways of tellin' a thing,' said he, 'Mr. Slick,—in airnest and in jeest. You told it as if you were in jeest, and I took it so; you may call it what you like, but I call it a deception still.'

"'Parson,' says I, 'how many ways you have of tellin' a thing, I don't know; but I have only one, and that's the true way: I told you the truth, but you didn't choose to believe it. Now,' says I, 'I feel kinder sorry for you too; but I'll tell you how to get out of the scrape. I can't take him back, or folks would say it was me and not you that cheated yourself. Do you ship him. You can't sell him here without doin' the fair thing, as I did, telling all his faults; and if you do, no soul would take him as a present, for people will believe you, tho' it seems they won't always believe a Clockmaker. Jist send him off to the West Indgies, and sell him at auction there for what he will fetch. He'll bring a good price: and if he gets into a rael right down genu*wine* horseman's hands, there is no better horse.'

"He said nothin', but shook his head, as if that cat wouldn't jump.

"'Now,' says I, 'there's another piece of advice I'll give you free gratis for nothin'—*Never buy a horse on the dealer's judgment, or he will cheat you if he can; never buy him on your own, or you will cheat yourself as sure as you are born.*'

"'In that case,' said he, larfin', 'a man will be sure to be cheated either way, how is he to guard ag'in bein' taken in, then?'

"'Well,' says I, 'he stands a fair chance anyway of havin' the leake put into him—that's sartin; for next to womankind there is nothin' so deceitful as horse-flesh that ever I seed yet. Both on 'em are apt to be spoiled in the breakin': both on 'em puzzle the best judges sometimes to tell their age when well vamped up, and it takes some time afore you find out all their tricks. Pedigree must be attended to in both cases, particularly on the mother's side, and both require good trainin', a steady hand, and careful usage. Yes; both branches require great experience, and the most knowin' ones do get bit sometimes most beautiful.'

"'Well,' says he, 'as touchin' horses, how is a man to avoid bein' deceived?'

"'Well,' says I, 'I'll tell you—never buy a horse of a total stranger on no account—never buy a horse of a gentleman, for——'

"'Why,' said he, 'he's the very man I should like to buy of, above all others.'

"'Well, then,' says I, 'he's not the man for my money, anyhow! you think you are safe with him, and don't inquire enough, and take too much for granted: you are apt to cheat yourself in that case. Never buy a crack horse; he's done too much. Never buy a colt; he's done too little; you can't tell how he'll turn out. In short,' says

I, 'it's a considerable of a long story to go all through with it; it would take me less time to teach you how to make a clock, I calculate. If you buy from a man who ain't a dealer, he actilly don't know whether his horse is a good one or not; you must get advice from a friend who does know. If you buy from a dealer, he is too much for you or your friend either. If he has no honour, don't trade with him. If he has, put yourself wholly and entirely on it, and he'll not deceive you, there's no mistake—he'll do the thing genteel. If you'd a' axed me candidly now about that are horse,' says I, 'I'd———'

"At that he looked up to me quite hard for a space, without sayin' a word, but pressed his lips together quite miffy like, as if he was strivin' for to keep old Adam down, and turned short off and walked away. I felt kinder pity for him too; but if a man is so infarnal wise, he thinks he knows better nor you, and will cheat himself in spite of all you can do, why there is no help for it, as I see, but to let him. Do you, squire?"

Of course Sam Slick has had many Imitators among others,—one Jonathan Slick; they all lack the originality and life of Sam, but we subjoin two or three illustrations:—

QUADRILLE DANCING IN NEW YORK.

"JEST then cousin Beebe called out my name from t'other side of the room. I wish you could a seen how they all stared. It warn't more than ten minits arter that, afore eenamost every one in there was at cousin Beebe to be introduced to me—the fellers with the brustles and all. The purtyest gals

in the room kept a flocking round me as if they'd never seen a man that wrote for the newspapers afore. Talk about soft sodder!—there's nobody on earth can put it into a chap as smooth as a harnsome gal. Somehow they melt it with their smiles, till it sinks through his heart afore he knows it I was talking with a rare peeler of a gal, with two of the brightest black eyes that I ever see, when somebody struck up a tune on the pianner-forty, and two or three couple got onto the floor as if they wanted to dance. 'Do you dance quadrills, Mr. Slick?' sez the black-eyed gal, as if she wanted me to ask her tu dance. 'Wal, I don't know,' sez I; 'I never tried them kind of things; but I rather guess I can, if you show me how.' With that I took the tip eend of her white glove between the fingers of my yallar one, and went with her into the middle of the room. I didn't know what they were a going to dance, but I warn't much afeard, anyhow; for there warn't a chap in all Weatherfield could beat me at a double-shuffle, or could cut so neat a pigeon-wing without music, as I could. Wal, the music begun, and one of the fellers that had the hair on his lip began to slide about with his eyes half shet, and his hands hanging down, and looking as doleful as if he'd just come away from a funeral. Did you ever see a duck swim in a mill-dam, or a hen turning up its eyes when it's a-drinking? If you have, you can git some idee how the lazy coot danced. I thought I should go off the handle to see him; but the gals all stuck out their little feet, and pocked about jest in the same way. 'Think,' says I, 'when it comes to my turn, I'll give you a little specimen of genuine dancing. I only wish I hud thought to put a little loose change in my pockets to jingle, if it was only jest

to show how well I keep step.' A young lady, with her hair twisted all up with little white flowers, balanced up to me, jest as you've seen a bird walk, and then it came to my turn. I took two steps for'ards, and then I cut a peeler of a pigeon-wing, and ended off with a little touch of the double-shuffle; but my trousers were so plaguy tight, that I couldn't make my legs limber, all I could du; besides, the music warn't much more like a dancing-tune than Greenbank or Old Hundred. At last, I went up to the gal that was playing, and sez I, 'Look here—jest give us something lively—Yankee Doodle, or Money Muss, or the Irish Washerwoman, or Paddy Carey. I ain't a going to twist and pucker round in this way!' With that the young fellers with their hair lips begun to push their cambric handkerchiefs into their mouths, and the young gals puckered up their mouths as if I'd done something to make fun at. But instid of sneaking off, and letting the stuck-up varmints think they's scared me so that I dairs'nt dance, I felt me dander a getting up, and sez I to myself, 'I guess I'll let 'em see that I warn't brought up in the woods, to be scared at owls, anyhow;' so I jest turned to the black-eyed gal that was my partner, and sez I, 'Come now, miss, and let us show 'em how it's done;' and with that I began to put it down right and left like a streak of lightning. It warn't more than two minits afore I heard the gals a talking to each other, and a saying, 'How odd! How strange! Quite the eccentricity of genius! These literary lions never do anything as other people do. I don't wonder Miss Beebe's proud of him!' The young fellers joined in the minit they begin to see how the wind was blowing up in my quarter; and when I finished off and led the black-eyed gal to one of the footstools, there

was no end to the soft sodder they all put on to me. Sez I to myself, 'Nothing like keeping a stiff upper-lip with those stuck-up fashionables; for, arter all, they ain't more than half-sartain what's genteel and what ain't."

JONATHAN SLICK IN LOVE WITH MISS MILES.

"With that the nigger went up stairs, and I arter him full; he looked round as if he wanted to say something jest as he stopped by a door in the upper entry way; but I told him to go ahead and hold his yop, for I warn't a going to wait any longer. So he rapped at the door and somebody said, 'Come in.' My heart riz in my throat, for I knew whose voice it was, and I began to feel as if I'd pitched head forward into a mill dam. The cuffy opened the door, and sez he, 'Ma'am, here's a gentleman that would come up.'

"I heard somebody give a leetle scream, and with that I just pushed the nigger out of the way, and sez I, 'Miss Miles, how du you du?'

"I sniggers! if I didn't raly pity the poor gal, she looked so struck up in a heap; but what on arth made her act so I couldn't tell at fust, for I felt kinder streaked as I'd done something that wasn't exactly right, though I couldn't think what, and was as much as a minit afore I looked right in her face. But jest as I lifted up my foot, arter making one of my fust cut bows, she stood jest afore me. By the living hokey, I never was so struck up in my born days! You know what I've told you about Miss Miles, about her plump

round form, her rosy cheeks. Well, I'll be darned if there was one of them left! I shouldn't have known her no more than nothing, if it hadn't been for her eyes and the way she spoke. Her neck, and for'ard that always looked so white and handsome, when I see her at cousin Mary's, and in Broadway, was as yaller as a saffron bag. There warn't the least mite of red in her face, and her hair was all frizzley, and done up in a great loose awk'ard-looking gown, that made her seem twice as chunked as she used to; and that looked more like a man's shirt cut long and ruffled round than anything else. It warn't any too close neither, and both her leetle shoes were down to the heel.

"There I stood a looking at her with all the eyes in my head—my foot was drawn up tight, and my arms were a hanging straight down, jest as they swung back arter I'd made my bow. I kinder seemed to feel that my mouth was open a leetle, and that I was staring at her harder than was manners for me. But if you'd a given me the best farm in all Weathersfield I couldn't have helped it, I was so struck up in a heap, at seeing her in such a fly. I guess it was as much as two minits afore either on us said a word, and, at last, Miss Miles turned to the nigger as savage as a meet axe, and, sez she,

"'Why didn't you show Mr. Slick into the room?'

"'Oh, don't seem to mind it,' sez I, a walking into the room, a setting down on a chair with my hat between my knees, 'I'd jest as lives set up here as anywhere.'

"She looked as if she'd burst right out a crying, but at last she sot down and tried to act as if she was glad to see me. She begun to make excuses about herself and the room, and said she warn't

very well that morning, and that she took a new book, and sot down to read it.

"'Oh,' sez I, 'don't make no excuses; it aint the fust time that I've ketched a gal in the suds. Marm used to say that she never looked worse than common that somebody wasn't sartin to drop in.'

"'Will you excuse me one instant, Mr. Slick?' said she, a minit after I'd said this, and looking down on her awkward dress, as if she couldn't help but feel streaked yit.

"'Sartainly,' sez I, 'don't make no stranger of me.'

"With that she opened the door and an all fired handsome room it was. There was a great mahogany bedstead in the middle, with a high goose feather bed on it, kivered over with a white quilt and great square pillows all ruffled off, and the winder curtains were part white and part sort of indigo blue. I couldn't get a chance to see what else there was, she shut the door so quick.

"'By gracious,' sez I to myself, after she went out, 'who on earth would ever have thought that Miss Miles was so old! When I saw her yesterday, I'd a took my bible oath that she warn't more than eighteen, but now I'll be choked if she don't look as ancient as the hills. If ever she sees thirty again, she'll have to turn like a crab backwards five or six years.' What puzzled me most was how in creation she contrived to look so young—but it warn't a great while I made it out as clear as one of Deacon Syke's exhortants Arter she'd gone out, I just got up, and took a sort of survey of the room; everything was t'other eend up, held up, helter skelter in it; there was no end to the finery and handsome furniture, but it don't make much odds how extravagant one is a

laying out money if things ain't kept neat and snug in their places. The more things cost, the more it seems to hurt a feller's feelings to see them flung about topsy turvy, as they were in that room. I ruther think she didn't have her company up there very often—but a gal that's got a good bringing up will be jest as particular about the place she keeps for herself, and which company never sees, as if it was likely to be seen every day of her life.

"I begun to be all-fired glad that I didn't ask her to have me yesterday, for if she'd been as young as she seemed tu be, and as hansome as an angel, I wouldn't a had her arter seeing that leetle room of her'n. A pocket handkercher, worked and sprigged, and ruffled off with lace, was a lying on the settee, but it was all grimed over with dirt, and looked as if it would a gin any thing for a sight of the wash tub. The carpet was as soft and thick as could be, and it was all kivered over with bunches of poses as nat'ral as life; but there was a great grease spot close by the fire, where some body had upset a lamp, and all round the edges and in the corners it looked as if it hadn't been swept for ever so long. A chest of drawers, solid, shiny mahogany — with a great looking-glass, swung between two pieces of mahogany on the top—stood on one side of the room, and there, a hanging over the edge on 'em, as true as I live, were the long, handsome curls that I'd seen on Miss Miles when she was tu Cousin Mary's party. 'Wal, think,' sez I, 'if this don't take the rag off the bush!' What du you think I saw next? A glass tumbler about half full of water, with three nice, leetle teeth a lying at the bottom on it! I couldn't help but giving a leetle whistle when I saw them. 'Think,' sez I, 'it's jest as like as not that Miss Miles

won't pucker up her mouth and smile quite so much this morning as she did yesterday, any how.'

"There were two leetle china cups with the knives a laying down by them; one was filled with white stuff, kinder like flour, only ruther more durty, and t'other was full of something that looked as much like rose-leaves ground down to powder as anything. A leetle chunk of cotton wool was stuck into it, but what on airth it was for, I couldn't make out. There were two or three silk cushions, chuck full of pins, on the drawers, and there was no eend to the mantle-shelf, as well as on the tables and the chest of drawers.

"In one corner of the room, there stood a great looking-glass, a swinging between two leetle posts cut out of mahogany, and right over it two silk frocks were tumbled up together. I begun tu finger them a leetle, for somehow or other I felt curious to know how the tarnal cunning critter contrived tu make herself look so plump and round. It didn't want much cyphering to find her out. The tops of her frocks, both on 'em, were stuffed full of something soft that made them stand out as nat'ral as life. I hadn't but jest time to drop the frock and set down again, looking as innocent as if butter wouldn't melt in my mouth, when Miss Miles come back again. She'd put on another frock, all ruffled off, and some how or other, had fixed up her hair so as to look rather more ship-shape; but she hadn't had time to put herself altogether, though her face did look a leetle whiter than it did when I fust went in. There warn't a bit of hump on her back, and she was nat'ral all the way round!

"But I can't stop to rite you on all my dreams that night. I don't think dough-nuts or sugar-candies set well on my stomach, and I don't think

seeing so many gals set well on my head. There is a terrible all-overish sort of a feeling in a young fellow when he has been a cruising among the gals all day, and comes hum and cuddles up in a bed at night. When he gets one gal stuck fast in his head, as I had Judy White, he's as quiet as a kitten, and his head's a sort a settled; but arter he's been a roving over the world as I am a doing, his natur' gets rather rily, and there's nothing that sticks in it except the dregs, the pure essence sifting out all through.

"Getting in love is somewhat like getting drunk, the more a feller loves, the more he wants tu—and when the heart gets a going *pitty pat, pitty pat*, there is such a swell that it busts up all the strings, so that it can't hold the genuine grit at all. When Judy White fust took hold of my arm, I give the coat sleeve a rale hearty smack, where her hand had lain, and that coat I raly did love better than any other I ever had on; but I never think the better of my yaller gloves for shaking the hands of all the gals in York. I've only got Miss Miles out of my head, to get a thousand new shinin' faces in. Lord knows what'll become of me, Par, if I go on to be bedevilled arter the women, as I have been this New Year's Day! When a feller is made anything on by 'em, he must have been brought up under good preaching in Weathersfield to stand it here in York. I feel as if I shouldn't be good for much afore long, myself, the way I am going on, but to scoot up and down Broadway, like that ere Count, and to hang round gals' winders, with fifes, and bassoons, and drums, and gitars at night.

"I can't look full in a purty gal's face all flashing so, without being kind a dazzled and scorched. It warms me up in this cold weather, and kindles

such a touse in my heart, that the blood runs through it as hot as if it had scooted through a steam-boat pipe. And then the all-fired critters have so many ways of coming over a feller, that I don't think much of a man who can see their purty mouths tremble, and not feel his tremble tu. If they slide up, I can't help sliding tu, if I died; and when them black eyes fall flash upon me, I wilt right down under 'em, as cut grass in Weathersfield on a hot summer's day. It is natur' all this, and I can't help it no how."

THE VICTIM OF THE WARMING-PAN.

"Old Jake Touchmenot is one of the most touchy fellows in the world. He keeps his wife, Jemima Luzzleina Touchmenot, in a constant state of irritation, lest she should unwittingly do the fellow some harm. He is one of those beings, who have not real evils enough in the world, and are always imagining new ones. The latter create more uneasiness in his mind, and really frighten him more than the former do ordinary mortals. Old Jake got 'burned to death' the other night in the most melancholy way, and which should serve as a warning to all touchy old gentlemen how they come in contact with any thing in which lies concealed the 'spark elemental.'

"Jake Touchmenot, thinking he had heat enough in his own body to keep him from freezing to death, set his face against a habit Mrs. Jemima had of warming the bed with a warming-pan. Now Jemima was determined to warm half the bed at least, and as her sensitive and touchy

spouse always retired before her, it might naturally enough be expected, that some warm words would pass between them. Such was the case. As the warming pan was drawn up and down one side of the bed, while he lay snugly coiled on the other, he was afraid he should get 'burned to death one of those nights.' The idea haunted him day and night, and made the touchy old gentleman perfectly miserable. He believed that he should come to his end by being scorched by inches with a warming-pan. Think of it—burned to death with a warming-pan—and in his own bed—his own house! and by his wife too! The idea was horrible!—It was fated however—but we are too fast.

"On the night alluded to, Jake had retired earlier than usual, and notwithstanding he knew that old Jemima would be poking along as usual, with her warming-pan, to warm her side of the bed, he fidgetted himself to sleep.

"'I shall get burned to death—burnt—burnt—to a crisp—crisp—Jemima—John Rogers and his warming-pan,' said Jake in his sleep, as his wife entered the sleeping room without his being at all conscious of it.

"Jemima put down her candle, took the warming-pan, and drew it up and down her side of the bed. Was the woman determined to burn her own husband, that she drew it so close to him?

"Presently, as she rubbed it up against him as she would a flat-iron over a kerchief, most maliciously and cruelly to boot, considering that she was his wife—as she did this, we say, old Jake shot out of bed like lightning, with the exclamation—

"'My ———! *didn't I tell you so?* Madam, I knew you would burn me to death. Oh, Lord! Oh!'

"He rubbed himself all over for a few minutes, not having time to rub his eyes, and then darted out of doors like an arrow, 'accoutred as he was,' and 'burning to death!' What a melancholy catastrophe! A human being become the victim of a warming-pan! His wife the murderer!

"Our respect for the character of the lady in question, as well as our own feelings, forbid our dwelling upon this theme, or going into further particulars. What became of old Jake Touchmenot, we cannot say. Whether he survived by making an external application of a plaster, poultices and bandages, or whether he took a dose of Brandreth's—whether he is dead or alive, we know not at this present writing. But this we do know, that the warming pan, which, on this occasion, the mischievous Jemima Touchmenot rubbed against her dear husband on this mortally cold night, and 'burnt him to death' so suddenly, was not filled with fire, but———*with snow!*

"Mrs. Jemima Luzzleina Touchmenot would have her joke now and then as well as younger people. But she declares old Jake's case is not so singular as might appear at first blush. 'Do we women often in our youth swear we are burnt to death by coming in contact with hearts, which after the first touch, turn out to be as cold as a snowball?' asked Mrs Jemima, when twitted with having made her touchy husband—THE VICTIM OF THE WARMING-PAN."

CHAPTER III.

W. S. MAYO, M.D.

Dr. Mayo is a marvellous writer, his descriptions fairly take one's breath away. His invention is not less extraordinary,—as we follow his page we are compelled to realise the wonderful sights with which his pages teem. "Kaloolah," from which we extract the following illustrations, is his best known work, but the "Barber" abounds more in the tempest and passion of actual life. Saw you ever, reader, an account of a marriage like the following?

MARRIAGE OF THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

"Our rough but short ride soon brought us to the orangery from whence we had been promised a splendid view, and well was the promise kept. On one hand were the verdant valleys, dotted with houses and hamlets, and stretching far into the interior; on the other, the town and Bay of Orta, and beyond, the Island of Pico, with its majestic

peak. Around this latter, a few soft fleecy clouds, of varying shape and hue, were playing their most fantastic tricks; and along the slopes gambolled and skipped groups of vapoury particles, like flocks of gigantic sheep, in the very excess of free and graceful beauty: sometimes the whole collecting together, would form a close cap round the apex of the peak—one moment as plain as a Quaker's, and the next adorned with bows, ribbons, and fringes of vapour, as tastefully arranged as ever was the head-dress of a Broadway belle. Sometimes the base and summit could be seen with a narrow girdle of blue and white around the middle, than which the cestus of Venus could not have been more beautiful. I ventured to suggest to my companions the similitude between the mountain and a bride. Dame Nature I supposed to be a tire-woman, or rather a fond mother decking her child for the ceremony that was to unite her to her taller and more famous spouse, the Peak of Teneriffe. As no one of my audience seemed to 'take,' I concluded that my conceit was rather far-fetched, and that I might as well keep the rest of it to myself. So, alone, in fancy, I enjoyed one of the most magnificent weddings that ever Cupid got up for Hymen. It took place in a vast domed hall, extending from pole to pole, lighted by clusters of revolving worlds, and paved with a curious mosaic of islands, continents, and seas. All the dignitaries and powers of Nature were present. Tornados and typhons fanned the air; the forests of Ind and the Moluccas, with the gardens of Yeman and Irak, tastefully arranged as bouquets, exhaled the richest perfume; while from above and around came the delicious music of the spheres. The marriage ring was a splendid specimen of polished basalt, which formerly had been

the crater of an extinct volcano, and which had been dug out expressly for the purpose, by that master-miner, an old earthquake. The ceremony was performed by a queer-looking 'fellow, who, under the names of electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, has been for some time slightly known to the world. His nuptial benediction was a most energetic spitting forth of all manner of lightnings —sheet, chain, and forked.

"I might perhaps have pursued my strained conceit until I saw the happy pair surrounded by a family of little volcanoes, or till the venerable couple were consigned to the tomb, at a good old age, with all the honours of a mundane disruption, had it not been for the intimation that tea would be waiting for us, and that we must hasten back."

LIFE IN THE FOREST AND THE DESERT.

"For a long time we had pursued our way through the sombre forest, all silent—subdued in spirit, and disposed to bow reverentially to receive the blessing which the religious old trees, with outstretched arms, seemed invoking upon our heads. From all sides arose curious and horrible noises, that, like the grotesque grinning faces of gothic architecture, served only to increase the pervading solemnity—the screeching of parrots, paroquets and an infinite variety of birds unknown to naturalists even by name; the chattering of myriads of monkeys; the occasional laugh and growl of animals of the hyena family; the wild rush and whir of startled deer, harts, roebucks, and the gliding rustling sound of large snakes, moving along the ground, or around

the gigantic trunks, and among the verdure of the gnarled branches.

"'You are silent, Kaloolah; what are you thinking of?' I demanded.

"'I am not thinking,' replied Kaloolah, 'I am only feeling.'

"'And how are you feeling, pray!'

"'As I did once, when I stood in the inner hall of the great mound temple of Kiloam. There, however, all was silence—with nothing to disturb the sense of God's presence and power; but here—this—oh, this is horrible!'

"'What is horrible? This shade—this gloom?'

"'No, no; not the forest; not this cool shade; not this pleasing gloom, but these sounds that so mock and threaten as we go—these gibbering fiends, up there in the trees, that grin upon us so. Oh, how pleasant it would be to have this shade to ourselves—to be able to move beneath this umbrageous canopy without being annoyed and startled by such terrible sights and sounds—so strange, yet so familiar—familiar, yet none the less horrible. They do not frighten me so much since I know, Jon'than, you can protect me, but they somehow frighten my heart.'

"'Indeed, Kaloolah, so young, so innocent, and yet thy heart has recollections of grinning faces, and mocking voices, that the noises around us revive! Courage! we shall soon be through this wood.——Well, Hassan, what now?'

"'The great river is in front of us,' replied Hassan; and in a few minutes we emerged from the dark forest, and stood upon its banks. There lay the broad stream, some fifty or sixty feet beneath us, and beyond it a vast expanse of open, rolling country, dotted with clumps of trees, and undulating with rounded hills, through which

opened up long vistas of surpassing beauty. In the middle ground the hills grew more varied in their forms, and more abrupt, serving to link, by an easy transition, the milder beauty of the river's bank with the lofty grandeur of a chain of towering mountains in the back ground.

"From the foot of the bank upon which we stood, extended a wide beach of dark grey pebbles and sand. It took us some time to find a spot at which our animals could descend. From the beach the view was much restricted of the country on the other side of the river, but the loss was made up by the pleasing outline of the bank, and the magnificence of the masses of rock and verdure that towered above us behind, and extended as far up and down as the eye could reach. Gigantic flowering creepers, splendid specimens of the rock-hugging ceres, and a magnificent flower, like a morning glory, but as large as a man's hat, and of a brilliant blue and gold, covered and concealed the angular points and rough projections of the cliffs. Among these, as in the forest we had passed, revelled a thousand different kinds of birds of the most beautiful plumage: little paroquets, bedecked in all the prismatic colours; humming-birds; golden and purple wood-peckers, and a little bird that Kaloolah clapped her hands at the sight of, and called the *kinkapal*, or gem-bird. Around its head and neck were little tufts of plumage of different hues, that reflected the sunlight as brightly as a brilliant of the first water. The wings and body were of a plain grey, while the head and neck were clothed as with a little casque and corslet of diamonds, rubies, and opals.

"Here too, floated several species of the *froulbell*, a bird which may justly be pronounced one of the greatest ornithological curiosities in the world.

Its body is about the size of a wren, and without wings, but from every point on its surface come out the most delicate feather streamers, a foot or more in length. Wonderful is the delicacy and lightness of this large mass of plumage in which the little body of the bird is concealed. The finest feathers of the ostrich, or the bird of paradise, are coarse in comparison. The outer extremity of each feather is of a pure white, but towards the body glow the brightest hues of green, blue, purple and gold, so that the wind, parting the masses of graceful plumage as the bird floats slowly along, reveals each moment new combinations of colour to the delighted eye. But not the least curious part of the froulbell's structure is the machinery with which, in the absence of wings, it is furnished for locomotion. The bill is simply a tube, open at both ends, and extending directly through the head, so that one orifice is directly in front, the other behind. From the middle of this tube, or from the top of the head, rises a hollow, cartilaginous globe, capable of expansion and contraction; this communicates with the tube, in which are two valves, the one in front opening towards the globe, the one behind, away from it. When the globe is expanded a vacuum is produced, and the air rushes in through a valve in front. When the globe contracts, this valve closes, and the air is forced out through the other valve behind; and thus, by an alternate action of suction and propulsion, the froulbell is able to move along slowly, when the wind is not too high. The flexibility of the neck enables the bird to direct the tube to any angle of elevation, and thus, aided by the legerity of its plumage, to ascend to any height, although it generally flies low in search of small insects and animalcules, which,

when sucked into the globe, are retained in the convolution of a lining mucous membrane, and afterwards transmitted into the stomach. The passage of the air through the valves occasions a pleasant flute-like sound, which varies in tone and quality with the size of the bird and the rapidity of its motion.

"But it was no time for ecstacies over the beauties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, with a broad and rapid river in front of us, and with no means at hand of crossing it. Again and again I questioned our two guides, but they were firm in the assertion that we should have to travel several days before encountering a Kerdie village, and that then we might not find either ford or ferriage. The only plan was to make some kind of a boat or raft, upon which we could carry our luggage, and to swim our horses across, despite the danger of attack from the crocodiles, with which the river appeared alive. As this would require some time, preparations were made for a more permanent encampment than usual.

"A little rocky peninsula jutted into the river, and was connected to the main land by a narrow isthmus. The sides were quite steep and jagged, rising about five or six feet in height, or enough to protect us from the visits of the river monsters, while a large fire upon the narrow neck afforded a full defence towards the land. The area of the peninsula was just sufficient to accommodate our party, beasts and all. Here we picketed our steeds, pitched Kaloolah's tent, and arranged our baggage. The rest of the day was consumed in building a shanty of bushes, cutting fodder for our horses, and collecting fire-wood.

"We passed a pleasant night, although, had

not our ears been hardened by our long and intimate companionship with wild beasts of every description, we should perhaps have been disturbed by the loud whining and plashing of the crocodile, the deep breathing and floundering of the hippopotamus, the bark of the jackal and hyena, or the thundering roar of the lion that occasionally reverberated along the cliffs, startling for a while to silence the inferior beasts. We slept, however, with an unusual feeling of security. Our position was a strong one, in fact perfectly impregnable—a real little Gibraltar of an encampment to our prowling and growling foes.

"The next morning we started in search of some kind of material for a raft. We had not gone far up the stream when we came across a large hollow tree, about fifty feet in height, without branches, except near the top, where it put forth ten or twelve arms; somewhat resembling the sturdy and awkward-looking limbs of the dragon tree. It was little more than two feet in diameter, and although decayed near the roots, so as to expose its hollow-heartedness, it still seemed to enjoy a vigorous old age.

"'There,' said Jack, 'that would be just the thing if we had it down, and cut up into three or four lengths, with any way of stopping the ends.'

"'The easiest thing in the world. You see to getting it down, and I will find something with which to cover the ends. Or, rather, as we shall need lashing to hold the pieces together, you shall manufacture the necessary rope out of the skins that I will furnish, and Hugh shall superintend cutting the tree.'

"Leaving Kaloolah and her maid in care of Jack, and Hugh with the two guides hard at work

upon the tree, I took Hassan with me, and moved into the woods in search of skins. Nothing of sufficient size could come amiss, and it took but a short time to shoot and flay more than twenty animals, among whom hardly two were of the same species.

"By sunset Hugh had the tree down, and Jack had twisted a large quantity of rope. The tree had now to be cut into three pieces of about twelve feet in length, the openings at the ends to be secured with skins, and the logs got into the water and firmly lashed together into a raft. Without any of the proper means and appliances, this was a work of time, and it was not until the fifth day that the raft was ready for its burden.

"It was early on the morning of the sixth, that, accompanied by Kaloolah and the lively Clefenha, I ascended the bank for a final reconnoissance of the country on the other bank of the river. It was not my intention to wander far, but, allured by the beauty of the scene, and the promise of a still better view from a higher crag, we moved along the edge of the bank until we had got nearly two miles from our camp. At this point the line of the bank curved towards the river, so as to make a beetling promontory of a hundred feet perpendicular descent. The gigantic trees grew quite on the brink many of them throwing their long arms far over the shore below. The trees generally grew wide apart, and there was little or no underwood, but many of the trunks were wreathed with the verdure of parasites and creepers, so as to shut up, mostly, the forest vistas with immense columns of green leaves and flowers. The stems of some of these creepers were truly wonderful: one, from which depended large bunches of scarlet berries, had, not unfre-

quently, stems as large as a man's body. In some pass one huge plant of this kind, ascending with an incalculable prodigality of lignin, by innumerable convolutions, would stretch itself out, and, embracing several trees in its folds, mat them together in one dense mass of vegetation.

"Suddenly we noticed that the usual sounds of the forest had almost ceased around us Deep in the wood we could still hear the chattering of monkeys and the screeching of parrots Never before had our presence created any alarm among the denizens of the tree-tops; or, if it had, it had merely excited to fresh clamour, without putting them to flight. We looked around for the cause of this sudden retreat.

"'Perhaps,' I replied to Kaloolah's inquiry, 'there is a storm gathering, and they are gone to seek a shelter deeper in the wood.'

"We advanced close to the edge of the bank, and looked out into the broad daylight that poured down from above on flood and field. There was the same bright smile on the distant fields and hills; the same clear sheen in the deep water; the same lustrous stillness in the perfumed air, not a single prognostic of any commotion among the elements!

"I placed my gun against a tree, and took a seat upon an exposed portion of one of its roots. Countless herds of animals, composed of quaggas, zebras, gnus, antelopes, hart-beasts, roeboks, springboks, buffaloes, wild boars, and a dozen other kinds, for which my recollection of African travels furnished no names, were roaming over the fields on the other side of the river, or quietly reposing in the shade of the scattered mimosas, or beneath the groups of lofty palmas. A herd of

thirty or forty tall ungainly figures came in sight, and took their way, with awkward but rapid pace, across the plain. I knew them at once to be giraffes, though they were the first we had seen I was straining my eyes to discover the animal that pursued them, when Kaloolah called me to come to her. She was about forty yards further down the stream than where I was sitting. With an unaccountable degree of carelessness, I arose and went towards her, leaving my gun leaning against the tree. As I advanced, she ran out to the extreme point of the little promontory I have mentioned, where her maid was standing, and pointed to something over the edge of the cliff.

"'Oh, Jon'than!' she exclaimed, 'what a curious and beautiful flower! Come, and try if you can get it for me!'

"Advancing to the crest of the cliff, we stood looking down its precipitous sides to a point some twenty feet below, where grew a bunch of wild honeysuckles. Suddenly, a startling noise, like the roar of thunder, or like the boom of a thirty-two pounder, rolled through the wood, fairly shaking the sturdy trees, and literally making the ground quiver beneath our feet. Again it came, that appalling and indescribably awful sound! and so close as to completely stun us. Roar upon roar, in quick succession, now announced the coming of the king of beasts. 'The lion! the lion!—Oh, God of mercy! where is my gun?' I started forward, but it was too late. Alighting, with a magnificent bound into the open space in front of us, the monster stopped, as if somewhat taken aback by the novel appearance of his quarry, and, crouching his huge carcass close to the ground, uttered a few deep snuffling sounds, not unlike the preliminary crankings and growlings of a

heavy steam-engine, when it first feels the pressure of the steam.

"He was, indeed, a monster!—fully twice as large as the largest specimen of his kind that was ever condemned, by a gaping curiosity, to the confinement of the cage. His body was hardly less in size than a dray-horse, his paw as large as the foot of an elephant, while his head!—what can be said of such a head? Concentrate the fury, the power, the capacity and the disposition for evil of a dozen thunder-storms into a round globe, about two feet in diameter, and one would be able then to get an idea of the terrible expression of that head and face, enveloped and set off as it was by the dark framework of the bristling mane.

"The lower jaw rested upon the ground, the mouth was slightly open, showing the rows of white teeth and the blood-red gums, from which the lips were retracted in a majestic and right kingly grin. The brows and the skin around the eyes were corrugated into a splendid glory of radiant wrinkles, in the centre of which glowed two small globes, like opals, but with a dusky lustrousness that no opal ever yet attained.

"For a few moments he remained motionless, and then, as if satisfied with the result of his close scrutiny, he began to slide along the ground towards us, slowly one monstrous paw protruded after the other; slowly the huge tufted tail was waved to and fro, sometimes striking his hollow flanks, and occasionally coming down upon the ground with a sound like the falling of heavy clods upon a coffin. There could be no doubt of his intention to charge us, when near enough for a spring.

"And was there no hope? Not the slightest,

at least for myself. It was barely possible that one victim would satisfy him, or that, in the contest that was about to take place, I might, if he did not kill me at the first blow, so wound him as to indispose him for any further exercise of his power, and that thus Kaloolah would escape. As for me I felt my time had come. With no weapon but my long knife, what chance was there against such a monster? I cast one look at the gun that was leaning so carelessly against the tree beyond him, and thought how easy it would be to send a bullet through one of those glowing eyes, into the depths of that savage brain. Never was there a fairer mark! But alas! it was impossible to reach the gun! truly, 'there was a lion in the path.'

"I turned to Kaloolah, who was a little behind me. Her face expressed a variety of emotions; she could not speak or move, but she stretched out her hand, as if to pull me back. Behind her crouched the black, whose features were contracted into the awful grin of intense terror; she was too much frightened to scream, but in her face a thousand yells of agony and fear were incarnated.

"I remember not precisely what I said, but, in the fewest words, I intimated to Kaloolah that she must run by us as soon as he sprang upon me, and, returning to the canoe, waste no time, but set out at once under the charge of Hugh and Jack. She made no reply, and I waited for none, but, facing the monster, advanced slowly towards him—the knife was firmly grasped in my right hand, my left side a little turned towards him, and my left arm raised, to guard as much as possible against the first crushing blow of his paw. Farther than this I had formed no plan of battle. In such a contest the mind has but little to do,—

all depends upon the instinct of the muscles; and well for a man if good training has developed that instinct to the highest. I felt that I could trust mine, and that my brain need not bother itself as to the manner my muscles were going to act.

"Within thirty feet of my huge foe I stooped —cool, calm as a statue; not an emotion agitated me. No hope, no fear; death was too certain to permit either passion. There is something in the conviction of the immediate inevitableness of death that represses fear; we are then compelled to take a better look at the king of terrors, and we find that he is not so formidable as we imagined. Look at him with averted glances and half-closed eyes, and he has a most imposing, overawing presence; but face him, eye to eye; grasp his proffered hand manfully, and he sinks, from a right royal personage, into a contemptible old gate-keeper on the turnpike of Life.

"I had time to think of many things, although it must not be supposed, from the leisurely way in which I here tell the story, that the whole affair occupied much time. Like lightning, flashing from link to link along a chain-conductor, did memory illuminate, almost simultaneously, the chain of incidents that measured my path in life, and that connected the present with the past. I could see the whole of my back track 'blazed,' as clearly as ever was a forest path by a woodman's axe; and a-head! ah, there was not much to see a-head! 'Twas but a short view; Death hedged in the scene. In a few minutes my eyes would be opened to the pleasant sights beyond; but, for the present, Death commanded all attention. And such a death! But why such a death? What better death, except on the battle-field, in defence of one's country? To be killed by a lion!

Surely, there is a piece of dignity about it, maugre the being eaten afterwards. Suddenly the monster stopped, and erected his tail, stiff and motionless in the air. Strange as it may seem, the conceit occurred to me that the motion of his tail had acted as a safety-valve to the pent up muscular energy within: 'He has shut the steam off from the 'scape-pipe, and now he turns it on to his locomotive machinery. God have mercy upon me! —He comes!'

"But he did not come! At the instant, the light figure of Kaloolah rushed past me: 'Fly, fly, Jon'than!' she wildly exclaimed, as she dashed forward directly towards the lion. Quick as thought, I divined her purpose, and sprang after her, grasping her dress, and pulling her forcibly back, almost from within those formidable jaws. The astonished animal gave several jumps sideways and backwards, and stopped, crouching to the ground, and growling and lashing his sides with renewed fury. He was clearly taken aback by our unexpected charge upon him, but it was evident that he was not to be frightened into abandoning his prey. His mouth was made up for us, and there could be no doubt, if his motions were a little slow, that he considered us as good as gorged.

"'Fly! fly, Jon'than!' exclaimed Kaloolah, as she struggled to break from my grasp. 'Leave me! Leave me to die alone, but oh! save yourself, quick! along the bank. You can escape—fly!'

"'Never, Kaloolah,' I replied, fairly forcing her with quite an exertion of strength behind me. 'Back, back! Free my arm! Quick, quick! He comes!' 'Twas no time for gentleness. Roughly shaking her relaxing grasp from my arm

she sank powerless, yet not insensible, to the ground, while I had just time to face the monster and plant one foot forward to receive him.

"He was in the very act of springing! His huge carcass was even rising under the impulsion of his contracting muscles, when his action was arrested in a way so unexpected, so wonderful, so startling, that my senses were for the moment thrown into perfect confusion. Could I trust my sight, or was the whole affair the illusion of a horrid dream? It seemed as if one of the gigantic creepers I have mentioned had suddenly quitted the canopy above, and, endowed with life and a huge pair of widely distended jaws, had darted with the rapidity of lightning upon the crouching beast. There was a tremendous shaking of the tree tops, and a confused wrestling, and jumping, and whirling over and about, amid a cloud of upturned roots, and earth, and leaves, accompanied with the most terrific roars and groans. As I looked again, vision grew more distinct. An immense body, gleaming with purple, green and gold, appeared convoluted around the majestic branches overhead, and stretching down, was turned two or three times around the struggling lion, whose head and neck were almost concealed from sight within the cavity of a pair of jaws still more capacious than his own.

"Thus, then, was revealed the cause of the sudden silence throughout the woods. It was the presence of the boa that frightened the monkey and feathered tribes into silence. How opportunely was his presence manifested to us! A moment more, and it would have been too late.

"Gallantly did the lion struggle in the folds of his terrible enemy, whose grasp each instant grew more firm and secure, and most astounding were

those frightful yells of rage and fear. The huge body of the snake, fully two feet in diameter, where it depended from the trees, presented the most curious appearances, and in such quick succession, that the eye could scarcely follow them. At one moment smooth and flexile, at the next rough and stiffened, or contracted into great knots —at one moment overspread with a thousand tints of reflected colour, the next distended so as to transmit, through the skin, the golden gleams of the animal lightning that coursed up and down within.

"Over and over rolled the struggling beast, but in vain all his strength. in vain all his efforts to free himself. Gradually his muscles relaxed in their exertions, his roar subsided to a deep moan, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and his fetid breath mingled to a strong, sickly odour from the serpent, diffused itself through the air, producing a sense of oppression, and a feeling of weakness like that from breathing some deleterious gas.

"I looked around me. Kaloolah was on her knees, and the negress insensible upon the ground a few paces behind her. A sensation of giddiness warned me that it was time to retreat. Without a word I raised Kaloolah in my arms, ran towards the now almost motionless animals, and, turning along the bank, reached the tree against which my gun was leaning.

"Darting back I seized the prostrate negress and bore her off in the same way. By this time both females had recovered their voices. Chefenha exercising hers in a succession of shrieks, that compelled me to shake her somewhat rudely, while Kaloolah eagerly besought me to hurry back to the camp. There was now, however, no occasion for hurry. The recovery of my gun altered

the state of the case, and my curiosity was excited to witness the process of deglutition on a large scale, which the boa was probably about to exhibit. It was impossible, however, to resist Kaloolah's entreaties, and, after stepping up closer to the animals for one good look, I reluctantly consented to turn back.

"The lion was quite dead, and, with a slow motion, the snake was uncoiling himself from his prey, and from the tree above. As well as I could judge, without seeing him straightened out, he was between ninety and one hundred feet in length—not quite so long as the serpent with which the army of Regulus had its famous battle, or as many of the same animals that I have since seen but, as the reader will allow, a very respectable sized snake. I have often regretted that we did not stop until at least he had commenced his meal. Had I been alone I should have done so. As it was, curiosity had to yield to my own sense of prudence, and to Kaloolah's fears.

"We returned to our camp, where we found our raft all ready. The river was fully half a mile wide, and it was necessary to make two trips, the first with the women and baggage, and the last with the horses. It is unnecessary to dwell in detail upon all the difficulties we encountered from the rapid currents and whirling eddies of the stream; suffice it that we got across it in time for supper and a good night's sleep, and early in the morning resumed our march through the most enchanting country in the world.

"The first day there appeared no signs of human life. Countless herds of wild animals roamed over the plains. Sometimes we were completely surrounded, as far as the eye could extend, with herds of quaggas, gnus, antelopes of five or six different

species, buffaloes, wild bears, giraffes, ostriches, and elephants. Each moment, as we advanced, we started from their lairs, in the crevices of the calcareous rocks, or from beneath the thick herbage, the leopard, the hyena, and the lion. The prestige, however, of the latter had departed—he was no longer the unconquerable; and, except at night, we had no fear of an attack. The elephants and wild buffalo were much more dangerous, and repeatedly we had to make large detours to avoid them.

"Several times we mistook a collection of lofty ant hills for human habitations, and as often did we fancy the figures of the tall ourang-outangs, who stalked about upon the cliffs, to be those of

TRAVELLING IN THE DESERT.

"It was with an indescribable rush of feeling—a perfect whirlwind of emotion—that I wheeled my heirie short round, and shouted a few encouraging words to the willing beast. There was something in the idea of unrestrained freedom—something in the all-pervading sense of dependence upon nought but the blessing of God, and my own strength and courage, that overbore fear, doubt, hesitation, and suppressed all contemptible repinings, and all the agitations, even of hope. There was no living object in sight. Around lay the desert, and before me stretched its interminable waste, where for hundreds of miles no green shrub grew—where the foot of no living thing, save that of the occasional wanderer, had ever printed its moving sands. I was alone, but I was

free! Once I was alone upon the sea—but how different this solitude of the desert. There I was the slave of circumstances, here their equal—here was action, energy, volition. If conquered in a contest with fate, there was the pleasure of fighting, if not the joy of victory. One case required patience and fortitude, the other simply courage. Ah! how much more pleasant to attack and repel, than to await and endure.

"The rapid motion of my heirie exhilarated me. To skim along on a dromedary, at a steady pace of ten miles an hour, produces a feeling as near to that of ubiquity as it is given to Man to know. On horseback one may attain a greater speed, but it is for a short time, and there is the disagreeable sense of exhausted wind and tired muscles—a sympathetic feeling of the fallibility of horse-flesh. By steamer or rail-car, one may travel much faster, but in straight lines, and on given courses. 'Stick to the track' is the law of such motion, and a sense of confinement the result. But with the lithe frame and indefatigable sinews of a thorough bred dromedary beneath you, and the broad desert around you, there is, besides the full joy of rapid motion, a deep sense of freedom in azimuth that is perfectly enchanting, and almost refreshing feeling of reliance upon the inexhaustible energies and unfailing wind of the animal you bestride. You need not trouble yourself about your beast. Be assured that he can stand it as long as his rider. Be assured that he will almost jolt the heart out of you, make your chylopoietic viscera '*chasse*z and cross over,' and semiluxate every bone in your body, before he will give out. 'I am a man,' gasconades a Bedouin: 'I can back a heirie at full speed for a week!' There is meaning in the boast. 'It takes a man,'

thought I,—as I tightened my sash, pulled a piece of haick around my face to keep off the sand wind, and took a steady strain upon the halter that served to support my heirie's outstretched neck and head—'It takes a man, and there is deep pleasure in feeling equal to the demand.'

"For three hours we kept under way, until, just at nightfall, we arrived at a small hollow, where grew a few bushes—the extreme outposts of the oasis. Here I decided to stop for the night, and allow my heirie an opportunity of nibbling a few mouthfuls, the last that he would most probably get for many days.

"The first glimmerings of morning twilight found me mounted, and at least an hour's distance from my resting-place in the sand hollow, where I had halted my dromedary the night before. The short-lived crepusculum was soon succeeded by the full light of the sun, who rose from his bed of sand with a remarkably lurid and bloated countenance, that seemed to indicate anything rather than a pleasant night's repose. Instead of looking like a bridegroom, fresh from his chamber, he had much more the appearance of an old debauchee, who had been keeping late hours and bad company.

"As he rose the wind rose: the sharp, fine grains of sand flew with such force as to make the skin tingle severely where they impinged; but it was some comfort to reflect that the wind would have the effect of obliterating our track. As we were travelling directly against it, some part of its force was due to the velocity with which we moved. More than once we were compelled to abate our speed, and even to stop and turn our backs to it, until the whirling gust had swept past.

"As the day advanced, the fierce red sun shot

down his burning rays, heating the naked plain and the dusty air almost to a furnace heat. In the intervals of the gusts, the surface of the parched ground glimmered and glowed through the refracting currents of the air, like objects seen through the waving vapour surrounding a hot stove-pipe, and suggested, more than once, the idea of the country school-house in winter—the huge stove, with its basin of water on top, its piles of green wood drying beneath it, and the shivering, red-checked, and red-nosed urchins arrayed in rows around it. But, as has been frequently observed, a man can't hold fire by thinking of the frosty Caucasus; so neither could my recollections of red noses and cold feet, or any of the 'please-let-me-go-to-the-stove-and-warm-myself' associations of boyhood modify the oppressive influences of the sun, wind, and dust.

"Something crackled beneath the feet of my dromedary. It was the fleshless skeleton of a camel, half buried in the sand—some luckless wayfarer, who had at last succumbed to the depressing power of heat, thirst, and fatigue.

"Towards night the wind ceased entirely; but, although a perfect calm prevailed, the atmosphere remained filled with particles of dust, which seemed to have been so finely comminuted as to have lost the property of weight. The atmosphere overhead had a peculiarly hazy and purplish appearance. Huge currents of slow moving air crept like monstrous ghosts, with grotesque forms, and with mysterious movements, along the surface. The sun sank down; but long before he reached the horizon his fiery face was merged in the glowing wall, that, like a great rim of red-hot copper, bounded the vision on every side.

"At dark we encamped on the open plain. I

allowed myself not half a pint of milk and water, but I could not resist the temptation of washing the nostrils of my heirie, and squeezing a few drops of the precious fluid into his mouth. According to my reckoning we had made about ninety miles. It would not have been difficult, despite the wind, which is always a great drawback, to have made at least twenty five miles more; but, after having obtained a good offing from the oasis, I had judged it best to husband the powers of the heirie, and, accordingly, had reduced his pace to one at which he would be the most likely to hold out the longest.

"Early in the morning we were under way again. The weather was similar to that of the day before, with the exception that the wind did not blow quite so hard, and there were longer intervals of dead calm. The surface and soil were somewhat different, the sand-hills were not so high, there was a greater proportion of pebbles and angular fragments of stone, and in some places a stratum of dark granite showed itself above ground, either running along in level plains, or shooting up in irregular and jagged pinnacles of from five to fifteen feet in height. At one spot these were so numerous and so uniform in size, as to put me in mind of a ploughed sandy clearing, with the dark stumps standing in it. Several fragments of skeletons were passed, and, moving rapidly among the rocks, was an enormous serpent, full thirty feet in length. As I was wholly unarmed, prudence prevailed over curiosity, and the monster was allowed a wide berth, of which he gladly availed himself to make his escape.

"Encamped again at night on the open plain, having made about one hundred miles. The evening breeze came fitfully, and with a peculiar heavi-

ness, that was attributable more to its electrical state than to any change in temperature. For several hours there was a succession of flashes of electricity without thunder. Any one would have sworn that we were to have a shower, but before morning all indications of it had disappeared.

"The third day passed with no unusual occurrence. Nothing could be more disheartening than the baleful aspect of the sky, as the sun went down behind the sand-hills in the west. Words will not convey an idea of the scene, or of my sensations, or, at least, it would require too many of them to do so; and if, therefore, the reader has any curiosity upon the subject, the best way of gratifying it is to imagine himself on a sandy plain, and, for firmament, a huge red-hot potash kettle inverted over him. My poor dromedary seemed to feel the depressing influences of the weather. When we stopped, which we did, after having achieved a distance of one hundred miles, he evinced a degree of restlessness and irritability that alarmed me not a little for the state of his health.

"According to the most accurate computation that the circumstances of the case would permit, we had travelled a distance of three hundred miles from the douah of Sidi Mohammed, and were now somewhere near the usual caravan route, from Timbucto to Taffalet, in Morocco, and within at least three days' journey, or sixty miles, of the town of Toudeney, where is a great salt mine, and in the neighbourhood of which are the wells of Teleg. To the south lay the town of El Arouan, five or six days' journey; to the east, about the same distance, the oasis of Mabcwah, inhabited by the *Wolled slem er'rife*; to the north-west, I supposed, was El Kabla, the oasis of the *Wolled d'leime*. It will be seen that I had a pretty ge-

neral idea of the geography of the desert, as understood by the Arabs; but for more particular information respecting my position, and the exact bearing and distance of places, it would be necessary to seek information of some one better acquainted with the immediate localities. This I hoped soon to be able to do, as I was confident that there were human beings within at least fifty miles of me.

"The morning of the fifth day dawned with a still more lurid and threatening aspect than had been worn by either of the preceding ones. Shortly after sunrise the wind increased in violence, lifting immense clouds of sand, and hurrying them with a gyratory motion across the plain. For some time we struggled on, but in a few hours the sun became hidden, and the horizon completely shut out. The movements of my beast plainly indicated his desire to stop; and as my only object of moving now was the chance of falling in with travellers, I judged it best to obey the dictates of his instinct. No hill, rock, or bush was there to afford us a shelter, and as the wind momentarily increased in force, we were compelled to crouch as best we might, before it, on the plain.

"Darker and darker grew the scene. Thicker and thicker came the clouds of sand. Fiercer and fiercer howled the sweeping blast. A few dim rays of yellowish light alone had the power to penetrate the dense masses of dust that enveloped us. My barrie buried his nose in the sand, finding it easier to breathe beneath the surface than above it; and, wrapping my face in my haick, I followed his example. The oppression of the chest—the accumulation of sand in the lungs and air-passages—the heat—the thirst—were terrible.

"It required frequent exertion to keep from

being buried alive. Every little while a solid sand-hill, would be hurled upon us to a depth of three or four feet, when we would have to struggle up from it in utter darkness, and shaking it off, resume our prostrate position. I lay close by the side of my heirie, with the halter in my hand. Upon rising and giving his head a slight pull, he would surge forward and backward, and heave himself up like a ship after having been boarded by a heavy sea, and then immediately settled down again to his former place, without stirring from his tracks.

"The feeble glimmerings of light died away, and it was night; but there was no moderation in the force of the gale. The light returned, and I concluded it was again day; but fiercer flew the sands, and louder howled the whistling blasts. I had tasted nothing now for nearly twenty-four hours, not even a drop of water. With my eyes shut I felt for the skin, and untying its mouth, took about half a pint. It was evident that the water was evaporating beneath the extreme aridity of the air. 'Oh Thou, who holdest the wind in the hollow of Thy hand, save me! save me!'

"Notwithstanding the sip of water, which was all that I could allow myself, the sensation of thirst grew in fierceness. Without the practice and the training that I had had under the privations and sufferings of the oasis, it would have been ungovernable. What reason, thought I, to thank God for all things, even for the barbarities of Mohammed, and the hatred of his wives! Besides the sensation of thirst, there was the prostration of strength, the exhaustion and agony of obstructed respiration. An occasional low moan from my companion added to my sufferings the

awful apprehension of losing in him my only earthly dependence.

"Night again came and passed, and no change in the force of the wind, although it had varied in direction, until about the middle of the forenoon, when suddenly it fell to a light breeze, and in a few minutes to a perfect calm. The reader may imagine my physical exhaustion, upon rising and looking around once more upon the open day. But after clearing out my air passages, eyes, and getting a good drink of milk and water, and inhaling a few mouthfuls of the comparatively clear air, my strength began to return. My friend and companion was also much weakened, but after performing the same kind offices for him that I had for myself, and giving him about a pint of water, he recovered rapidly, and in two or three hours was quite ready for a start.

"At the north there was something that appeared like a range of small hills, and towards them I directed my course, but my heirie seemed to be of a different opinion, and resolutely persisted in turning his head to the south-east. Recollecting the wonderful stories told by the Arabs, of the camel's power of discovering water at a distance, I concluded that it would be best to let him have his own way. We moved off at a slow and steady pace, for three hours, through an unvarying succession of sand hills, without seeing anything to attract attention, except a few scattered twigs of thorns, which had been torn off by the wind. It was now about an hour to sunset, and, exhausted as I was, I felt it almost impossible to keep my seat any longer; so, selecting a spot to stop, I halted my beast, and dismounted. Imagine my consternation, when, standing carelessly by his side, he suddenly jerked

his halter from my hand, and started off at a sharp trot. Away he went at the top of his speed, and away went, with a startling whir, the flock of hopes that, through all difficulties and dangers, had hitherto nestled around my heart. I pressed after him with desperate energy, when suddenly he disappeared entirely from sight. The view was quite uninterrupted clear to the horizon, and it was not easy to imagine what had become of him, until upon arriving upon the brink of a deep hollow of some thirty feet in depth, and about ten acres in area, I saw him slowly moving about with his head close to the ground. To descend the declivity and secure the fellow, was the work of an instant. Having tied up his fore leg, I had leisure to look around, while seating myself upon the ground to recover my breath, and was at once convinced that the hollow contained water, the scent of which had led my heirie into his alarming but lucky escapade. The formation of the ground favoured the idea, and if any further proof were wanting, there were signs around of its having been, not long since, visited by camels.

"Upon examination, it was not difficult to select, from several indications, but principally from the dromedary's movements, a spot beneath a small ledge of rocks, as the place where it was most likely that water would be found. The sun was still above the horizon, though, of course, his level beams could not reach the bottom of the pit. There was light enough, however, for the time, and by a little exertion, perhaps something might be done before it was quite dark, so turning to with my wooden bowl for a shovel, I commenced throwing out the sand from beneath the ledge. At a depth of four or five feet a little moisture began to show itself, and upon penetrating a foot

or two further, the water began to percolate slowly through the bottom and sides of the pit. Helping myself to a good draught, and my heirie to about a dozen bowlsful, merely to take off the edge of his appetite, I secured him so that he could not get into the well, and stretched myself upon the ground, when my eyes were almost instantaneously closed in a sound sleep.

"In the morning, after making a thorough ablution of my person, and eating an unusual liberal breakfast of meal, dates and sour milk, the important and laborious operation of watering my heirie commenced. As the water ran but slowly, and there was nothing but a small bowl in which to deliver it, it was quite late in the forenoon by the time we had made a finish. There were, however, no reasons for hurry. One day's rest, after a sand storm, was little enough to recruit exhausted nature, and it was not until the next day that we got under weigh.

"'And which way now, my friend?' said I, in accordance with the Arab's habit of continually talking or singing to his camel. 'Which way now? Oh, thou bird—thou beauty! Choose for thyself! Oh, thou who drinketh the wind! who swalloweth the ground! who killeth with the blows of thy feet both time and space! choose for thyself, for if one course does not answer we will make another, returning in time upon our track to the cool well for a starting point. The south-east? Well, away!—*lu-lu! lu-lu!*—away.'

"Three hours travel, with a good look out all around the horizon, and no sign of a human being. The re-appearance, however, of the desert-thistle in patches, was a cheering indication, especially to my companion, who eagerly browsed upon the tough leaves and thorny branches. Upon re-

mounting him, after having allowed him two or three hours for his meal, we altered our course a little more to the east.

"Shortly after, while winding along between the sand-hills, my attention was attracted to a dark and motionless object projecting from the side of one of the hills. Upon approaching, it proved to be a camel with a heavy pack upon its back, and on looking round, at some little distance, there were indications of several more. The animal had been dead not more than two or three days, for there was hardly a sign of putrefaction, and the ravens had not yet had time to pay the body a visit. The conclusion was irresistible, that it was one of a caravan which had been overwhelmed by the recent storm.

"The load of the poor beast was composed of several bales, or packages, of a moderate size and light weight. Upon opening them, there appeared on one side a number of pieces of red and blue cloth; a package of Fez caps, and several fine, closely-woven haicks, in the manufacture of which the Moroccans excel. On the other side were packages of coral, glass, and amber beads—the latter exceedingly valuable for rosaries—a dozen or two of small mirrors, and a case of long Spanish sheath-knives. But by far the most interesting objects to me, were several pairs of pistols, single and double barrelled; half a dozen canisters of best English powder, so highly valued by the Arabs for priming, and a mahogany case with the key attached to the lock. Let it be recollected that my chief trouble had been the want of arms, and the delight may be imagined with which, upon opening the case, my eyes fell upon a double-barrelled gun of French manufacture. Had I needed any guarantee of the value of the article,

after closely inspecting the elaborate and careful finish of all its parts, it was to be found in the name of 'Le Page, Paris,' engraved upon the locks. The gun was furnished with all its appurtenances, such as flints, flask, and bullet-moulds, and in addition, a bag containing four or five pounds of leaden balls; an exceedingly lucky circumstance, as without it, the gun would have been comparatively useless.

"It was quite late before my examination of all the packages was finished, giving me a good opportunity, during the night, of making my plans for a disposition of the treasure. In the morning, as soon as it was light enough, I commenced operations, by taking the gun from its case, putting its parts together, and laying it aside; the case was buried deep in the sand, so that no Arab, finding it, might suspect that it belonged to my gun, and that, consequently, I had examined the camel's pack, and had secreted any of its contents. I then selected a pair of English double-barrelled pistols, and a long sheath-knife, filled the powde[illegible] and made up a pouch o[illegible]ullets from the large bag—a few pieces of amber and coral, by way of ready money, completed my personal equipment, I had a strong disposition to rig myself out in an entire new suit, but prudence advised sticking to my old rags and tatters, for awhile at least, or until it had been ascertained how much temptation to robbery and murder the virtue of my next friends could withstand.

"The remaining powder and ball, with two pairs of pistols, three knives, four haicks, sashes and caps, half-a-dozen small mirrors, and all the coral, amber, and glass beads, were made up into a secure and compact package. The remainder of the goods I re-arranged as they were before, leaving

them half buried in the sand, for the benefit of the next comer.

"Securing my pistols, powder-flask, and coral upon my person, and fastening the package upon my heirie, I mounted, gun in hand, and set out. Fortune, as if determined to smile her sweetest, conducted me, a little further on, to another member of the unfortunate kaffila, to whose saddle-bow was attached a large bag of dates. There was no use in stopping to examine the dead animal's load. My outfit was complete. I needed nothing else. I was richer than Crassus or Crœsus—I had enough. There were but three articles besides those with which I was supplied, for which I could have found use—a compass, pocket-sextant, and a spy-glass. As it was hardly probable that either would be found in a camel's pack in the desert, I merely stopped to secure the dates, remounted, and went on, meditating by the way the truth of the old adage, 'it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good,' and deeply pondering the mysterious orderings of Providence, of which the misfortunes of the kaffila, and my consequent good luck, afforded such a striking example."

CHAPTER IV.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

Among American poets of the second class, Miss Gould has a high rank. Without much force of imagination, delicacy of fancy, or affluence of language, she has acquired popularity by the purity of her thoughts, and the deep moral and religious feeling she infuses into her compositions.

THE SNOW-FLAKE

"'Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some lone and lowly spot,
To melt, and to sink unseen, or forgot?
And there will my course be ended?'
'Twas this a feathery Snow-flake said,
As down through measureless space it stray'd,
Or as, half by dalliance, half-afraid,
It seem'd in mid-air suspended.

"'O, no!' said the Earth, 'thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,

Thou pure and delicate child of the sky!
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form—
Thou wilt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!

"'And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Restored to the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine-bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness:—
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness.

"'I'll let thee awake from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear; or, a diamond, leap
In a drop from the unlock'd fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
Go up and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"'Or, wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending!
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending!"

"'Then I will drop,' said the trusting Flake;
'But, bear it in mind, that the choice I make

Is not in the flowers, nor the dew to wake;
Nor the mist, that shall pass with the morning.
For, things of thyself, they will die with thee,
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
Must rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

"'And if true to thy word and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven.
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow,
So thou mayst remember the Flake of Snow,
By the promise that God hath given!'"

THE WINTER BURIAL.

"THE deep-toned bell tolls long and low,
On the keen, mid-winter air;
A sorrowing train moves sad and slow,
From the solemn place of prayer.

"The earth is in a winding-sheet,
And nature wrapp'd in gloom,
Cold, cold the path which the mourners' feet
Pursue to the waiting tomb.

"They follow one, who calmly goes
From her own loved mansion-door,
Nor shrinks from the way through gather'd snows,
To return to her home no more.

"A sable line, o'er the drift-crown'd hill,
The narrow pass they wind;
And here, where all is drear and chill,
Their friend they leave behind.

"The silent grave they're bending o'er,
A long farewell to take;
One last, last look, and then no more
Till the dead shall all awake!"

THE FROST.

"The Frost look'd forth one still, clear night,
And whisper'd, 'Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they.'

"Then he flew to the mountain, and powder'd its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dress'd
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

"He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepp'd,

By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities, with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

"But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peep'd in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
'Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,' said he,
'This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall *tchick!* to tell them I'm drinking.'"

THE ROBE.

"'Twas not the robe of state
Which the high and the haughty wear,
That my busy hand, as the lamp burn'd late,
Was hastening to prepare.

"It had no clasp of gold,
No diamond's dazzling blaze,
For the festive board; nor the graceful fold
To float in the dance's maze.

"'Twas not to wrap the breast
With gladness light and warm;
For the bride's attire—for the joyous guest,
Nor to clothe the sufferer's form.

"'Twas not the garb of woe
We wear o'er an aching heart,
When our eyes with bitter tears o'erflow,
And our dearest ones depart.

"'Twas what we all must bear
To the cold, the lonely bed!
'Twas the spotless uniform they wear
In the chambers of the dead!

"I saw a fair, young maid
In the snowy vesture dress'd;
So pure, she look'd as one array'd
For the mansions of the bless'd.

"A smile had left its trace
On her lip at the parting breath,
And the beauty in that lovely face
Was fix'd with the seal of death!"

THE CONSIGNMENT.

"FIRE, my hand is on the key,
And the cabinet must ope!
I shall now consign to thee
Things of grief, of joy, of hope.
Treasured secrets of the heart
To thy care I hence intrust:
Not a word must thou impart,
But reduce them all to dust.

"*This*—in childhood's rosy morn,
This was gaily fill'd and sent.
Childhood is for ever gone;
Here—devouring element.
This was friendship's cherish'd pledge;
Friendship took a colder form:
Creeping on its gilded edge,
May the blaze be bright and warm!

"*These*—the letter and the token,
Never more shall meet my view.
When the faith has once been broken,
Let the memory perish too!
This—'twas penn'd while purest joy
Warm'd the heart and lit the eye:
Fate that peace did soon destroy,
And its transcript now will I!

"*This* must go! for, on the seal,
When I broke the solemn yew,
Keener was the pang than steel;
'Twas a heart-string breaking too!
Here comes up the *blotted leaf*,
Blistered o'er by many a tear.
Hence! thou waking shade of grief!
Go—for ever disappear!

'*This* is his, who seem'd to be
High as heaven and fair as light:
But the visor rose, and he—
Spare, O memory, spare the sight
Of the face that frown'd beneath,
While I take it, hand and name,
And entwine it with a wreath
Of the purifying flame!

"*These*—the hand is in the grave,
And the soul is in the skies,
Whence they came! 'Tis pain to save
Cold remains of sunder'd ties!
Go together, all, and I burn,
Once the treasures of my heart!
Still my breast shall be an urn
To preserve your better part!"

THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.

"'Tis midnight—all is peace profound!
But, lo! upon the murmuring ground,
The lonely, swelling, hurrying sound
Of distant wheels is heard!
They come—they pause a moment—when,
Their charge resign'd, they start, and then
Are gone, and all is hush'd again,
As not a leaf had stirr'd.

"Hast thou a parent far away,
A beauteous child, to be thy stay
In life's decline—or sisters, they
Who shared thine infant glee?
A brother on a foreign shore?
Is he whose breast thy token bore,
Or are thy treasures wandering o'er
A wide, tumultuous sea?

"If aught like these, then thou must feel
The rattling of that reckless wheel,
That brings the bright, or boding seal,
On every trembling thread
That strings thy heart, till morn appears,
To crown thy hopes, or end thy fears,
To light thy smile, or draw thy tears,
As line on line is read.

"Perhaps thy treasure's in the deep,
Thy lover in a dreamless sleep,
Thy brother where thou canst not weep
Upon his distant grave!
Thy parent's hoary head no more
May shed a silver lustre o'er
His children grouped—nor death restore
Thy son from out the wave!

"Thy prattler's tongue, perhaps, is still'd,
Thy sister's lip is pale and chill'd,
Thy blooming bride, perchance, has fill'd
Her corner of the tomb.
May be, the home where all thy sweet
And tender recollections meet,
Has shown its flaming winding-sheet
In midnight's awful gloom!

"And while, alternate o'er my soul
Those cold or burning wheels will roll
Their chill or heat, beyond control,
Till morn shall bring relief,
Father in heaven, whate'er may be
The cup, which thou hast sent for me,
I know 'tis good, prepared by Thee,
Though fill'd with joy or grief!"

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"'I AM a Pebble! and yield to none!'
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;—
Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail, and the drizzling rain,
Have tried to soften me, long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
There's none that can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big round earth.
Th children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like the blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.

I am a Pebble! but who art thou!
Rattling along from the restless bough?'

"The Acorn was shock'd at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abash'd and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
'Since it has happen'd that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!'
And soon in the earth she sunk away,
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

"But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble look'd up, and, wondering, said,
'A modest Acorn,—never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!
And, O! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!

Useless and vain a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year.
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I've been!
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapp'd in silence yet."

THE MOON UPON THE SPIRE.

"THE full-orb'd moon has reach'd no higher
Than yon old church's mossy spire,
And seems, as gliding up the air,
She saw the fane; and, pausing there,
Would worship, in the tranquil night,
The Prince of peace—the Source of light,
Where man for God prepared the place,
And God to man unveils his face.

"Her tribute all around is seen;
She bends, and worships like a queen!
Her robe of light and beaming crown
In silence she is casting down;
And, as a creature of the earth,
She feels her lowliness of birth—
Her weakness and inconstancy
Before unchanging purity!

"Pale traveller, on thy lonely way,
'Tis well thine homage thus to pay;
To reverence that ancient pile,
And spread thy silver o'er the aisle

Which many a pious foot has trod,
That now is dust beneath the sod;
Where many a sacred tear was wept
From eyes that long in death have slept!

"The temple's builders—where are they?
The worshippers!—all pass'd away,
Who came the first, to offer there
The song of praise, the heart of prayer!
Man's generation passes soon;
It wanes and changes like the moon.
He rears the perishable wall;
But, ere it crumbles, he must fall!

"And does he sink to rise no more?
Has he no part to triumph o'er
The pallid king! no spark, to save
From darkness, ashes, and the grave?
Thou holy place, the answer, wrought
In thy firm structure, bars the thought!
The spirit that establish'd thee
Nor death nor darkness e'er shall see!

A NAME IN THE SAND.

"Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stoop'd and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I pass'd,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And wash'd my lines away.

"And so methought, 'Twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark Oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place,
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave nor track, nor trace.

"'And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought;
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory, or for shame.'"

CHAPTER V.

CARLOS WILCOX.

THE ancestors of CARLOS WILCOX were among the early emigrants to New England. His father was a respectable farmer at Newport, New Hampshire, where the poet was born, on the 22nd day of October, 1794. When he was about four years old, his parents removed to Orwell, in Vermont; and there, a few years afterward, he accidentally injured himself with an axe; the wound, for want of care or skill, was not healed; it was a cause of suffering for a long period, and of lameness during his life; it made him a minister of religion, and a poet.

Perceiving that this accident and its consequences unfitted him for agricultural pursuits, his parents resolved to give him a liberal education. When, therefore, he was thirteen years old, he was sent to an academy at Castleton; and when fifteen, to the college at Middlebury. Here he became religious, and determined to study theology. He won the respect of the officers, and of his associates, by the mildness of his temper, the gravity of his

manners, and the manliness of his conduct; and he was distinguished for his attainments in languages and polite letters.

He was graduated in 1813; and after spending a few months with a maternal uncle, in Georgia, he entered the theological school at Andover, in Massachusetts. He had not been there long when one of his classmates died, and he was chosen by his fellows to pronounce a funeral oration. The departed Student was loved by all for his excellent qualities; but by none more than by Wilcox; and the tenderness of feeling, and the purity of diction which characterized his eulogy, established his reputation for genius and eloquence in the seminary.

Wilcox had at this time few associates; he was a melancholy man; "I walk my room," he remarks, in one of his letters, "with my hands clasped in anguish, and my eyes streaming with tears;" he complained that his mind was unstrung, relaxed almost beyond the power of reaction; that he had lost all control of his thoughts and affections, and become a passive slave of circumstances; "I feel borne along," he says, "in despairing listlessness, guided by the current in all its windings, without resolution to raise my head to see where I am, or whither I am going; the roaring of a cataract before me would rather lull me to a deeper sleep than rouse me to an effort to escape destruction." His sufferings were apparent to his friends, among whom there were givings-out concerning an unrequited passion, or the faithlessness of one whose hand had been pledged

to him; and he himself mentioned to some who were his confidants, troubles of a different kind: he was indebted to the college faculty, and in other ways embarrassed. Whatever may have been the cause, all perceived that there was something preying on his mind; that he was ever in dejection.

As time wore on, he became more cheerful; he finished the regular course of theological studies, in 1817, and in the following spring returned to Vermont, where he remained a year. In this period he began the poem in which he has sung

> "Of true Benevolence, its charms divine,
> With other motives to call forth its power,
> And its grand triumphs."

In 1819, Wilcox began to preach; and his professional labours were constant for a year, at the end of which time his health failed, and he accepted an invitation from a friend at Salisbury, in Connecticut, to reside at his house. Here he remained nearly two years, reading his favourite authors, and composing "The Age of Benevolence." The first book was published at New Haven, in 1822; it was favourably received by the journals and by the public. He intended to complete the poem in five books; the second, third, and fourth, were left by him when he died, ready for the press; but, for some reason, only brief fragments of them have been printed.

During the summer of 1824, Wilcox devoted his leisure hours to the composition of "The

Religion of Taste," a poem which he pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College; and in the following winter he was ordained as minister of the North Congregational Church, in Hartford. He soon obtained a high reputation for eloquence; his sermons were long, prepared with great care, and delivered with deep feeling. His labours were too arduous; his health rapidly declined; and in the summer of 1825, he sought relief in relaxation and travel. He visited New York, Philadelphia, the Springs of Saratoga, and, for the last time, his home in Vermont. In the autumn he returned to his parish, where he remained until the spring, when, finding himself unable to perform the duties of his office, he sent to the government of the church his resignation. It was reluctantly accepted, for he had endeared himself, as a minister and a man, to all who knew him. The summer of 1826 was passed at Newport, Rhode Island, in the hope that the sea-breeze and bathing in the surf would restore his health. He was disappointed; and in September, he visited the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, and afterward went to Boston, where he remained several weeks. Finally, near the end of December, he received an invitation to preach in Danbury, in Connecticut. He went immediately to his new parish, and during the winter discharged the duties of his profession regularly. But as the spring came round, his strength failed; and on the 27th of May, 1827, he died.

There is much merit in some passages of

the fragment of "The Age of Benevolence." Wilcox was pious, gentle-hearted and unaffected and retiring in his manners. The general character of his poetry is religious and sincere. He was a lover of Nature, and he described rural sights and sounds with singular clearness and fidelity. In the ethical and narrative parts of his poems, he was less successful than in the descriptive; but an earnestness and simplicity pervaded all that he wrote.

SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND.

"Long swoln in drenching rain, seeds, germs, and buds
Start at the touch of vivifying beams.
Moved by their secret force, the vital lymph
Diffusive runs, and spreads o'er wood and field
A flood of verdure. Clothed, in one short week,
Is naked Nature in her full attire.
On the first morn, light as an open plain
Is all the woodland, filled with sunbeams, pour'd
Through the bare tops, on yellow leaves below,
With strong reflection: on the last, 'tis dark
With full-grown foliage, shading all within.
In one short week the orchard buds and blooms;
And now, when steeped in dew or gentle showers,
It yields the purest sweetness to the breeze,
Or all the tranquil atmosphere perfumes.
E'en from the juicy leaves of sudden growth,
And the rank grass of steaming ground, the air,
Fill'd with a watery glimmering, receives
A grateful smell, exhaled by warming rays.

Each day are heard, and almost every hour,
New notes to swell the music of the groves.
And soon the latest of the feather'd train
At evening twilight come; the lonely snipe,
O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air,
Invisible, but with faint, tremulous tones,
Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head;
And, in mid air, the sportive night-hawk, seen
Flying a while at random, uttering oft
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake
Of level pinions, dark, but when upturn'd
Against the brightness of the western sky,
One white plume showing in the midst of each,
Then far down diving with a hollow sound;
And, deep at first within the distant wood,
The whip-poor-will, her name her only song.
She, soon as children from the noisy sport
Of whooping, laughing, talking with all tones,
To hear the echoes of the empty barn,
Are by her voice diverted and held mute,
Comes to the margin of the nearest grove;
And when the twilight, deepen'd into night,
Calls them within, close to the house she comes,
And on its dark side, haply on the step
Of unfrequented door lighting unseen,
Breaks into strains articulate and clear,
The closing sometimes quicken'd, as in sport.
Now, animate throughout, from morn to eve
All harmony, activity, and joy,
Is lovely Nature, as in her bless'd prime.
The robin to the garden or green yard,
Close to the door, repairs to build again
Within her wonted tree; and at her work
See us doubly busy for her past delay.
Along the surface of the winding stream,
Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skim,
Or round the borders of the spacious lawn

Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er
Hillock and fence with motion serpentine,
Easy, and light. One snatches from the ground
A downy feather, and, then upward springs,
Follow'd by others, but oft drops it soon,
In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,
When all at once dart at the falling prize.
The flippant blackbird, with light yellow crown,
Hangs fluttering in the air, and clatters thick
Till her breath fails, when, breaking off, she drops
On the next tree, and on its highest limb
Or some tall flag, and gently rocking, sits,
Her strain repeating. With sonorous notes
Of every tone, mix'd in confusion sweet,
All chanted in the fulness of delight,
The forest rings: where, far around enclosed
With bushy sides, and cover'd high above
With foliage thick, supported by bare trunks,
Like pillars rising to support a roof,
It seems a temple vast, the space within
Rings loud and clear with thrilling melody.
Apart, but near the choir, with voice distinct,
The merry mocking-bird together links
In one continued song their different notes,
Adding new life and sweetness to them all.
Hid under shrubs, the squirrel, that in fields
Frequents the stony wall and briery fence,
Here chirps so shrill, that human feet approach
Unheard till just upon him, when, with cries
Sudden and sharp, he darts to his retreat
Beneath the mossy hillock or aged tree;
But oft a moment after reappears,
First peeping out, then starting forth at once
With a courageous air, yet in his pranks
Keeping a watchful eye, nor venturing far
Till left unheeded. In rank pastures graze,
Singly and mutely, the contented herd;

And on the upland rough the peaceful sheep,
Regardless of the frolic lambs, that, close
Beside them, and before their faces prone,
With many an antic leap and butting feint,
Try to provoke them to unite in sport,
Or grant a look, till tired of vain attempts;
When, gathering in one company apart,
All vigour and delight, away they run,
Straight to the utmost corner of the field,
The fence beside; then, wheeling, disappear
In some small sandy pit, then rise to view;
Or crowd together up the heap of earth
Around some upturn'd root of fallen tree,
And on its top a trembling moment stand,
Then to the distant flock at once return.
Exhilarated by the general joy,
And the fair prospect of a fruitful year,
The peasant, with light heart and nimble step,
His work pursues, as it were pastime sweet.
With many a cheering word, his willing team
For labour fresh, he hastens to the field
Ere morning lose its coolness; but at eve,
When loosen'd from the plough and homeward
turn'd,
He follows slow and silent, stopping oft
To mark the daily growth of tender grain
And meadows of deep verdure, or to view
His scatter'd flock and herd, of their own will
Assembling for the night by various paths,
The old now freely sporting with the young,
Or labouring with uncouth attempts at sport."

A SUMMER NOON.

"A SULTRY noon, not in the summer's prime,
When all is fresh with life, and youth, and bloom,
But near its close, when vegetation stops,
And fruits mature stand ripening in the sun,
Soothes and enervates with its thousand charms,
Its images of silence and of rest,
The melancholy mind. The fields are still;
The husbandman has gone to his repast,
And, that partaken, on the coolest side
Of his abode, reclines in sweet repose.
Deep in the shaded stream the cattle stand,
The flocks beside the fence, with heads all prone,
And panting quick. The fields, for harvest ripe.
No breezes bend in smooth and graceful waves,
While with their motion, dim and bright by turns,
The sunshine seems to move; nor e'en a breath
Brushes along the surface with a shade
Fleeting and thin, like that of flying smoke.
The slender stalks their heavy bended heads
Support as motionless as oaks their tops.
O'er all the woods the topmost leaves are still;
E'en the wild poplar leaves, that, pendent hung
By stems elastic, quiver at a breath,
Rest in the general calm. The thistle down,
Seen high and thick, by gazing up beside
Some shading object, in a silver shower
Plump down, and slower than the slowest snow,
Through all the sleepy atmosphere descends;
And where it lights, though on the steepest roof,
Or smallest spire of grass, remains unmoved.
White as a fleece, as dense and as distinct
From the resplendent sky, a single cloud,
On the soft bosom of the air becalm'd,
Drops a lone shadow, as distinct and still,

On the bare plain, or sunny mountain's side;
Or in the polish'd mirror of the lake,
In which the deep reflected sky appears
A calm, sublime immensity below.

"No sound nor motion of a living thing
The stillness breaks, but such as serve to soothe,
Or cause the soul to feel the stillness more.
The yellow-hammer by the way-side picks,
Mutely, the thistle's seed; but in her flight,
So smoothly serpentine, her wings outspread
To rise a little, closed to fall as far,
Moving like the sea-fowl o'er the heaving waves,
With each new impulse chimes a feeble note.
The russet grasshopper at times is heard,
Snapping his many wings, as half he flies,
Half-hovers in the air. Where strikes the sun,
With sultriest beams, upon the sandy plain,
Or stony mount, or in the close, deep vale.
The harmless locust of this Western clime,
At intervals, amid the leaves unseen,
Is heard to sing with one unbroken sound,
As with a long-drawn breath, beginning low,
And rising to the midst with shriller swell,
Then in low cadence dying all away.
Beside the stream, collected in a flock,
The noiseless butterflies, though on the ground,
Continue still to wave their open fans
Powder'd with gold; while on the jutting twigs
The spindling insects that frequent the banks
Rest, with their thin, transparent wings outspread
As when they fly. Ofttimes, though seldom seen,
The cuckoo, that in summer haunts our groves,
Is heard to moan, as if at every breath
Panting aloud: The hawk, in mid-air high,
On his broad pinions sailing round and round,
With not a flutter, or but now and then,

As if his trembling balance to regain,
Utters a single scream, but faintly heard,
And all again is still."

SEPTEMBER.

"The sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year.
All mildness, soothing loneliness, and peace;
The fading season ere the falling come,
More sober than the buxom, blooming May,
And therefore less the favourite of the world,
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.
'Tis now far spent; and the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling with attemper'd beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth.
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,
Checker'd by one night's frost with various hues,
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged
Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees
That, singly, or in tufts, or forests thick
Adorn the shores; to see, perhaps, the side
Of some high mount reflected far below,
With its bright colours, intermix'd with spots
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad
To wander in the open fields, and hear,
E'en at this hour, the noonday hardly past,
The lulling insects of the summer's night;
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,
A lonely bee long roving here and there

To find a single flower, but all in vain ;
Then rising quick, and with a louder hum,
In widening circles round and round his head,
Straight by the listener flying clear away,
As if to bid the fields a last adieu ;
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,
Late full of music, nothing save, perhaps,
The sound of nutsells, by the squirrel dropp'd
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves."

SUNSET IN SEPTEMBER.*

"The sun now rests upon the mountain tops—
Begins to sink behind— is half conceal'd—
And now is gone : the last faint, twinkling beam
Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge.
Sweet to the pensive is the departing day,
When only one small cloud, so still and thin,

* Every person, who has witnessed the splendour of the sunset scenery in Andover, will recognise with delight the *local* as well as the general truth and beauty of this description. There is not, perhaps, in New England, a spot where the sun goes down, of a clear summer's evening, amidst so much grandeur reflected over earth and sky. In the winter season, too, it is a most magnificent and impressive scene. The great extent of the landscape; the situation of the hill, on the broad, level summit of which stand the buildings of the Theological Institution; the vast amphitheatre of luxuriant forest and field, which rises from its base, and swells away into the heavens; the perfect outline of the horizon; the noble range of blue mountains in the background, that seem to retire one beyond another almost to infinite distance; together with the magnificent expanse of sky visible at once from the elevated spot,—these features constitute at all times a scene on which the lover of Nature can never be weary

So thoroughly imbued with amber light,
And so transparent, that it seems a spot
Of brighter sky, beyond the farthest mount,
Hangs o'er the hidden orb; or where a few
Long, narrow stripes of denser, darker grain,
At each end sharpen'd to a needle's point,
With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,
And sometimes crinkling like the lightning stream,
A half-hour's space above the mountain lie;
Or when the whole consolidated mass,
That only threaten'd rain, is broken up
Into a thousand parts, and yet is one,
One as the ocean broken into waves;
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,
All fading soon as lower sinks the sun,

with gazing. When the sun goes down, it is all in a blaze with his descending glory. The sunset is the most perfectly beautiful when an afternoon shower has just preceded it. The gorgeous clouds roll away like masses of amber. The sky, close to the horizon, is a sea of the richest purple. The setting sun shines through the mist, which rises from the wet forest and meadow, and makes the clustered foliage appear invested with a brilliant golden transparency. Nearer to the eye, the trees and shrubs are sparkling with fresh rain-drops, and over the whole scene, the parting rays of sunlight linger with a yellow gleam, as if reluctant to pass entirely away. Then come the varying tints of twilight, "fading, still fading," till the stars are out in their beauty, and a cloudless night reigns, with its silence, shadows, and repose. In the summer, Andover combines almost everything to charm and elevate the feelings of the student. In winter, the north-western blasts, that sweep fresh from the snow-banks on the Grand Monadnock, make the invalid, at least, sigh for a more congenial climate.—Rev. G. B. Cheever.

Till twilight end. But now another scene.
To me most beautiful of all, appears:
The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,
Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow
So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye,
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force
Its power of vision to admit the whole.
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye,
Midway, the blushing of the mellow peach
Paints not, but tinges the ethereal deep;
And here, in this most lovely region, shines,
With added loveliness, the evening-star.
Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,
Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.

"Along the level ridge, o'er which the sun
Descended, in a single row arranged,
As if thus planted by the hand of Art,
Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,
And in its fluid gold seem half-dissolved.
Upon a nearer peak, a cluster stands
With shafts erect, and tops converged to one,
A stately colonnade, with verdant roof;
Upon a nearer still, a single tree,
With shapely form, looks beautiful alone;
While, farther northward, through a narrow pass
Scoop'd in the hither range, a single mount
Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,
And of a softer, more ethereal blue,
A pyramid of polish'd sapphire built.

"But now the twilight mingles into one
The various mountains; levels to a plain
This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,
Where every object to my sight presents
Its shaded side: while here upon these walls,
And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks

Under thick foliage, reflective shows
Its yellow lustre. How distinct the line
Of the horizon, parting heaven and earth!"

SUMMER EVENING LIGHTNING.

"Far off and low
In the horizon, from a sultry cloud,
Where sleeps in embryo the midnight storm,
The silent lightning gleams in fitful sheets,
Illumes the solid mass, revealing thus
Its darker fragments, and its ragged verge;
Or, if the bolder fancy so conceive
Of its fantastic forms, revealing thus
Its gloomy caverns, rugged sides and tops
With beetling cliffs grotesque. But not so bright
The distant flashes gleam as to efface
The window's image, on the floor impress'd
By the dim crescent; or outshines the light
Cast from the room upon the trees hard by,
If haply, to illume a moonless night,
The lighted taper shine; though lit in vain,
To waste away unused, and from abroad
Distinctly through the open window seen,
Long, pale, and still as a sepulchral lamp.

THE CASTLE OF IMAGINATION.

'Just in the centre of that wood was rear'd
Her castle, all of marble, smooth and white;
Above the thick young trees, its top appear'd
Among the naked trunks of towering height;
And here at morn and eve it glitter'd bright,

As often by the far-off traveller seen
In level sunbeams, or at dead of night,
When the low moon shot in her rays between
That wide-spread roof and floor of solid foliage green.

"Through this wide interval the roving eye
From turrets proud might trace the waving line
Where meet the mountains green and azure sky,
And view the deep when sun-gilt billows shine;
Fair bounds to sight, that never thought confine,
But tempt it far beyond, till by the charm
Of some sweet wood-note or some whispering pine
Call'd home again, or by the soft alarm
Of Love's approaching step, and her encircling arm.

"Through this wide interval, the mountain side
Show'd many a sylvan slope and rocky steep:
Here roaring torrents in dark forests hide;
There silver streamlets rush to view, and leap
Unheard from lofty cliffs to valleys deep:
Here rugged peaks look smooth in sunset glow,
Along the clear horizon's western sweep;
There from some eastern summit moonbeams flow
Along o'er level wood, far down to plains below.

"Now stretch'd a blue, and now a golden zone
Round that horizon; now o'er mountains proud
Dim vapours rest, or bright ones move alone:
An ebon wall, a smooth, portentous cloud,
First muttering low, anon with thunder loud,
Now rises quick, and brings a sweeping wind
O'er all that wood in waves before it bow'd;
And now a rainbow, with its top behind
A spangled veil of leaves, seems heaven and earth to bind.

"Above the canopy, so thick and green,
And spread so high o'er that enchanting vale,
Through scatter'd openings oft were glimpses seen
Of fleecy clouds, that, link'd together, sail
In moonlight clear before the gentle gale:
Sometimes a shooting meteor draws a glance;
Sometimes a twinkling star, or planet pale,
Long holds the lighted eye, as in a trance;
And oft the milky-way gleams through the white expanse.

"That castle's open windows, though half-hid
With flowering vines, show'd many a vision fair;
A face all bloom, or light young forms, that thrid
Some maze within, or lonely ones that wear
The garb of joy with sorrow's thoughtful air,
Oft caught the eye a moment; and the sound
Of low, sweet music often issued there,
And by its magic held the listener bound,
And seem'd to hold the winds and forests far around.

"Within, the queen of all, in pomp or mirth,
While glad attendants at her glance unfold
Their shining wings, and fly through heaven and earth,
Oft took her throne of burning gems and gold,
Adorn'd with emblems that of empire told,
And rising in the midst of trophies bright,
That bring her memory from the days of old,
And help prolong her reign, and with the flight
Of every year increase the wonders of her might.

"In all her dwelling, tales of wild romance,
Of terror, love, and mystery dark or gay,

Were scatter'd thick to catch the wandering glance,
And stop the dreamer on his unknown way;
There, too, was every sweet and lofty lay,
The sacred, classic, and romantic, sung
As that enchantress moved in might or play;
And there was many a harp but newly strung,
Yet with its fearless notes the whole wide valley rung.

"There, from all lands and ages of her fame,
Were marble forms, array'd in order due,
In groups and single, all of proudest name;
In them the high, the fair, and tender grew
To life intense in Love's impassion'd view,
And from each air and feature, bend and swell,
Each shapely neck, and lip, and forehead threw
O'er each enamoured sense so deep a spell,
The thoughts but with the past or bright ideal dwell.

"The walls around told all the pencil's power;
There proud creations of each mighty hand
Shone with their hues and lines, as in the hour
When the last touch was given at the command
Of the same genius that at first had plann'd,
Exulting in its great and glowing thought:
Bright scenes of peace and war, of sea and land,
Of love and glory, to new life were wrought,
From history, from fable, and from Nature brought.

"With these were others all divine, drawn all
From ground where oft, with signs and accents dread,
The lonely prophet doom'd to sudden fall
Proud kings and cities, and with gentle tread
Bore life's quick triumph to the humble dead,

And where strong angels flew to blast or save,
Where martyr'd hosts of old, and youthful bled,
And where their mighty Lord o'er land and wave
Spread life and peace till death, then spread them
through the grave.

"From these fixed visions of the hallow'd eye,
Some kindling gleams of their ethereal glow,
Would ofttimes fall, as from the opening sky,
On eyes delighted, glancing to and fro,
Or fasten'd till their orbs dilated grow;
Then would the proudest seem with joy to learn
Truths they had fear'd or felt asham'd to know
The sceptic would believe, the lost return;
And all the cold and low would seem to rise and
burn.

"Theirs was devotion kindled by the vast,
The beautiful, impassion'd, and refined;
And in the deep enchantment o'er them cast.
They look'd from earth, and soar'd above their
kind
To the bless'd calm of an abstracted mind,
And its communion with things all its own,
Its forms sublime and lovely; as the blind,
'Mid earthly scenes, forgotten, or unknown,
Live in ideal worlds, and wander there alone.

"Such were the lone enthusiasts, wont to dwell
With all whom that enchantress held subdued,
As in the holiest circle of her spell,
Where meaner spirits never dare intrude,
They dwelt in calm and silent solitude,
Rapt in the love of all the high and sweet,
In thought, and art, and nature, and imbued
With its devotion to life's inmost seat,
As drawn from all the charms which in that val-
ley meet."

ROUSSEAU AND COWPER.

"Rousseau could weep—yes, with a heart of stone,
The impious sophist could recline beside
The pure and peaceful lake, and muse alone
On all its loveliness at eventide:
On its small running waves, in purple dyed
Beneath bright clouds, or all the glowing sky,
On the white sails that o'er its bosom glide,
And on surrounding mountains wild and high,
Till tears unbidden gush'd from his enchanted eye.

"But his were not the tears of feeling fine,
Of grief or love; at Fancy's flash they flow'd,
Like burning drops from some proud lonely pine,
By lightning fired; his heart with passion glow'd
Till it consumed his life, and yet he show'd
A chilling coldness both to friend and foe,
As Etna, with its centre an abode
Of wasting fire, chills with the icy snow
Of all its desert brow the living world below.

"Was he but justly wretched from his crimes?
Their why was Cowper's anguish oft as keen,
With all the heaven-born virtue that sublimes
Genius and feeling, and to things unseen
Lifts the pure heart through clouds that roll between
The earth and skies, to darken human hope?
Or wherefore did these clouds thus intervene
To render vain Faith's lifted telescope,
And leave him in thick gloom his weary way to grope?

"He, too, could give himself to musing deep;
By the calm lake at evening he could stand,

Lonely and sad, to see the moonlight sleep
On all its breast, by not an insect fann'd,
And hear low voices on the far off strand,
Or through the still and dewy atmosphere
The pipe's soft tones waked by some gentle hand,
From fronting shore and woody island near
In echoes quick return'd more mellow and more clear.

"And he could cherish wild and mournful dreams,
In the pine grove, when low the full moon fair
Shot under lofty tops her level beams,
Stretching the shades of trunks erect and bare,
In stripes drawn parallel with order rare,
As of some temple vast or colonnade,
While on green turf, made smooth without his care,
He wander'd o'er its stripes of light and shade
And heard the dying day-breeze all the boughs pervade.

"'Twas thus in Nature's bloom and solitude
He nursed his grief till nothing could assuage;
'Twas thus his tender spirit was subdued,
Till in Life's toils it could no more engage;
And his had been a useless pilgrimage,
Had he been gifted with no sacred power,
To send his thoughts to every future age;
But he is gone where grief will not devour,
Where beauty will not fade, and skies will never lower."

THE CURE OF MELANCHOLY

"And thou, to whom long worshipp'd Nature lends
No strength to fly from grief or bear its weight,
Stop not to rail at foes or fickle friends,
Nor set the world at naught, nor spurn at Fate,
None seek thy misery, none thy being hate;
Break from thy former self, thy life begin;
Do thou the good thy thoughts oft meditate,
And thou shalt feel the good man's peace within,
And at thy day of death his wreath of glory win.

"With deeds of virtue to embalm his name,
He dies in triumph or serene delight;
Weaker and weaker grows his mortal frame
At every breath, but in immortal might
His spirit grows, preparing for its flight:
The world recedes and fades like clouds of even,
But heaven comes nearer fast, and grows more bright,
All intervening mists far off are driven;
The world will vanish soon, and all will soon be heaven.

"Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold:
'Tis when the rose is wrapp'd in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unroll'd,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

"Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When Death is waiting for thy number'd hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine address'd;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself inactive were no longer bless'd.

"Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined;
Pray Heaven with firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fix'd and feelings purely kind,
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

"No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
To light on Man as from the passing air;
The lamp of Genius, though by Nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare;
And Learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That, 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

"Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?
Did Newton learn from Fancy, as it roves,

To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,
By wanderings wild that Nature's pilgrim love!
Or did Paul gain Heaven's glory and its peace,
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece.

"Beware, lest thou, from sloth, that would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
Thy want of worth; a charge thou couldst not hear
From other lips, without a blush of shame,
Or pride indignant; then be thine the blame,
And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame;
'Tis infamy to die and not be miss'd,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT.

"Ere long the clouds were gone, the moon was set;
When deeply blue without a shade of grey,
The sky was fill'd with stars that almost met,
Their points prolong'd and sharpen'd to one ray;
Through their transparent air the milky-way
Seem'd one broad flame of pure resplendent white,
As if some globe on fire, turn'd far astray,
Had cross'd the wide arch with so swift a flight,
That for a moment shone its whole long track of light.

"At length in northern skies, at first but small,
A sheet of light meteorous begun
To spread on either hand, and rise and fall
In waves, that slowly first, then quickly run
Along its edge, set thick but one by one
With spiry beams, that all at once shot high.
Like those through vapours from the setting sun;
Then sidelong as before the wind they fly,
Like streaking rain from clouds that flit along the sky.

"Now all the mountain-tops and gulfs between
Seem'd one dark plain; from forests, caves profound,
And rushing waters far below unseen,
Rose a deep roar in one united sound,
Alike pervading all the air around,
And seeming e'en the azure dome to fill,
And from it through soft ether to resound
In low vibrations, sending a sweet thrill
To every finger's end from rapture deep and still.

LIVE FOR ETERNITY.

"A BRIGHT or dark eternity in view,
With all its fix'd, unutterable things,
What madness in the living to pursue,
As their chief portion, with the speed of wings,
The joys that death-beds always turn to stings!
Infatuated Man, on Earth's smooth waste
To dance along the path that always brings
Quick to an end, from which with tenfold haste
Back would he gladly fly till all should be retrac'd!

"Our life is like the hurrying on the eve
Before we start, on some long journey bound,
When fit preparing to the last we leave,
Then run to every room the dwelling round,
And sigh that nothing needed can be found;
Yet go we must, and soon as day shall break;
We snatch an hour's repose, when loud the sound
For our departure calls; we rise and take
A quick and sad farewell, and go ere well awake.

"Rear'd in the sunshine, blasted by the storms
Of changing time, scarce asking why or whence,
Men come and go like vegetable forms,
Though heaven appoints for them a work immense,
Demanding constant thought and zeal intense,
Awak'd by hopes and fears that leave no room
For rest to mortals in the dread suspense,
While yet they know not if beyond the tomb,
A long, long life of bliss or woe shall be their doom.

"What matter whether pain or pleasures fill
The swelling heart one little moment here?
From both alike how vain is every thrill,
While an untried eternity is near!
Think not of rest, fond man, in Life's career;
The joys and grief that meet thee, dash aside
Like bubbles, and thy bark right onward steer,
Through calm and tempest, till it cross the tide,
Shoot into port in triumph, or serenely glide."

CHAPTER VI.

THE REV. H. WARE, D.D.

The Rev. Henry Ware, Junior, D.D., was born at Hingham, in Massachusetts, on the 7th of April, 1794. He was educated at Cambridge, and graduated when he was but 18 years old. In 1817, he was ordained minister of the Second Congregational Church, in Hanover Street, Boston; but, in consequence of ill health, he resigned that charge in 1828. In the following year he was appointed Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and the Pastoral Care in the Theological School, connected with Harvard College, and still holds that office. He is the author of several popular prose works, of which the most important are a "Life of Our Saviour," "Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching," and "Hints on the Formation of the Christian Character." As a poet, he seems only to prove, by a few masterly attempts, his possession of the "vision and the faculty divine." He is a brother of the Rev. William Ware, author of "Probus," "Letters from Palmyra," &c., &c.

TO THE URSA MAJOR.

"With what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the North
Treads its eternal circle! going forth
Its princely way among the stars in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path
Walk, like some stout and girded giant; stern,
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath thy wave;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fix'd light of the universe,
And bid the North for ever know its place.

"Ages have witness'd thy devoted trust,
Unchang'd, unchanging. When the sons of God
Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through heaven,
And echo'd from the outer spheres that bound
The illimitable universe, thy voice
Join'd the high chorus; from thy radiant orbs
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise,
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
Of splendours that enrich His firmament.
As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.

Ages have roll'd their course, and Time grown
Grey;
The Earth has gather'd to her womb again,
And yet again the myriads that were born
Of her uncounted, unremember'd tribes.
The seas have chang'd their beds; the eternal hills
Have stoop'd with age: the solid continents
Have left their banks; and Man's imperial works—
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had
flung
Their haughty honours in the face of heaven,
As if immortal—have been swept away:
Shatter'd and mouldering, buried and forgot.
But Time has shed no dimness on thy front,
Nor touch'd the firmness of thy tread; youth,
strength
And beauty still are thine; as clear, as bright,
As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth,
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
The eternal chorus of eternal Love.

"I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
Undimm'd, unquench'd—just as I see it now—
Has issued from those dazzling points through
years
That go back far into eternity.
Exhaustless flood! for ever spent, renew'd
For ever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
Which now descend upon thy lifted eye,
Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
While those wing'd particles, whose speed out-
strips
The flight of Thought, were on their way, the
earth
Compass'd its tedious circuit round and round,

And, in the extremes of annual change, behold
Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.
So far from earth these mighty orbs revolve!
So vast the void through which their beams descend!

"Yes, glorious lamp of God! He may have quench'd
Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night
Rest on your spheres; and yet no tidings reach
This distant planet. Messengers still come
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem
To see your lights still burning; while their blaze
But hides the black wreck of extinguish'd realms,
Where Anarchy and Darkness long have reign'd!

"Yet what is this, which to the astonish'd mind
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought
Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight
Embraces all at once; yet each from each
Recedes as far as each of them from earth.
And every star from every other burns
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,
Untravell'd even in thought, keen, piercing rays
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
Systems and worlds unnumber'd. Take the glass
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down
Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire;
Stars, crowded, throng'd, in regions so remote,
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—
Have travell'd centuries on their flight to earth.
Earth, sun, and nearer constellations! what
Are ye amid this infinite extent
And multitude of God's most infinite works!

"And these are suns! vast, central, living fires.
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power;
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!
Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being from the fount
Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,
What tongue can utter all their multitudes!
Thus numberless in numberless abodes!
Known but to thee, blessed Father! Thine they are,
Thy children, and thy care; and none o'erlook'd
Of thee! No, not the humblest soul that dwells
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course
Amid the giant glories of the sky,
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam
Amongst the mirror'd lamps, which fling
Their wasteful splendour from the palace wall,
None, none, escape the kindness of thy care;
All compass'd underneath thy spacious wing,
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.

"Tell me, ye splendid orbs! as from your throne
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway, what beings fill those bright abodes?
How form'd, how gifted? what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds? Does Innocence
Still wear her native and untainted bloom?
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,

And sow'd corruption in those fairy bowers?
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire?
And Slavery forged his chains; and Wrath, and Hate,
And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust
Leagued their base bands to tread out light and Truth,
And scatter woe where Heaven had planted joy?
Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen
And uncorrupt? existence one long joy,
Without disease upon the frame, or sin
Upon the heart, or weariness of life;
Hope never quench'd, and age unknown,
And death unfear'd; while fresh and fadeless youth
Glows in the light from God's near throne of love?

"Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold! No language? Everlasting light
And everlasting silence? Yet the eye
May read and understand. The hand of God
Has written legibly what man may know,
The glory of the Maker. There it shines,
Ineffable, unchangeable; and Man,
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know and ask no more. In other days,
When death shall give the encumber'd spirits wings,
Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,
Perchance, among those vast, mysterious spheres,
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each,
Familiar with its children; learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss
And beauty, by the hand of Power divine
Lavish'd on all its works. Eternity

Shall thus roll on with every fresh delight;
No pause of pleasure or improvement; world
On world still opening to the instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time
But adding to its glories. While the soul,
Advancing ever to the Source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss."

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

"To prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks,
And Earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

"To prayer;—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer;—for the day that God has bless'd
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of Creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallow'd hours.

"There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.

Oh, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

"There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

"Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
Oh, what is earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

"Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

"The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to glory where he shall reign,
Who whisper'd, 'Thy brother shall rise again.'

"The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.

The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

"Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of Nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven."

CHAPTER VII.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

RICHARD HENRY DANA was born at Cambridge, on the 15th November, 1787. When about ten years old he went to Newport, Rhode Island, where he remained until a year or two before he entered Harvard College. His health, during boyhood, was too poor to admit of very constant application to study; and much of his time was passed in rambling along the rock-bound coast, listening to the roar and dashing of the waters, and searching for the wild and picturesque; indicating thus early that love of Nature which is evinced in nearly all his subsequent writings, and acquiring that perfect knowledge of the scenery of the sea which is shown in the "Buccaneer," and some of his minor pieces. On leaving college, in 1807, he returned to Newport, and passed nearly two years in studying the Latin language and literature; after which he went to Baltimore, and entered, as a student, the law office of General Robert Goodhue Harper. The approach of the second war with Great Britain, and the extreme unpopularity of all persons known to belong to

the federal party, induced him to return to Cambridge, where he finished his course of study and opened an office. He soon became a member of the legislature, and was for a time a warm partisan.

Feeble health, and great constitutional sensitiveness, the whole current of his mind and feelings convinced him that he was unfitted for his profession, and he closed his office to assist his relative Professor Edward T. Channing, in the management of the "North American Review," which had then been established about two years.

In 1825, he published his first poetical production, "The Dying Raven;" and two years after gave to the public, in a small volume, "The Buccaneer, and other Poems."

In 1839, he delivered in Boston and New York a series of lectures on English poetry, and the great masters of the art, which were warmly applauded by the educated and judicious. These have not yet been printed.

The longest and most remarkable of Dana's poems, is the "Buccaneer;" a story in which he has depicted with singular power the stronger and darker passions. It is based on a tradition of a murder committed on an island on the coast of New England, by a pirate, whose guilt in the end meets with strange and terrible retribution. In attempting to compress his language he is sometimes slightly obscure, and his verse is occasionally harsh, but never feeble.—never without meaning. The "Buccaneer" is followed by a poem of a very different character, entitled "The Changes of

Home;" in which is related the affection of two young persons, in humble life, whose marriage is deferred until the lover shall have earned the means of subsistence; his departure in search of gain; his return in disappointment; his second departure, and death in absence—a sad history, and one that is too often lived. "Factitious Life," "Thoughts on the Soul," and "The Husband's and Wife's Grave," are the longest of his other poems, and, as well as his shorter pieces, they are distinguished for high religious purpose, profound philosophy, simple sentiment, and pure and vigorous diction.

All the writings of Dana belong to the permanent literature of the country. His prose and poetry will find every year more and more readers. Something resembling poetry "is oftentimes borne into instant turbulent popularity, while a work of genuine character may be lying neglected by all except the poets. But the tide of Time flows on, and the former begins to settle to the bottom, while the latter rises slowly and steadily to the surface, and goes forward, for a spirit is in it."

THOUGHTS ON THE SOUL.

"And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature is:
Think it her birth."

DAVIES.

"But it exceeds man's thoughts to think how high
God hath raised man."

IBID.

"It is the Soul's prerogative, its fate,
To shape the outward to its own estate.
If right itself, then, all around is well;
If wrong it makes of all without a hell.
So multiplies the Soul its joy or pain,
Gives out itself, itself takes back again.
Transformed by thee, the world hath but one face.
Look there, my soul! and thine own features trace!
And all through time, and down eternity,
Where'er thou goest, that face shall look on thee

"We look upon the outward state, and, then,
Say who is happiest—saddest who of men:
We look upon the face, and think to know
The measure of the bosom's joy or woe.

"A healthy man is that, and full his board
His farm well stock'd, and well supplied his board,
His helpmate comely, and a thrifty dame,
Of cheerful temper, morn, noon, eve, the same.
How pale looks yonder man · his wife a scold,
His children sickly, starv'd with want and cold.
And there goes one, a freeman all his life,
Who ne'er had plagues of home, or child, or wife.
Another lives in that large, silent hall,
Bereft of friends, of wife, and child, and all.

"Now of the four, who's happiest, saddest? Say!
I thought thou knewest. Well, then, why delay?
Oh, Hamlet-like, thou would'st peruse the face!
And canst thou now the bosom's secrets trace?
The face is called the index of the mind;
Yet dost not read it, wise one? Art thou blind?
It is the Soul made visible. Behold
The shapes it takes. Speak! What may his unfold?

"Why, joy, be sure: you saw how swept it smiled.

—"Thou read a face! Go, read thy horn-book, child!

"By summing that man's cattle by the head,
His friends alive, or wife and children dead,
Dost think to learn his spirit's breadth and length?
To find his joys' and sorrows' depth and strength?
Come! of these joys and sufferings make thy cast.
Now tell me, pray, how foot they up at last?
Of outward things thou canst not find the amount.
Think'st thou the Soul's emotions, then, to count?
To range upon the face the thoughts that fly
Swifter than light? That rainbow, in the sky,
Severs each hue. But what prismatic glass
Hast thou to mark the feelings as they pass?
Or what wherewith to sound, or tell the flow
Of that man's deep and dark and silent woe?
To name their kind or reckon their degree,
When joys play through him like a sparkling sea?

"Ocean and land, the living clouds that run
Above, or stand before the setting sun,
Taking and giving glory in its light,
Live but in change too subtle for thy sight.
The lot of Man—see that more varied still
By ceaseless acts of sense, and mind, and will.

Yet could'st thou count up all material things,
All outward difference each condition brings,
Then would'st thou say, perhaps, 'Lo, here the whole!'
—The whole? One thing thou hast forgot—THE SOUL!

—"Life in itself, it life to all things gives;
For whatsoe'er it looks on, that thing lives—
Becomes an acting being, ill or good;
And, grateful to its giver, tenders food
For the Soul's health; or, suffering change unblest,
Pours poison down to rankle in the breast:
As acts the man, e'en so it plays its part,
And answers, thought to thought, and heart to heart.

"Yes, Man reduplicates himself. You see.
In yonder lake, reflected rock and tree.
Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,
Now rests, now stirs as if a breeze were there
Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all!
And see those slender top boughs rise and fall!
The double strips of silvery sand unite
Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.
Yon bird, that seeks her food upon that bough,
Seeks not alone; for look! the bird below
Is busy after food, and happy, too.
—They're gone! Both pleased, away together flew.

"Behold we thus sent up, rock, sand, and wood,
Life, joy, and motion from the sleepy flood?
The world, Oh, man, is like that flood to thee:
Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see
Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand
Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou tak'st thy stand
If that thy heart be barren, there will sweep
The drifting waste, like waves along the deep,

Fill up the vale, and choke the laughing streams
That ran through grass and brake, with dancing beams,
Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye
Veil the wide-shifting glories of the sky.

"The rill is tuneless to his ear who feels
No harmony within; the south wind steals
As silent as unseen among the leaves.
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,
Though all around is beautiful. Nay, more—
In Nature's calmest hour he hears the roar
Of winds and flinging waves—puts out the light,
When high and angry passions meet in fight;
And, his own spirit into tumult hurled,
He makes a turmoil of a quiet world;
The fiends of his own bosom people air
With kindred fiends, that hunt him to despair.
Hates he his fellow? Self he makes the fate
Of fellow-man, and cries, 'Tis hate for hate.'

"Soul! fearful is thy power, which thus transforms
All things into thy likeness; heaves in storms
The strong, proud sea, or lays it down to rest,
Like the hushed infant on its mother's breast—
Which gives each outward circumstance its hue,
And shapes the acts and thoughts of men anew,
Till they, in turn, or love or hate impart,
As love or hate holds rule within the heart.

"Then, dread thy very power; for, works it wrong,
It gives to all without a power as strong
As is its own—a power it can't recall:—
Such as thy strength, e'en so will be thy thrall.
The fiercer are thy struggles, wrath, and throes,
Thou slave of sin, the mystic chain so grows

Closer and heavier on thee. Thus, thy strength
Makes thee the weaker, verier slave, at length,
Working, at thy own forge, the chain to bind,
And wear, and fret thy restless, fevered mind.

"Be warned! Thou canst not break, nor 'scape, the power
In kindness given in thy first breathing hour.
Thou canst not slay its life: it must create;
And good or ill, there ne'er will come a date
To its tremendous energies. The trust
Thus given guard, and to thyself be just.
Nor dream with life to shuffle off the coil;
It takes fresh life, starts fresh for further toil,
And on it goes, for ever, ever, on,
Changing all down its course, each thing to one
With its immortal nature. All must be,
Like thy dread self, one dread eternity.

"Blinded by passion, Man gives up his breath,
Uncalled by God. We look, and name it Death.
Mad wretch! the soul hath no last sleep; the strife
To end itself, but wakes intenser life
In the self-torturing spirit. Fool, give o'er!
Hast thou once been, yet think'st to be no more?
What! life destroy itself? Oh, fiercest dream
Shaped in that emptiest thing—a doubter's scheme.
Think'st in an Universal Soul will merge
Thy soul, as rain-drops mingle with the surge?
Or, no less sceptic, sin will have an end,
And thy purged spirit with the holy blend
In joy as holy? Why a sinner now?
As falls the tree, so lies it. So shalt thou.
God's book, rash doubter, holds the plain record;
Dar'st talk of hopes and doubts against that Word?

Or palter with it in a quibbling sense?
That Book shall judge thee when thou passest hence.
Then—with thy spirit from the body freed—
Then shalt thou know, see, feel, what's life indeed!

"Bursting to life, thy dominant desire
Shall upward flame, like a fierce forest-fire:
Then, like a sea of fire, heave, roar, and dash—
Roll up its lowest depths in waves, and flash
A wild disaster round, like its own woe—
Each wave cry, 'Woe for ever!' in its flow,
And then pass on;—from far adown its path
Send back commingling sounds of woe and wrath—
Th' indomitable *Will* shall know no sway:
God calls—Man, hear him; quit that fearful way.

"Come, listen to His voice who died to save
Lost Man, and raise him from his moral grave;
From darkness showed a path of light to heaven;
Cried, 'Rise and walk; thy sins are all forgiven.'

"Blest are the pure in heart. Would'st thou be blest?
He'll cleanse thy spotted soul. Would'st thou find rest?
Around thy toils and cares he'll breathe a calm,
And to thy wounded spirit lay a balm;
From fear draw love; and teach thee where to seek
Lost strength and grandeur—with the bowed and meek.

'Come lowly: He will help thee. Lay aside
That subtle, first of evils—human pride.
Know God, and, so, thyself; and be afraid
To call aught poor or low that He has made.
Fear naught but sin; love all but sin; and learn
In all beside 'tis wisdom to discern

His forming, his creating power, and bind
Earth, self and brother to the Eternal Mind.

"Linked with the Immortal, immortality
Begins e'en here. For what is Time to thee,
To whose clear sight the night is turned to day
And that but changing life, miscalled decay?

"Is it not glorious, then, from thy own heart
To pour a stream of life!—to make a part
With thy eternal spirit things that rot,—
That, looked on for a moment, are forgot,
But to thy opening vision pass to take
New forms of life, and in new beauties wake?

"To thee the falling leaf but fades to bear
Its hues and odours to some fresher air;
Some passing sound floats by to yonder sphere,
That softly answers to thy listening ear.
In one eternal round they go and come;
And where they travel, there hast thou a home
For thy far-reaching thoughts. Oh, Power Divine!
Has this poor worm a spirit so like thine?
Unwrap its folds, and clear its wings to go!
Would I could quit earth, sin, and care, and woe!
Nay, rather let me use the world aright:
Thus make me ready for my upward flight.

"Come, Brother, turn with me from pining thought,
And all the inward ills that Sin has wrought;
Come send abroad a love for all who live,
And feel the deep content in turn they give.
Kind wishes and good deeds—they make not poor;
They'll home again, full laden, to thy door.
The streams of love flow back where they begin;
For springs of outward joys, lie deep within.

"E'en let them flow, and make the places glad
Where dwell thy fellow-men. Should'st thou be sad,
And earth seem bare, and hours, once happy, press
Upon thy thoughts, and make thy loneliness
More lonely for the past, thou then shalt hear
The music of those waters running near;
And thy faint spirit drink the cooling stream,
And thine eye gladden with the playing beam,
That, now, upon the water dances, now,
Leaps up and dances in the hanging bough.

"Is it not lovely? Tell me, where doth dwell
The Power that wrought so beautiful a spell;
In thy own bosom, Brother! Then, as thine,
Guard with a reverend fear this power divne.

"And if, indeed, 'tis not the outward state,
But temper of the Soul, by which we rate
Sadness or joy, e'en let thy bosom move
With noble thoughts, and wake thee into love.
And let each feeling in thy breast be given
An honest aim, which, sanctified by heaven,
And springing into act, new life imparts,
Till beats thy frame as with a thousand hearts.

"Sin clouds the mind's clear vision; man, not earth,
Around the self-starved Soul, has spread a dearth.
The earth is full of life: the living Hand
Touched it with life; and all its forms expand
With principles of being made to suit
Man's varied powers, and raise him from the brute.
And shall the earth of higher ends be full!
Earth which thou tread'st! and thy poor mind be dull!
Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep!
Thou 'living dead man,' let thy spirits leap

Forth to the day; and let the fresh air blow
Thro' thy soul's shut-up mansions. Wouldst thou know
Something of what is life, shake off this death;
Have thy soul feel the universal breath
With which all Nature's quick! and learn to be
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see.

Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance;
Give thy Soul air, thy faculties expanse:
Love, joy, e'en sorrow, yield thyself to all!
They make thy freedom, man, and not thy thrall.
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
To dust and sense, and set at large thy mind!
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole;
And be, like man at first, 'A LIVING SOUL!'

"Though nothing once, and born but yesterday,
Like Him who knows nor ending nor decay,
So shalt thou live, my Soul, immortal one,
Strong as the firm, the dread eternal throne,
Endless as God, who sits for aye thereon.

Infinite Father! shall thy creature dare
Look forth, and say, 'Eternity I share?'
Stretch onward, age on age, till minds grow dim,
Yet, conscious, cry, 'There still am I with Him!'
Worm of the dust! thought almost blasphemy!
Dread glory! I, like God, shall ever *be!*

"Oh, Goodness searchless! Thou who once didst walk
With man on earth, with man familiar talk,
Bringing thyself to him to lead the way
From darkness up to glory and to day,

Uniting with our form, that man, when blind
To all but sense, the high intent might find
Of his own soul, his never-dying mind;
Teach us, in this thy Sacrifice, to see
Thy love—our worth, in this great mystery.

"Poorly of his own nature he must deem,
His very immortality a dream,
Whose God's so strange he may not condescend
With his own last and greatest work to blend;
But rather his lost creatures must forsake,
Than deign to dwell with that He deigned to make.
Though veiled in flesh, did God his glory hide?
God counts not glory thus, but *human pride.*

"Debased by sin, and used to things of sense,
How shall man's spirit rise and travel hence,
Where lie the Soul's pure regions, without bounds—
Where mind's at large, and passion ne'er confounds
Clear thought, and thought is sight, the far brings nigh,
Calls up the deep, and, now, calls down the high.
'With Him who made me?' May he forward send
His thoughts, and say, 'Like God, I know no end?'

"Cast off thy slough, and send thy spirit forth
Up to the Infinite, then know thy worth.
With That, be infinite; with Love, be love;
Angel, 'mid angel throngs that move above;
Ay, more than Angel: nearer the great CAUSE,
Through his redeeming power, now read his laws—
Not with thy earthly mind, that half detects
Something of outward things by slow effects;
Viewing creative causes, learn to *know*
The hidden springs, nor *guess* as here below,
Laws, purposes, relations, sympathies—
In errors vain. Clear truth's in yonder skies.

"Creature all grandeur, son of truth and light,
Up from the dust! the last great day is bright;
Bright on the Holy Mountain, round the Throne,
Bright where in borrowed light the far stars shone.
Look down! the Depths are bright! And hear them cry,
'Light! light!' Look up! 'tis rushing down from high!
Regions on regions, far away they shine:
'Tis light ineffable, 'tis light divine!
'Immortal light, and life for evermore!'
Off through the deeps is heard from shore to shore
Of rolling worlds! Man, wake thee from the sod—
Awake from death—awake! and live with God!"

THE HUSBANDS AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

"Husband and wife! No converse now ye hold,
As once ye did in your young day of love,
On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
Its silent meditations, its glad hopes,
Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies;
Nor do ye speak of joy assured and bliss
Full, certain, and possessed. Domestic cares
Call you not now together. Earnest talk
On what your children may be, moves you not.
Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence;
'Tis not like that in which ye rested once
Most happy—silence eloquent, when heart
With heart held speech, and your mysterious frames,
Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat
Touched the soft notes of love.
A stillness deep
Insensible, unheeding, folds you round;

And darkness, as a stone, has sealed you in.
Away from all the living, here ye rest:
In all the nearness of the narrow tomb,
Yet feel ye not each other's presence now.
Dread fellowship!—together, yet alone.

"Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds,
But self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The eternal Mind—the Father of all thought?
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
Of uncreated light have visited and lived?—
Lived in the dreadful splendour of that throne,
Which One, with gentle hand the veil of flesh
Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
In glory?—throne, before which even now
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed!—
Souls that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen Presence—are they quenched,
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?

"And do our loves all perish with our frames?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense

With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents?—no more?—
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

"O, listen, Man!
A voice within us speaks the startling word,
'Man, thou shalt never die!' Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
—O, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating in Day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapt in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee:
—The dying hear it: and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

"Why is it that I linger round this tomb?
What holds it? Dust that cumbered those I mourn.
They shook it off, and laid aside Earth's robes,
And put on those of light. They're gone to dwell
In love—their God's and angels'. Mutual love
That bound them here, no longer needs a speech

For full communion; nor sensations strong,
Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain
To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.
Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each,
By natures new, impart themselves though silent.
Each quickening sense, each throb of holy love,
Affections sanctified, and the full glow
Of being, which expand and gladden one,
By union all mysterious, thrill and live
In both immortal frames:—Sensation all,
And thought, pervading, mingling sense and thought!
Ye paired, yet one! wrapt in a consciousness
Twofold, yet single—this is love, this life!

"Why call we then the square-built monument,
The upright column, and the low laid slab,
Tokens of death, memorials of decay?
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, Man,
And learn thy proper nature; for thou seest,
In these shaped stones and lettered tables, figures
Of life: More are they to thy soul than those
Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with God,
Brought to the old Judeans—types are these
Of thine eternity.

"I thank Thee, Father,
That at this simple grave, on which the dawn
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath
No close, Thou kindly unto my dark mind
Hath sent a sacred light, and that away
From this green hillock, whither I had come
In sorrow, Thou art leading me in joy."

THE DYING RAVEN.

"Come to these lonely woods to die alone?
It seems not many days since thou wast heard,
From out the mists of spring, with thy shrill note,
Calling upon thy mates—and their clear answers.
The earth was brown then; and the infant leaves
Had not put forth to warm them in the sun,
Or play in the fresh air of heaven. Thy voice,
Shouting in triumph, told of winter gone,
And prophesying life to the sealed ground,
Did make me glad with thoughts of coming
beauties.
And now they're all around us,—offspring bright
Of Earth,—a mother, who, with constant care,
Doth feed and clothe them all —Now o'er her fields,
In blessed bands, or single, they are gone,
Or by her brooks they stand, and sip the stream;
Or peering o'er it.—vanity well feigned—
In quaint approval seem to glow and nod
At their reflected graces.—Morn to meet,
They in fantastic labours pass the night,
Catching its dews, and rounding silvery drops
To deck their bosoms.—There, on high, bald trees,
From varnished cells some peep, and the old boughs
Make to rejoice and dance in warmer winds.
Over my head the winds and they make music;
And grateful, in return for what they take,
Bright hues and odours to the air they give.

"This mutual love brings mutual delight—
Brings beauty, life;—for love is life—hate, death.

"*Thou Prophet* of so fair a revelation!
Thou who abod'st with us the winter long,

Enduring cold or rain, and shaking off,
From thy dark mantle, falling sleet or snow --
Thou, who with purpose kind, when warmer days
Shone on the earth, 'mid thaw and steam, cam'st forth
From rocky nook, or wood, thy priestly cell,
To speak of comfort unto lonely man—
Didst say to him, —though seemingly alone
'Mid wastes and snows, and silent, lifeless trees,
Or the more silent ground – it was not death,
But nature's sleep and rest, her kind repair ;—
That Thou, albeit unseen, didst bear with him
The winter's night, and, patient of the day,
And cheered by hope, (instinct divine in Thee,)
Waitedst return of summer.

"More Thou saidst,
Thou Priest of Nature, Priest of God, to Man!
Thou spok'st of Faith, (than instinct no less sure,)
Of Spirits near him, though he saw them not:
Thou bad'st him ope his intellectual eye,
And see his solitude all populous:
Thou show'd'st him Paradise, and deathless flowers;
And didst him pray to listen to the flow
Of living waters.

"Preacher to Man's spirit!
Emblem of Hope! Companion! Comforter!
Thou faithful one! is this thine end? 'Twas thou,
When summer birds were gone, and no form seen
In the void air, who cam'st, living and strong,
On thy broad, balanced pennons, through the winds.
And of thy long enduring, this the close!
Thy kingly strength, thou conqueror of storms,
Thus low brought down.

"The year's mild, cheering dawn
Shone out on thee, a momentary light.
The gales of spring upbore thee for a day,
And then forsook thee. Thou art fallen now;
And liest among thy hopes and promises—
Beautiful flowers, and freshly springing blades,
Gasping thy life out.—Here for thee the grass
Tenderly makes a bed; and the young buds
In silence open their fair, painted folds—
To ease thy pain, the one—to cheer thee, these.
But thou art restless; and thy once keen eye
Is dull and restless now. New blooming boughs,
Needlessly kind, have spread a tent for thee.
Thy mate is calling to the white, piled clouds,
And asks for thee. They give no answer back.
As I look up to their bright angel faces,
Intelligent but incapable of voice
They seem to me. Their silence to my soul
Comes ominous. The same to thee, doomed bird,
Silence or sound. For thee there is no sound,
No silence.—Near thee stands the shadow, Death;
And now he slowly draws his sable veil
Over thine eyes; thy senses softly lulls
Into unconscious slumbers. The airy call
Thou'lt hear no longer; 'neath sun-lighted clouds,
With beating wing, or steady poise aslant,
Wilt sail no more. Around thy trembling claws
Droop thy wings' parting feathers. Spasms of death
Are on thee.

"Laid thus low by ago? Or is't
All-grudging Man has brought thee to this end?
Perhaps the slender hair, so subtly wound
Around the grain God gives thee for thy food,
Has proved thy snare, and makes thine inward pain

"I needs must mourn for thee. For [redacted] who have
No fields, nor gather into garners—I
Bear thee both thanks and love, not fear nor hate.

"And now, farewell! The falling leaves ere long
Will give thee decent covering. Till then,
Thine own black plumage, that will now no more
Glance to the sun, nor flash upon my eyes,
Like armour of steeled knight of Palestine,
Must be thy pall. Nor will it moult so soon
As sorrowing thoughts on those borne from him, fade
In living man.

"Who scoffs these sympathies,
Makes mock of the divinity within:
Nor feels he gently breathing through his soul
The universal spirit.—Hear it cry,
'How does thy pride abase thee, man, vain man!
How deaden thee to universal love,
And joy of kindred with all humble things.—
God's creatures all!'

"And surely it is so.
He who the lily clothes in simple glory,
He who doth hear the ravens cry for food,
Hath on our hearts, with hand invisible,
In signs mysterious, written what alone
Our *hearts* may read.—Death bring thee rest, poor Bird."

KEAN'S ACTING.*

"I HAD scarcely thought of the theatre for several years, when Kean arrived in this country; and it was more from curiosity than from any other motive, that I went to see, for the first time, the great actor of the age. I was soon lost to the recollection of being in a theatre, or looking upon a grand display of the 'mimic art.' The simplicity, earnestness and sincerity of his acting made me forgetful of the fiction, and bore me away with the power of reality and truth. 'If this be acting,' said I, as I returned home, 'I may as well make the theatre my school, and henceforward study Nature at second hand.'

"How can I describe one who is nearly as versatile and almost as full of beauty as Nature itself—who grows upon us the more we are acquainted with him, and makes us sensible that the first time we saw him in any part, however much he may have moved us, we had but a vague and poor apprehension of the many excellencies of his acting. We cease to consider it as a mere amusement: it is a great intellectual feast; and

What a sad reflection upon our nature it is, that an amusement so intellectual in its character, as seeing a play is, and capable of being made to administer so much to our moral state, should be so tainted with impurity—that the theatre should be a place where congregate the most licentious appetites and passions, and from which is breathed out so foul an atmosphere. Such as it *is*, I am now done with it. I would sooner forego the intellectual pleasure I might receive from another Kean, (were there ever to be another Kean,) than by yielding to it, give countenance to vice, by going where infecting and open corruption sits, side by side, with the seemly.

he who goes to it with a disposition and capacity to relish it, will receive from it more nourishment for his mind than he would be likely to do in many other ways in four-fold the time. Our faculties are opened and enlivened by it; our reflections and recollections are of an elevated kind; and the very voice which is sounding in our ears long after we have left him, creates an inward harmony which is for our good.

"Kean, in truth, stands very much in that relation to other players whom we have seen, that Shakspere does to other dramatists. One player is called classical; another makes fine points here, and another there. Kean makes more fine points than all of them together; but in him these are only little prominences, showing their bright heads above a beautifully undulated surface. A constant change is going on in him, partaking of the nature of the varying scenes he is passing through, and the many thoughts and feelings which are shifting within him.

"In a clear autumnal day, we may see here and there a deep white cloud shining with metallic brightness against a blue sky, and now and then a dark pine swinging its top in the wind with the melancholy sound of the sea; but who can note the shifting and untiring play of the leaves of the wood and their passing hues, when each one seems a living thing full of delight, and vain of its gaudy attire? A sound, too, of universal harmony is in our ears, and a wide-spread beauty before our eyes, which we cannot define; yet a joy is in our hearts. Our delight increases in these, day after day, the longer we give ourselves to them, till at last we become as it were a part of the existence without us. So it is with natural characters. They grow upon us imperceptibly

till we become fast bound up in them, we scarcely know when or how. So it will fare with the actor who is deeply filled with nature, and is perpetually throwing off her beautiful *evanescences*. Instead of becoming tired of him, as we do, after a time, of others, he will go on, giving something which will be new to the observing mind; and will keep the feelings alive, because their action will be natural. I have no doubt that, excepting those who go to a play as children look into a show-box to admire and exclaim at distorted figures, and raw unharmonious colours, there is no man of a moderately warm temperament, and with a tolerable share of insight into human nature, who would not find his interest in Kean increasing with a study of him. It is very possible that the excitement would in some degree lessen, but there would be a quieter delight, instead of it, stealing upon him as he became familiar with the character of his acting.

"The versatility in his playing is striking. He seems not the same being, taking upon him at one time the character of Richard, at another that of Hamlet; but the two characters appear before you as distinct individuals, who had never known nor heard of each other. So completely does he become the character he is to represent, that we have sometimes thought it a reason why he was not universally better liked here in Richard; and that the player did not make *himself* a little more visible, he must needs bear a share of our hate toward the cruel king. And this may the more be the case, as his construction of the character, whether right or wrong creates in us an unmixed dislike of Richard, till the anguish of his mind makes him the object of pity; from which moment

to the close, Kean is allowed to play the part better than any one has before him.

"In his highest wrought passion, when every limb and muscle are alive and quivering, and his gestures hurried and violent, nothing appears ranted or over-acted; because he makes us feel that, with all this there is something still within him vainly struggling for utterance. The very breaking and harshness of his voice in these parts, though upon the whole it were better otherwise, help to this impression upon us, and make up in a good degree for the defect.

"Though he is on the very verge of truth in his passionate parts, he does not pass into extravagance; but runs along the dizzy edge of the roaring and beating sea, with feet as sure as we walk our parlours We feel that he is safe, for some preternatural spirit upholds him as he hurries him onward; and while all is uptorn and tossing in the whirl of the passions, we see that there is a power and order over the whole.

"A man has feelings sometimes which can only be breathed out; there is no utterance for them in words terrible and indistinct, 'Ha!' with which Kean makes Lear hail Cornwall and Regan, as they enter, in the fourth scene of the second act, came to my mind. That cry seemed at the time to take me up and sweep me along its wild swell. No description in the world could give a tolerably clear notion of it; it must be formed, as well as it may be, from what has just been said of its effect

"Kean's playing is frequently giving instances of various, inarticulate sounds—the throttled struggle of rage, and the choking of grief—the broken laugh of extreme suffering, when the mind is ready to deliver itself over to an insane joy—the

utterance of over-full love, which cannot, and would not speak in express words--and that of bewildering grief, which blanks all the faculties of man.

No other player whom I have heard has attempted these, except now and then; and should any one have made the trial in the various ways in which Kean gives them, no doubt he would have failed. Kean thrills us with them as if they were wrung from him in his agony. They have no appearance of study or artifice. The truth is, that the labour of a mind of his genius constitutes its existence and delight. It is not like the toil of ordinary men at their task-work. What shows effort in them, comes from him with the freedom and force of nature.

Some object to the frequent use of such sounds; and to others they are quite shocking. But those who permit themselves to consider that there are really violent passions in man's nature, and that they utter themselves a little differently from our ordinary feelings, understand and feel their language, as they speak to us in Kean. Probably no actor ever conceived passion with the intenseness and life that he does. It seems to enter into him and possess him, as evil spirits possessed men of old. It is curious to observe how some who have sat very contentedly year after year, and called the face-making which they have seen expression, complain that Kean is apt to be extravagant, when in truth he seems to be little more than a simple personation of the feeling or passion to be expressed at the time.

I has been so common a saying, that Lear is the most difficult of all characters to personate, that we had taken it for granted no man could play it to satisfy us. Perhaps it is the hardest to

represent. Yet the part which has generally been supposed the most difficult, the insanity of Lear, is scarcely more so than the choleric old king. Inefficient rage is almost always ridiculous; and an old man, with a broken down body, and a mind falling in pieces, from the violence of its uncontrolled passions, is in constant danger of exciting, along with our pity, a feeling of contempt. It is a chance matter to which we are moved. And this it is which makes the opening of Lear so difficult.

"We may as well notice here the objection which some make to the abrupt violence with which Kean begins in Lear. If this is a fault, it is Shakspere, and not Kean, who is to blame. For we have no doubt that he has conceived it according to his author. Perhaps, however, the mistake lies in this case, where it does not with most others, with those who put themselves in the seat of judgment to pass upon greater men.

"In most instances, Shakspere has given us the gradual growth of a passion with such little accompaniments as agree with it, and go to make up the whole man. In Lear, his object being to represent the beginning and course of insanity, he has properly enough gone but a little back of it, and introduced to us an old man of good feelings, but one who had lived without any true principle of conduct, and whose ungoverned passions had grown strong with age, and were ready, upon any disappointment, to make shipwreck of an intellect always weak. To bring this about, he begins with an abruptness rather unusual; and the old king rushes in before us, with all his passions at their height, and tearing him like fiends.

"Kean gives this as soon as a fit occasion offers itself. Had he put more of melancholy and de-

pression, and less of rage into the character, we should have been very much puzzled at his so suddenly going mad. It would have required the change to have been slower; and besides, his insanity must have been of another kind. It must have been monotonous and complaining, instead of continually varying; at one time full of grief, at another playful, and then wild as the winds that roared about him, and fiery and sharp as the lightning that shot by him. The truth with which he conceived this was not finer than his execution of it. Not for an instant, in his utmost violence, did he suffer the imbecility of the old man's anger to touch upon the ludicrous; when nothing but the most just conception and feeling of character could have saved him from it.

"It has been said that Lear was a study for any one who would make himself acquainted with the workings of an insane mind. There is no doubt of it. Nor is it less true, that the acting of Kean was a complete embodying of these workings. His eye, when his senses are first forsaking him, giving a questioning look at what he saw, as if all before him was undergoing a strange and bewildering change which confused his brain —the wandering, lost motion of his hands, which seemed feeling for something familiar to them, on which they might take hold and be assured of a safe reality—the under monotone of his voice, as if he was questioning his own being, and all which surrounded him—the continuous, but slight oscillating motion of the body—all these expressed with fearful truth the dreamy state of a mind fast unsettling, and making vain and weak efforts to find its way back to its wonted reason. There was a childish, feeble gladness in the eye, and a half piteous smile about the mouth at times,

which one could scarce look upon without shedding tears. As the derangement increased upon him, his eye lost its notice of what surrounded him, wandering over every thing as if he saw it not, and fastening upon the creatures of his crazed brain. The helpless and delighted fondness with which he clings to Edgar as an insane brother, is another instance of the justness of Kean's conceptions. Nor does he lose the air of insanity even in the fine moralizing parts, and where he inveighs against the corruptions of the world: 'There is a madness even in his reason.

"The violent and immediate changes of the passions in Lear, so difficult to manage without offending us, are given by Kean with a spirit and with a fitness to Nature which we had hardly imagined possible. These are equally well done both before and after he loses his reason. The most difficult scene, in this respect, is the last interview between Lear and his daughters, Goneril and Regan—(and how wonderfully does Kean carry it through!)—the scene which ends with the horrid shout and cry with which he runs out mad from their presence, as if his very brain had taken fire.

"The last scene which we are allowed to have of Shakspere's Lear, for the simply pathetic, was played by Kean with unmatched power. We sink down helpless under the oppressive grief. It lies like a dead weight upon our bosoms. We are denied even the relief of tears; and are thankful for the startling shudder that seizes us when he kneels to his daughter in the deploring weakness of his crazed grief.

"It is lamentable that Kean should not be allowed to show his unequalled powers in the last scene of Lear, as Shakspere has written it; and that this mighty work of genius should be pro-

fanced by the miserable mawkish sort of by-play of Edgar's and Cordelia's loves: Nothing can surpass the impertinence of the man who made the change, but the folly of those who sanctioned it.

When I began, I had no other intention than that of giving a few general impressions made upon me by Kean's acting; but, falling accidentally upon his Lear, I have been led into more particulars than I was aware of. It is only to take these as some of the instances of his powers in Lear, and then to think of him as not inferior in his other characters, and a slight notion may be formed of the effect of Kean's playing upon those who understand and like him. Neither this, nor all I could say, would reach his great and various powers.

"Kean is never behind his author; but stands forward the living representative of the character he has drawn. When he is not playing in Shakspere, he fills up where his author is wanting, and when in Shakspere, he gives not only what is set down, but whatever the situation and circumstances attendant upon the being he personates would naturally call forth. He seems, at the time to have possessed himself of Shakspere's imagination, and to have given it body and form. Read any scene of Shakspere—for instance, the last of Lear that is played, and see how few words are there set down, and then remember how Kean fills out with varied and multiplied expressions and circumstances, and the truth of this remark will be obvious at once. There are few men, I believe, let them have studied the plays of Shakspere ever so attentively, who can see Kean in them without confessing that he has helped them almost as much to a true conception of the author, as their own labours had done for them.

"It is not easy to say in what character Kean plays best. He so fits himself to each in turn, that if the effect he produces at one time is less than at another, it is because of some inferiority in stage-effect of the character. Othello is probably the greatest character for stage-effect; and Kean has an uninterrupted power over us in playing it. When he commands, we are awed; when his face is all sensitive with love, and love thrills in his soft tones, all that our imaginations had pictured to us is realized. His jealousy, his hate, his fixed purposes are terrific and deadly; and the groans wrung from him in his grief have the pathos and anguish of Esau's when he stood before his old blind father, and sent up 'an exceeding bitter cry.'

"Again, in Richard, how does he hurry forward to his object, sweeping away all between him and it! The world and its affairs are nothing to him till he gains his end. He is all life, and action, and haste—he fills every part of the stage, and seems to do all that is done.

"I have before said that his voice is harsh and breaking in his high tones, in his rage, but that this defect is of little consequence in such places. Nor is it well suited to the more declamatory parts. This again is scarce worth considering; for how very little is there of mere declamation in good English plays! But it is one of the finest voices in the world for all the passions and feelings which can be uttered in the middle and lower tones. In Lear—

"'If you have poison for me, I will drink it.'

And again,

"'You do me wrong to take me o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss.'

"Why should I cite passages? Can any man open upon the scene in which these are contained, without Kean's piteous looks and tones being present to him? And does not the mere remembrance of them, as he reads, bring tears into his eyes? Yet, once more, in Othello—

"'Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction,' &c.

In the passage beginning with—

"'O now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind'——

there was 'a mysterious confluence of sounds' passing off into infinite distance, and every thought and feeling within him seemed travelling with them.

"How very graceful he is in Othello. It is not a practised, educated grace, but the 'unbought grace' of his genius uttering itself in its beauty and grandeur in each movement of the outward man. When he says to Iago so touchingly, 'Leave me, leave me, Iago,' and turning from him, walks to the back of the stage, raising his hands, and bringing them down upon his head with clasped fingers, and stands thus with his back to us, there is a grace and imposing grandeur in his figure which we gaze on with admiration.

"Talking of these things in Kean is something like reading the 'Beauties of Shakspere;' for he is as good in his subordinate as in his great parts. But he must be content to share with other men of genius, and think himself fortunate if one in a

hundred sees his lesser beauties, and marks the truth and delicacy of his under playing. For instance, when he has no share in the action going on, he is not busy in putting himself into attitudes to draw attention, but stands or sits in a simple posture, like one with an engaged mind. His countenance is in a state of ordinary repose, with only a slight general expression of the character of his thoughts; for this is all the face shows when the mind is taken up in silence with its own reflections. It does not assume marked or violent expressions, as in soliloquy. When a man gives utterance to his thoughts, though alone, the charmed rest of the body is broken; he speaks in his gestures too, and the countenance is put into a sympathizing action.

"I was first struck with this in his Hamlet; for the deep and quiet interest so marked in Hamlet made the justness of Kean's playing, in this respect, the more obvious.

"Since then, I have observed him attentively, and have found the same true acting in his other characters.

"This right conception of situation and its general effect seems to require almost as much genius as his conceptions of his characters. He deserves praise for it; for there is so much of the subtlety of nature in it, if I may so speak, that while a very few are able from his help to put themselves into the situation, and admire the justness of his acting in it, the rest, both those who like him upon the whole, as well as those who profess to see little that is good in him, will be very apt to let it pass by them without observing it.

"Like most men, however, Kean receives a partial reward, at least, for his sacrifice of the praise of the many to what he thinks the truth. For

when he passes from the state of natural repose, even into that of gentle motion and ordinary discourse, he is at once filled with a spirit and life which he makes every one feel who is not armour-proof against him. This helps to the sparkling brightness and warmth of his playing; the grand secret of which, like that of colours in a picture, lies in a just contrast. We can all speculate concerning the general rules upon this; but when the man of genius gives us their results, how few are there who can trace them out with an observant eye, or look with a full pleasure upon the grand whole. Perhaps this very beauty in Kean has helped to an opinion, which, no doubt, is sometimes true, that he is too sharp and abrupt. For I well remember, while once looking at a picture in which the shadow of a mountain fell in strong outline upon a stream, I overheard some quite sensible people expressing their wonder that the artist should have made the water of two colours, seeing it was all one and the same thing.

"Instances of Kean's keeping of situations were very striking in the opening of the trial scene in the Iron Chest, and in Hamlet when the father's ghost tells the story of his death.

"The determined composure to which he is bent up in the first, must be present with every one who saw him. And, though from my immediate purpose, shall I pass by the startling and appalling change, when madness seized upon his brain with the deadly swiftness and power of a fanged monster! Wonderfully as this last part was played, we cannot well imagine how much the previous calm and the suddenness of the unlooked-for change from it added to the terror of the scene.—The temple stood fixed on its foundations; the

earthquake shook it, and it was a heap.—Is this one of Kean's violent contrasts?

"While Kean listened in Hamlet to the father's story, the entire man was absorbed in deep attention, mingled with a tempered awe. His posture was quite simple, with a slight inclination forward. The spirit was the spirit of his father whom he had loved and reverenced, and who was to that moment ever present in his thoughts. The first superstitious terror at meeting him had passed off. The account of his father's appearance given him by Horatio and the watch, and his having followed him some distance, had in a degree familiarized him to the sight, and he stood before us in the stillness of one who was to hear, then or never, what was to be told, but without that eager reaching forward which other players give, and which would be right, perhaps, in any character but that of Hamlet, who always connects with the present the past and what is to come, and mingles reflection with his immediate feelings, however deep.

"As an instance of Kean's familiar, and, if I may be allowed the term, domestic acting, the first scene in the fourth act of his Sir Giles Overreach may be taken. His manner at meeting Lovell, and through the conversation with him, the way in which he turns his chair and leans upon it, were all as easy and natural as they could have been in real life had Sir Giles been actually existing, and engaged at that moment in conversation in Lovell's room.

"It is in these things, scarcely less than in the more prominent parts of his playing, that Kean shows himself the great actor. He must always make a deep impression; but to suppose the world at large capable of a right estimate of his

various powers, would be forming a judgment against every-day proof. The gradual manner in which the character of his playing has opened upon me, satisfies me that in acting, as in every thing else, however great may be the first effect of genius upon us, we come slowly, and through study, to a perception of its minute beauties and fine characteristics; and that, after all, the greater part of men seldom get beyond the first vague and general impression.

"As there must needs go a *modicum* of fault-finding along with commendation, it may be proper to remark, that Kean plays his hands too much at times, and moves about the dress over his breast and neck too frequently in his hurried and impatient passages,— that he does not always adhere with sufficient accuracy to the received readings of Shakspere, and that the effect would be greater upon the whole, were he to be more sparing of sudden change from violent voice and gesticulation to a low conversation tone and subdued manner.

"His frequent use of these in Sir Giles Overreach is with great effect, for Sir Giles is playing his part; so, too, in Lear, for Lear's passions are gusty and shifting; but, in the main, it is a kind of playing too marked and striking to bear frequent repetition, and had better sometimes be spared,—where, considered alone, it might be properly enough used,—for the sake of bringing it in at some other place with greater effect.

"It is well to speak of these defects, for though the little faults of genius, in themselves considered, but slightly affect those who can enter into its true character, yet such persons are made impatient at the thought that an opportunity is given those to carp who know not how to commend.

"Though I have taken up a good deal of room, I must end without speaking of many things which occur to me. Some will be of the opinion that I have already said enough. Thinking of Kean as I do, I could not honestly have said less; for I hold it to be a low and wicked thing to keep back from merit of any kind its due,—and, with Steele, that there is 'something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.'

"Although the self-important, out of self-concern, give praise sparingly, and the mean measure theirs by their likings or dislikings of a man, and the good even are often slow to allow the talents of the faulty their due, lest they bring the evil into repute, yet it is the wiser as well as the honester course, not to take away from an excellence because it neighbours upon a fault, nor to disparage another with a view to our own name, nor to rest our character for discernment upon the promptings of an unkind heart. Where God has not feared to bestow great powers, we may not fear giving them their due; nor need we be parsimonious of commendation, as if there were but a certain quantity for distribution, and our liberality would be to our loss; nor should we hold it safe to detract from another's merit, as if we could always keep the world blind; lest we live to see him whom we disparaged praised, and whom we hated loved.

"Whatever be his failings, give every man a full and ready commendation for that in which he excels; it will do good to our own hearts, while it cheers his. Nor will it bring our judgment into question with the discerning; for strong enthusiasm for what is great does not argue such an unhappy want of discrimination, as that measured and cold approval which is bestowed alike upon men of mediocrity, and upon those of gifted minds."

CHILDREN.

FROM "DOMESTIC LIFE."

"'HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy,' says Wordsworth. And who of us that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, who has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child?—who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man; and tell him in a way, which all else he has read or heard never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

"If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about every thing, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of—their fanciful combinations and magic inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances and the common things which surround them, strange events and little ideal worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, is study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us also, not too officiously to regulate what we so little understand. The still musing and deep abstraction in which they sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system with all its pride and jargon, confusing their

brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise.

"When children are lying about seemingly idle and dull, we, who have become case-hardened by time and satiety, forget that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that every sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadow and passing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that the little circumstances and the material world about them make their first school, and will be the instructors and former of their characters for life.

"And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whole acts, with its countless parts fitted to each other, and moving in harmony. There are none of us who have stolen softly behind a child when labouring in a sunny corner digging a lilliputian well, or fencing a six-inch barn-yard, and listened to his soliloquies and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crossed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

"A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked long in a bad course, yet if he has a love of children, and can take pleasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon—something which can love simplicity and truth. I have seen one in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself the plaything of a set of riotous children with as much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and have felt as much of kindness and sympathy toward him as I

have of revolting toward another who has gone through life with all due propriety, with a cold and supercilious bearing toward children, which makes them shrinking and still. I have known one like the latter attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there was a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children."

THE MURDER.

FROM "PAUL FLETCHER."

"Paul drew near the house and watched till the last light was put out—"The innocent and guilty both sleep.—all but Paul! Not even the grave will be a resting-place for me! They hunt and drive me to the deed; and when 'tis done, will snatch the abhorred soul to fires and tortures. Why should I rest more? The bosom I slept sweetly on—blissful dreams stealing over me—the bosom that to my delighted soul seemed all fond and faithful—why, what harboured in it? Lust, and deceit, and sly, plotting thoughts, showing love where they most loathed. They stung me,—ay, in my sleep, crept out upon me and stung me,—poisoned my very soul—hot, burning poisons!—Peace, peace, your promptings, ye that put me to this deed,—drive me not mad. Am I not about it?'

"He walked up cautiously to the door, and taking a key from his pocket, unlocked it, and

went in. There was now a suspense of all feeling in him. He entered the parlour. His wife's shawl was hanging on the back of a chair; books in which he had read to her were lying upon the table, and her work-table near it, open. His eye passed over them, but there was no emotion. He left the room and ascended the stairs with a slow, soft step, stealing through his own house cautiously as a thief. He unlocked the door of his dressing-room, and passed on without noticing any part of it. His hand shook as he partly opened his wife's chamber-door. He listened—all was still. He cast his eye around, then entered and shut the door after him. He walked up by the side of her bed without turning his eyes toward it, and seated himself down upon it by her. Then it was he dared to look on her, as she lay in all her beauty, wrapt in a sleep so gentle he could not hear her breathing. She looked as if an angel talked to her in her dreams. Her dark, glossy hair had fallen over her bright fair neck and bosom, and the moonlight, striking through it, pencilled it in beautiful thready shadows on her.

"Paul sat for awhile with folded arms, looking down on her. His eye moved not, and in his dark face was the unchanging hardness of stone. His mind appeared elsewhere. There was no longer feeling in him. He seemed waiting the order of some stern power. The command at last came. He laid his hand upon her heart and felt its regular beat; then drew the knife from his bosom. Once more he laid his hand upon her heart; then put the point there. He pressed his eyes close with one hand, and the knife sunk to the handle. There was a convulsive start and a groan. He looked on her. A slight flutter passed over her frame, and her filmy eyes opened on him

once; but he looked as senseless as the body that lay before him. The moon shone fully on the corpse, and on him that sat by it; and the silent night went on. By-and-bye up came the sun in the hot flushed sky, and sent his rays over them. Paul moved not, nor heeded the change. There was no noise nor motion—there were they two together, like two of the dead.

"At last Esther's attendant, entering suddenly, saw the gloomy figure of Paul before her. She ran out with a cry of terror, and in a moment the room was filled with servants. The old man came in trembling and weak; no tear was wrung from him, nor a groan. He bowed his head as saying, —It is done.

"The alarm was given, and Frank, with the neighbours, went up to the chamber. Though the room was nearly full, not a sound was heard. The stillness seemed to spread from Paul and the dead over all. Frank and some others came near him and stood before him; but he continued looking on his wife, as he sat with his crossed hands resting on his thigh; while the one which had done the murder still held the bloody knife.

"No one moved. At last they looked at each other, and one of them took Paul by the wrist. He turned his slow, heavy eye on them, as if asking who they were, and what they wanted. They instinctively shrunk back, letting go their hold, and his arm fell like a dead man's.

"There was a movement near the door; and presently Abel stood directly before Paul, his hands drawn between his knees, his body distorted and writhing as with pain . . . There was a gleam and glitter, and something of a laugh and anguish, too, in his crazed eye, as it flitted back and forth from Esther to Paul. At last Paul glanced upon him.

At the sight of Abel he gave a shuddering start that shook the room. He looked once more on his wife.—'Esther!' he gasped out, tossing up his arms as he threw himself forward. He struck the bed and fell to the floor. Abel looked and saw his face black with the rush of blood to the head; then giving a leap at which he nearly touched the ceiling, with a deafening shriek that wrung through the house, darted out of the chamber, and, at a spring, reached the outer door.

"They felt of Paul.—Life had left him.

"Frank took the father from the room. Preparations were hastily made; and about the close of the day Esther's body, followed by a few neighbours and friends, was carried to the grave. The grave-yard was not far from the foot of the stony ridge. As they drew near it, the sun was just going down, and the sky clear and of a bright warm glow. Presently a figure was seen running and darting in crossing movements along the top of the ridge, leaping from point to point more like a creature of the air than of the earth, for it hardly seemed to touch on any thing. It was mad Abel. So swift and shooting were his motions, and so quickly did he leap and dance to and fro, that it appeared to the dazzled eye as if there were hundreds holding their hellish revels in the air; and now and then a wild laugh reached the mourners, that seemed to come out from the still sky. When it was night, the men who had made Paul's grave a little without the consecrated ground came to the house, and taking up the body moved off toward the place in which they were to lay it.—No bell tolled for the departed; no one followed to mourn over him, as he was laid in the ground away from man, or to hear the earth fall on his coffin—that

sound which makes us feel as if our living bodies, too, were crumbling into dust.

"It had been a chilly night; and while the frost was yet heavy on the grass, some of the neighbours went to wonder and moralize over Paul's grave. There appeared something singular upon it. They ventured timidly on, and found lying across it poor Abel. He was apparently dead; and some of the boldest took hold of him. He opened his eyes a little and uttered a faint weak cry. They dropped their hold, his limbs quivered and stretched out rigid—then relaxed. His breath came once, broken and quick—it was his last."

LOVE.

FROM "EDWARD AND MARY."

"To love deeply and to believe our love returned, and yet to be sensible that we should not make our love known, is one of the hardest trials a man can undergo. It asks the more of us, because the passion is the most secret in our natures. All sympathy is distasteful except that of one being, and that, in such a case, we must deny ourselves. In our sorrow at the loss of friends, if we shun direct and proffered consolations, we love the assuagings which another's pity administers to us in the gentle tones, mild manners, kind looks, and numberless little notices which happen in the numberless affairs of daily life. But the man that loves is unhappy, starts at a soothing voice as if he were betrayed; eyes turned in affectionate regard upon him, seem to search his heart; his way is not in

the path of other men, and his suffering must be borne unseen and alone.

"This severance from the world, this desertion of intercourse with man, gives a bitterness to grief greater than any evil life shares in, and yet here we drink it of ourselves; we make our own solitude, root up the flowers in it, and watch them as they wither; we lay it bare of beauty and make it empty of life, and then feel as if others had spoiled us and left us to perish. Relief from troubles may be found in society and employment; but unprosperous love goes everywhere with a man; his thoughts are for ever upon it; it is in him and around him like the air, breaking his night rest, and causing him to hide himself from the morning light. The music of the open sky sings a dirge over his joys, and the strong trees of the forest droop over the grave of all he held dear."

IDEAL CHARACTER OF A TRUE LIFE.

FROM "MUSINGS."

"To the man of fine feeling and deep and delicate and creative thought, there is nothing in nature which appears only as so much substance and form, nor any connections in life which do not reach beyond their immediate and obvious purposes. Our attachments to each other are not felt by him merely as habits of the mind given to it by the customs of life; nor does he hold them to be only as the goods of this world, and the loss of them as merely turning him forth an

outcast from the social state; but they are a part of his joyous being, and to have them torn from him, is taking from his very nature.

"Life, indeed, with him, in all its connections and concerns, has an ideal and spiritual character, which, while it loses nothing of the definiteness of reality, is for ever suggesting thoughts, taking new relations, and peopling and giving action to the imagination. All that the eye falls upon and all that touches the heart, run off into airy distance, and the regions into which the sight stretches are alive and bright and beautiful with countless shapings and fair hues of the gladdened fancy. From kind acts and gentle words and fond looks there spring hosts many and glorious as Milton's angels; and heavenly deeds are done, and unearthly voices heard, and forms and faces, graceful and lovely as Uriel's, are seen in the noonday sun. What would only have given pleasure for time to another, or, at most, be now and then called up in his memory, in the man of feeling and imagination, lays by its particular and short-lived and irregular nature, and puts on the garments of spiritual beings, and takes the everlasting nature of the soul. The ordinary acts which spring from the good will of social life, take up their dwelling within him and mingle with his sentiment, forming a little society in his mind, going on in harmony with its generous enterprises, its friendly labours, and tasteful pursuits. They undergo a change, becoming a portion of him, making a part of his secret joy and melancholy, and wandering at large among his far-off thoughts. All that his mind falls in with, it sweeps along in its deep and swift and continuous flow, and bears onward with the multitude that fills its shoreless and living sea."

CHAPTER VIII.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born at Cummington, in Massachusetts, on the third day of November, 1794. His father, a well-educated and popular physician, was familiar with the best English literature, and perceiving in his son early indications of superior genius, he attended carefully to his instruction, taught him the art of composition, and guided his literary taste. He is alluded to in several of our author's poems, especially in "The Hymn to Death," written in 1825,* in which an eloquent tribute is paid to his memory.

"Alas, I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus,
Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offer'd me to the muses. Oh, cut off

* The Hymn to Death was principally written in 1820, but the death of his father occurring afterward, the lines quoted above were added in 1825, and the poem was then published in the New York Review.

Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Repin'd by years of toil and studious search
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes
And on hard cheeks; and they who doom'd thy skill
Delay'd their death-hour, shudder'd and turn'd pale
When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou
Shall not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
To offer at thy grave—this, and the hope
To copy thy example, and to leave
A name of which the wretched shall not think
As of an enemy's, whom they forgive
As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore, thou
Whose early guidance train'd my infant steps,—
Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep
Of death is over, and a happier life
Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust."

Among instances of literary precocity, there are few recorded more remarkable than that of Bryant. Tasso, when nine years old, wrote some lines to his mother, which have been praised; COWLEY at ten, finished his "Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe;" POPE, when twelve, the "Ode to Solitude;" and the "wonderous boy CHATTERTON," at the same age, some verses entitled "A hymn for Christmas Day;" but none of these pieces evidence the possession of more genius than is displayed in Bryant's "Embargo" and "Spanish Revo-

lution," written in his thirteenth year.† These were printed, in a thin volume, "for the author," at Boston, in 1808, and passed to a second edition in 1809.‡

In 1810, the youthful satirist entered Williams College, where he was distinguished above any of his classmates for his proficiency in languages and polite letters. After remaining in that seminary two years, he solicited and obtained an honourable dismissal, and entered as a student the law office of Mr. Justice Howe, and afterward that of the Honourable

† His earliest attempts in poetry were made when he was between nine and ten years old. One of his pieces, written in this period, appeared in the columns of a country gazette at Northampton.

‡ The following advertisement was prefixed to the second edition of the "Embargo," in consequence of the expression of some doubts in regard to the author's age, in one of the magazines:

"A doubt having been intimated in the Monthly Anthology of June last, whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem—in justice to his merits, the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. They would premise, that they do not come uncalled before the public to bear this testimony—they would prefer that he should be judged by his works, without favour or affection. As the doubt has been suggested, they deem it merely an act of justice to remove it—after which they leave him a candidate for favour in common with other literary adventurers. They, therefore, assure the public, that Mr. Bryant, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice; and if it be deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is enabled to disclose their names and places of residence.

"*February*, 1809."

William Baylies. He was admitted to the bar at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1815, and followed his profession until 1825, when he removed to the City of New York.

In 1821, Bryant published at Cambridge a volume containing The Ages, Thanatopsis,* To a Water-Fowl, Green River, The Yellow Violet, Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood, and other pieces, which established his reputation as one of the first poets of the time. In The Ages, from a survey of the past eras of the world, and of the successive advances of mankind in knowledge, virtue and happiness, he

The following lines, though by no means the most vigorous in the satire, will serve to show its style :—

"E'en while I sing, see Faction urge her claim,
Mislead with falsehood, and with zeal inflame;
Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride.
She blows her brazen trump, and, at the sound,
A motley throng, obedient, flock around;
A mist of changing hue o'er all she flings,
And darkness perches on her dragon wings!
"O, might some patriot rise! the gloom dispel,
Chase Error's mist, and break her magic spell!
But vain the wish, for, hark! the murmuring meed
Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed;
Enter, and view the thronging concourse there,
Intent, with gaping mouth and stupid stare;
While, in the midst, their supple leather stands,
Harangues aloud, and flourishes his hands;
To adulation tunes his servile throat,
And sues, successful, for each blockhead's vote."

The "Embargo" was directed against President Jefferson and his measures, and caused considerable amusement at the time of its publication. It has recently been quoted to prove an inconsistency in the political course of Mr. Bryant; but the absurdity of contrasting the opinions of thirteen with those of forty-eight is so apparent, that it is necessary only to allude to it.

* "Thanatopsis" was written in his eighteenth year.

endeavours to justify and confirm the hopes of the philanthropist for the future destinies of man.

Lo! unveil'd,
The scenes of those stern ages! What is there!
A boundless sea of blood, and the wild air
Moans with the crimson surges that entomb
Cities and banner'd armies; forms that wear
The kingly circlet, rise, amid the gloom,
O'er the dark wave, and straight are swallow'd in its womb.

Those ages have no memory—but they left
A record in the desert—columns strewn
On the waste sands, and statues fallen and cleft,
Heap'd, like a host in battle overthrown;
Vast ruins, where the mountain's ribs of stone
Were hewn into a city; streets that spread
In the dark earth, where never breath has blown
Of heaven's sweet air, nor foot of man dares tread
The long and perilous ways—the cities of the dead.

And tombs of monarchs to the clouds up-piled—
They perish'd—but the eternal tombs remain—
And the black precipice, abrupt and wild,
Pierced by long toil and hollow'd to a fane;—
Huge piers and frowning forms of gods sustain
The everlasting arches, dark and wide,
Like the night of heaven when clouds are black with rain.
But idly skill was task'd, and strength was plied,
All was the work of slaves, to swell a despot's pride.

This is the only poem he has written in the stanza of SPENSER. In his versification it is not inferior to the best passage of the Faerie Queene or Childe Harold, and its splendid imagery and pure philosophy are as remarkable as the power it displays over language.

In 1832 Mr. Bryant engaged in a scheme of joint-stock authorship, with Miss Sedgwick, Mr. Sands, Mr. Paulding, and Mr. Leggett, who had now become his associate in the editorship of the "Evening Post." Sands, who was very fond of this sort of partnerships, probably suggested the work, and brought its parts together. It was called "Tales of Glauber Spa," and Mr. Bryant's contributions were "The Skeleton Cave," and "Medfield," stories not superior to some of his earlier publications in this line, but exhibiting in a somewhat striking manner the characteristics of his mind, his minute observation, and his tendency to trace effects to their causes.

In 1834 and 1835 he travelled with his family in Europe; the spring of 1843 was passed in the valley of the Mississippi, the Floridas, and the Southern Atlantic States; and in 1844 he made a second visit to Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. He wrote letters descriptive of these various tours, which were published during his absence in the "Evening Post," and are among the most interesting accounts of travel that have appeared in this country; graphic, original, judicious, and marked by the independence of feeling and taste in expression which might be expected to distinguish his compositions.

By far the most important of Mr. Bryant's prose writings are those which have appeared in the columns of the "Evening Post," in the ordinary course of his editorial labours. It is now twenty years since he became one of the conductors of that journal, and during all this period he has taken an active part in political controversies, and exerted a powerful influence over public opinion. A strict interpreter of the powers granted by the constitution to the federal government, he has opposed internal improvements, and been a sleepless and an active enemy of a national bank; in favour of perfect freedom of trade, both at home and in our intercourse with foreign nations, he has assailed constantly and earnestly all special charters for business purposes, and the policy of protecting our industry by discriminating tariffs; and an advocate of unrestricted liberty in discussion, he has denounced with fervid eloquence the blind servility to sections or to parties which has prevented at any time the proper canvassing of political, social, or religious principles, and the cowardly apathy of the magistracy which has so often permitted public meetings to be disturbed, and the lives of the asserters of unpopular doctrines to be endangered, by that portion of the community which by mob power enacts its treasons against humanity.

Mr. Bryant is the leading journalist of his party, which is honoured in having so illustrious a person among its champions. The force and honesty of his mind enable him to triumph over custom and prejudice. He is nearly

always in advance of his colleagues in the avowal of doctrines and the advocacy of measures, and his unquestioned ability and unbending independence check continually the schemes of the less able and more unscrupulous whose rules are plunder and expediency instead of principle.

His style is clear and pointed, his sentences smooth and compact, his illustrations frequent and happily conceived, and his articles have a manifest sincerity and integrity of purpose which secure attention and respect from readers of all opinions.

THREE NIGHTS IN A CAVERN.

FROM "TALES OF GLAUBER-SPA."

[The characters of "The Skeleton's Cave," one of the contributions of Mr. Bryant to the "Tales of Glauber-Spa," are Father Ambrose, an aged Catholic priest; Le Maire, a gay sportsman, of French origin; and his niece, a young Anglo-American. The following extracts will convey some impression of the style and spirit of the story.]

INTRODUCTION.

"We hold our existence at the mercy of the elements; the life of Man is a state of continual vigilance against their warfare. The heats of noon would wither him like the severed herb; the chills and dews of night would fill his bones with pain; the winter frost would extinguish life in an hour; the hail would smite him to death, did he not seek shelter and protection against them. His

clothing is the perpetual armour he wears for his defence, and his dwelling the fortress to which he retreats for safety. Yet, even there the elements attack him; the winds overthrow his habitation; the waters sweep it away. The fire, that warmed and brightened it within, seizes upon its walls and consumes it, with his wretched family. The Earth, where she seems to spread a paradise for his abode, sends up death in exhalations from her bosom; and the heavens dart down lightnings to destroy him. The drought consumes the harvests on which he relied for sustenance, or the rains cause the green corn to 'rot ere its youth attains a beard.' A sudden blast ingulfs him in the waters of the lake or bay from which he seeks his food; a false step, or a broken twig, precipitates him from the tree which he had climbed for its fruit; oaks falling in the storm, rocks toppling down from the precipices, are so many dangers which beset his life. Even his erect attitude is a continual affront to the great law of gravitation, which is sometimes fatally avenged when he loses the balance preserved by constant care, and falls on a hard surface. The very arts on which he relies for protection from the unkindness of the elements betray him to the fate he would avoid, in some moment of negligence, or by some misdirection of skill, and he perishes miserably by his own inventions. Amid these various causes of accidental death, which thus surround us at every moment, it is only wonderful that their proper effect is not oftener produced—so admirably has the Framer of the universe adapted the faculties by which Man provides for his safety, to the perils of the condition in which he is placed. Yet there are situations in which all his skill and strength are vain to protect him from a violent death, by some

unexpected chance which executes upon him a sentence as severe and inflexible as the most pitiless tyranny of human despotism."

THE PARTY.

"The ecclesiastic had taken the hat from his brow that he might enjoy the breeze which played lightly about the cliffs; and the coolness of which was doubly grateful after the toil of the ascent. In doing this he uncovered a high and ample forehead, such as artists love to couple with the features of old age, when they would represent a countenance at once noble and venerable. This is the only feature of the human face which Time spares: he dims the lustre of the eye; he shrivels the cheek, he destroys the firm or sweet expression of the mouth; he thins and whitens the hairs; but the forehead, that temple of Thought, is beyond his reach, or rather, it shows more grand and lofty for the ravages which surround it.

"The two persons whom he addressed were much younger. One of them was in the pride of manhood and personal strength, rather tall, and of a vigorous make. He wore a hunting-cap, from the lower edge of which curled a profusion of strong dark hair, rather too long for the usual mode in the Atlantic States, shading a fresh-coloured countenance, lighted by a pair of full black eyes, the expression of which was compounded of boldness and good-humour. His dress was a blue frock-coat trimmed with yellow fringe, and bound by a sash at the waist, deer-skin pantaloons, and deer-skin 'mocassins. He carried a short rifle upon his left shoulder; and wore on his left side a leather bag of rather ample dimensions,

and on his right a powder-flask. It was evident that he was either a hunter by occupation, or at least one who made hunting his principal amusement; and there was something in his air, and the neatness of his garb and equipments, that bespoke the latter.

"On the arm of this person leaned the third individual of the party, a young woman apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age, slender and graceful as a youthful student of the classic poets might imagine a wood-nymph. She was plainly attired in a straw hat and a dress of russet-colour, fitted for a ramble through that wild forest. The faces of her two companions were decidedly French in their physiognomy; hers was as decidedly Anglo-American. Her brown hair was parted away from a forehead of exceeding fairness, more compressed on the sides than is usual with the natives of England; and showing in the profile that approach to the Grecian outline which is remarked among their descendants in America. To complete the picture, imagine a quiet blue eye, features delicately moulded, and just colour enough on her cheek to make it interesting to watch its changes as it deepened or grew paler with the varying and flitting emotions which slight cause will call up in a youthful maiden's bosom."

THE APPROACH TO THE CAVE.

"The spot on which they now stood commanded a view of a wide extent of uncultivated and uninhabited country. An eminence interposed to hide from sight the village they had left; and on every side were the summits of the boundless forest, here and there diversified with a hollow of softer

and richer verdure, where the hurricane, a short time before, had descended to lay prostrate the gigantic trees, and a young growth had shot up in their stead. Solitary savannahs opened in the depth of the woods, and far off a lonely stream was flowing away in silence, sometimes among venerable trees, and sometimes through natural meadows, crimson with blossoms. All around them was the might, the majesty of vegetable life, untamed by the hand of Man, and pampered by the genial elements into boundless luxuriance. The ecclesiastic pointed out to his companions the peculiarities of the scenery; he expatiated on the flowery beauty of those unshorn lawns; and on the lofty growth, and the magnificence and variety which distinguish the American forests, so much the admiration of those who have only seen the groves of Europe."

THE ENTRANCE, AND INTERIOR.

"The circumstance which first struck the attention of the party was the profound and solemn stillness of the place. The most quiet day has under the open sky its multitude of sounds—the lapse of waters, the subtle motions of the apparently slumbering air among forests, grasses, and rocks, the flight and note of insects, the voices of animals, the rising of exhalations, the mighty process of change, of perpetual growth and decay, going on all over the earth, produce a chorus of noises which the hearing cannot analyse—which, though it may seem to you silence, is not so; and when from such a scene you pass directly into one of the rocky chambers of the earth, you perceive your error by the contrast. As the three

went forward they passed through a heap of dry leaves lightly piled, which the winds of the last autumn had blown into the cave from the summit of the surrounding forest, and the rustling made by their steps sounded strangely loud amid that death-like silence. A spacious cavern presented itself to their sight, the roof of which near the entrance was low, but several places beyond it rose to a great height, where the smoke of the torch, ascending, mingled with the darkness, but the flame did not reveal the face of the vault."

THE RETURN—THE STORM—THE IMPRISONMENT.

"On reaching again the mouth of the cave, they were struck with the change in the aspect of the heavens. Dark heavy clouds, the round summits of which were seen one behind the other, were rapidly rising in the west; and through the greyish blue haze which suffused the sky before them, the sun appeared already shorn of his beams. A sound was heard afar of mighty winds contending with the forest, and the thunder rolled at a distance.

"'We may stay, at least, until the storm is over,' said Father Ambrose; 'it will be upon us before we could descend these cliffs. Let us watch it from where we stand above the tops of these old woods: I can promise you it will be a magnificent spectacle?'

"Emily, though she would gladly have left the cave, could say nothing against the propriety of this advice; and even Le Maire, notwithstanding that he declared he had rather see a well-loaded table at that moment than all the storms that ever blew, preferred remaining to the manifest inconve-

nience of attempting a descent. In a few moments the dark array of clouds swept over the face of the sun, and a tumult in the woods announced the coming of the blast. The summits of the forest waved and stooped before it, like a field of young flax in the summer breeze,—another and fiercer gust descended,—another and stronger convulsion of the forest ensued. The trees rocked backward and forward, leaned and rose, and tossed and swung their branches in every direction, and the whirling air above them was filled with their leafy spoils. The roar was tremendous,—the noise of the ocean in a tempest is not louder,—it seemed as if that innumerable multitude of giants of the wood raised a universal voice of wailing under the fury that smote and tormented them. At length the rain began to fall, first in large and rare drops, and then thunder burst over head, and waters of the firmament poured down in torrents, and the blast that howled in the woods fled before them as if from an element that it feared. The trees again stood erect, and nothing was heard but the rain beating heavily on the immense canopy of leaves around, and the occasional crashings of the thunder, accompanied by flashes of lightning, that threw a vivid light upon the walls of the cavern. The priest and his companions stood contemplating this scene in silence, when a rushing of water close at hand was heard. Father Ambrose showed the others where a stream, formed from the rains collected on the highlands above, descended on the crag that overhung the mouth of the cavern, and shooting clear of the rocks on which they stood, fell in spray to the broken fragments at the base of the precipice.

"A gust of wind drove the rain into the opening where they stood, and obliged them to retire

farther within. The priest suggested that they should examine that part of the cave which, in going to the skeleton's chamber, they had passed on the left, observing however, that he believed it was no otherwise remarkable than for its narrowness and its length. Le Maire and Emily assented, and the former taking up the torch which he had stuck in the ground, they went back into the interior. They had just reached the spot where the two passages diverged from each other, when a hideous and intense glare of light filled the cavern, showing for an instant the walls, the roof, the floor, and every crag and recess, with the distinctness of the broadest sunshine. A frightful crash accompanied it, consisting of several sharp and deafening explosions, as if the very heart of the mountain were rent asunder by the lightning, and immediately after, a body of immense weight seemed to fall at their feet with a heavy sound, and a shock that caused the place where they stood to tremble as if shaken by an earthquake. A strong blast of air rushed past them, and a suffocating odour filled the cavern.

"Father Ambrose had fallen upon his knees in mental prayer, at the explosion; but the blast from the mouth of the cavern threw him to the earth. He raised himself, however, immediately, and found himself in utter silence and darkness, save that a living image of that insufferable glare floated yet before his eyeballs. He called first upon Emily, who did not answer, then upon Le Maire, who replied from the ground a few paces nearer the entrance of the cave. He also had been thrown prostrate, and the torch he carried was extinguished. It was but the work of a moment to kindle it again, and they soon discovered Emily extended near them in a swoon.

"'Let us bear her to the mouth of the cavern,' said Le Maire; 'the fresh air from without will revive her.' He took her in his arms, but on arriving at the spot he placed her suddenly on the ground, and raising both hands, exclaimed, with an accent of despair, 'The rock is fallen!—the entrance is closed!' It was but too evident,—Father Ambrose needed but a single look to convince him of its truth,—the huge rock which impended over the entrance had been loosened by the thunder-bolt, and had fallen upon the floor of the cave, closing all return to the outer world.

THE THIRD DAY.

On the third day the cavern presented a more gloomy spectacle than it had done at any time since the fall of the rock took place. It was now about eleven o'clock in the morning, and the shrill singing of the wind about the cliffs, and through the crevice, which now admitted a dimmer light than on the day previous, announced the approach of a storm from the south. The hope of relief from without was growing fainter and fainter as the time passed on; and the sufferings of the prisoners became more poignant. The approach of the storm, too, could only be regarded as an additional misfortune, since it would probably prevent or obstruct for that day the search which was making for them. They were all three in the outer and larger apartment of the cave. Emily was at a considerable distance from the entrance reclining on a kind of seat formed of large stones, and overspread with a covering of withered leaves. There was enough of light to show that she was exceedingly pale; that her eyes were closed, and

that the breath came thick and pantingly through her parted lips, which alone of all her features retained the colour of life. Faint with watching, with want of sustenance, and with anxiety, she had lain herself down on this rude couch, which the care of her companions had provided for her, and had sunk into a temporary slumber. The priest stood close to the mouth of the cave leaning against the wall, with his arms folded, himself scarcely changed in appearance, except that his cheek seemed somewhat more emaciated, and his eyes were lighted up with a kind of solemn and preternatural brightness. Le Maire, with a spot of fiery red on each cheek,—his hair staring wildly in every direction, and his eyes bloodshot, was pacing the cavern floor to and fro, carrying his rifle, occasionally stopping to examine the priming, or to peck the flint; and sometimes standing still for a moment, as if lost in thought. . . .

"'My good friend,' said the priest, approaching him, 'you forget what grounds of hope yet remain to us; indeed, the probability of our escape is scarcely less to-day than it was yesterday. The fall of the rock may be discovered by some one passing this way, and he may understand that it is possible we are confined here. While our existence is prolonged there is no occasion for despair. You should endeavour, my son, to compose yourself, and to rely on the goodness of that Power who has never forsaken you.'

"'Compose myself!' answered Le Maire, who had listened impatiently to this exhortation; 'compose myself! Do you not know that there are those here who will not suffer me to be tranquil for a moment? Last night I was twice awakened, just as I had fallen asleep, by a voice pronouncing my name, as audibly as I hear yours just now;

and the second time, I looked to where the skeleton lies, and the foul thing had half risen itself from the rock, and was beckoning me to come and place myself by its side. Can you wonder if I slept no more after that!'

"'My son, these are but the dreams of a fever."

"'And then, whenever I go by myself, I hear low voices and titterings of laughter from the recesses of the rocks. They mock me, that I a free hunter, a denizen of the woods and prairies, a man whose liberty was never restrained for a moment, should be entrapped in this manner, and made to die like a buffalo in a pit, or like a criminal in the dungeons,—that I should consume with thirst in a land bright with innumerable rivers and springs, —that I should wither away with famine, while the woods are full of game and prairies covered with buffaloes. I could face famine if I had my liberty. I could meet death without shrinking in the sight of the sun and the earth, and in the fresh open air. I should strive to reach some habitation of my fellow creatures; I should be sustained by hope: I should travel on till I sank down with weakness and fatigue, and died on the spot. But famine made more frightful by imprisonment and inactivity, and these dreams, as you call them, that dog me asleep and awake, they are more than I can bear. Hark!' he exclaimed, after a short pause, and throwing quick and wild glances around him; 'do you hear them yonder—do you hear how they mock me!—give me the rifle.'

"'No,' said the priest, who instantly comprehended his purpose: 'I must keep the piece till you are more composed.'

"Le Maire seemed not to hear the answer, but laying his grasp on the rifle, was about to pluck it from the old man's hands. Father Ambrose

saw that the attempt to retain possession of it against his superior strength, would be vain; he therefore slipped his hand down to the lock, and cocking it, touched the trigger, and discharged it in an instant. The report awoke Emily, who came trembling and breathless to the spot.

"'What is the matter?' she asked.

"'There is no harm done, my child,' answered the priest, assuming an aspect of the most perfect composure. 'I discharged the rifle, but it was not aimed at anything, and I beg pardon for interrupting your repose at a time when you so much need it. Suffer me to conduct you back to the place you have left. Le Maire, will you assist?'

"Supported by Le Maire on one side, and by the priest on the other, Emily, scarcely able to walk from weakness, was led back to her place of repose. Returning with Le Maire, Father Ambrose entreated him to consider how much his niece stood in need of his assistance and protection. He bade him recollect that his mad haste to quit the world before called by his Maker would leave her, should she ever be released from the cavern, alone and defenceless, or at least with only an old man for her friend, who was himself hourly expecting the summons of death. He exhorted him to reflect how much, even now, in her present condition of weakness and peril, she stood in need of his aid, and conjured him not to be guilty of a pusillanimous and cowardly desertion of one so lovely, so innocent, and so dependent upon him.

"Le Maire felt the force of this appeal. A look of human pity passed across the wild expression of his countenance. He put the rifle into the hands of Father Ambrose. 'You are right,' said he; 'I am a fool, and I have been, I suspect, very

near becoming a madman. You will keep this until you are entirely willing to trust me with it. I will endeavour to combat these fancies a little longer.'

THE ESCAPE.

"In the meantime the light from the aperture grew dimmer and dimmer, and the eyes of the prisoners, though accustomed to the twilight of the cavern, became at length unable to distinguish objects at a few paces from the entrance. The priest and Le Maire had placed themselves by the couch of Emily, but rather, as it seemed, from that instinct of our race which leads us to seek each other's presence than for any purpose of conversation, for each of the party preserved a gloomy silence. The topics of speculation on their condition had been discussed to weariness, and no others had now any interest for their minds. It was no unwelcome interruption to that melancholy silence, when they heard the sound of a mighty rain pouring down upon the leafy summits of the woods, and beating against the naked walls and shelves of the precipice. The roar grew more and more distinct, and at length it seemed that they could distinguish a sort of shuddering of the earth above them, as if a mighty host was marching heavily over it. The sense of suffering was for a moment suspended in a feeling of awe and curiosity.

"'That, likewise, is the rain,' said Father Ambrose, after listening for a moment. 'The clouds must pour down a perfect cataract, when the weight of its fall is thus felt in the heart of the rock.'

"'Do you hear that noise of running water?'

asked Emily, whose quick ear had distinguished the rush of the stream formed by the collected rains over the rocks without at the mouth of the cave.

"'Would that its channel were through this cavern,' exclaimed Le Maire, starting up. 'Ah!' here we have it—we have it!—listen to the drooping of water from the roof near the entrance. And here at the aperture!' He sprang thither in an instant. A little stream detached from the main current, which descended over rocks that closed the mouth of the cave, fell in a thread of silver amid the faint light that streamed through the opening; he knelt for a moment, received it between his burning lips, and then, hastily returning, bore Emily to the spot. She held out her hollowed palm, white, thin, and semi-transparent, like a pearly shell, used for dipping up the waters from one of those sweet fountains that rise by the very edge of the sea—and as fast as it filled with the cool bright element, imbibed it with an eagerness and delight inexpressible. The priest followed her example; Le Maire also drank from the little stream as it fell, bathed in it his feverish brow, and suffered it to fall upon his sinewy neck.

"'It has given me a new hold on life,' said Le Maire, his chest distending with several full and long breathings. 'It has not only quenched that hellish thirst, but it has made my head less light, and my heart lighter. I will never speak ill of this element again—the choicest grapes of France never distilled any thing so delicious, so grateful, so life-giving. Take notice, Father Ambrose, I retract all I have ever said against water and water-drinkers. I am a sincere penitent, and shall demand absolution.'

"Father Ambrose had begun gently to reprove

Le Maire for his unseasonable levity, when Emily cried out—'The rock moves!—the rock moves! Come back—come further into the cavern!' Looking up to the vast mass that closed the entrance, he saw plainly that it was in motion, and he had just time to draw Le Maire from the spot where he had stooped down to take another draught of the stream, when a large block, which had been wedged in overhead, gave way, and fell in the very place where he left the prints of his feet. Had he remained there another instant, it must have crushed him to atoms. The prisoners, retreating within the cavern far enough to avoid the danger, but not too far for observation, stood watching the event with mingled apprehension and hope. The floor of the cave, just at the edge, on which rested the fallen rock, yawned at the fissures, where the earth with which they were filled had become saturated and swelled with water, and unable any longer to support the immense weight, settled away, at first slowly, under it, and finally, along with its incumbent load, fell suddenly and with a tremendous crash to the base of the precipice, letting the light of day and the air of heaven into the cavern. The thunder of that disruption was succeeded by the fall of a few large fragments of rock on the right and left, after which the priest and his companions heard only the fall of the rain and the heavy sighing of the wind in the forest.

"Father Ambrose and Emily knelt involuntarily in thanksgiving at their unexpected deliverance. Le Maire, although unused to the devotional mood, observing their attitude, had bent his knee to imitate it, when a glance at the outer world, now laid open to his sight, made him start again to his feet with an exclamation of delight. The other two arose also, and turned to the broad opening which

now looked out from the cave over the forest. On one side of this opening rushed the torrent whose friendly waters had undermined the rock at the entrance, and now dashed themselves against its shivered fragments below. It is not for me to attempt to describe how beautiful appeared to their eyes that world which they feared never again to see, or how grateful to their senses was that fresh and fragrant air of the forests which they thought never to breathe again. The light, although the sky was thick with clouds and rain, was almost too intense for their vision, and they shaded their brows with their hands as they looked forth upon that scene of woods, and meadows, and waters, fairer to their view than it had ever appeared in the most glorious sunshine.

Professor Wilson, in "Blackwood's Magazine," thus speaks of Bryant's productions:—"Many of them have appeared at various times in periodical publications; and now collected together for the first time by Washington Irving, (it is delightful to see such service done by one man of genius to another,) they make a most interesting volume. 'They appear to me,' says the amiable editor, 'to belong to the best school of English poetry, and to be entitled to rank among the highest of their class. The British public has already expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters, contained in the works of our national novelist, Cooper. The same keen eye and just feeling for Nature, the same indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery, which

give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterise this volume, condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry.'

"To the American scenery and woodland characters, then, let us first of all turn; and while we here find much to please, we must strongly express our dissent from Mr. Irving's opinion, that in such delineations Bryant is equal to Cooper. He may be as true to Nature, as far as he goes; but Cooper's pictures are infinitely richer in 'local peculiarity of imagery;' and in 'indigenous style of thinking,' too, the advantage lies with the novelist. But Bryant is never extravagant, which Cooper often is, who too frequently mars by gross exaggeration the effect of his pictures of external Nature. The poet appears to be 'a man of milder mood' than the romancer; and of finer taste. But there is nothing in the whole volume comparable in original power to many descriptions in the 'Prairie,' and the 'Spy.' Neither do we approve the unconsidered praise implied in the somewhat pedantic expressions, 'condensed into a narrower compass and sublimated into poetry.' None of these poems are long; but condensation is not by any means their distinguishing merit, especially of the descriptive passages; we see much simplicity, but no sublimation; and to us the chief charm of Bryant's genius consists in a tender pensive, a moral melancholy, breathing over all his contemplations, dreams, and reveries, even such as in the main are glad, and giving assurance of a pure spirit, benevolent to all liv-

ing creatures, and habitually pious in the felt omnipresence of the Creator. His poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth calls the 'religion of the woods.' "

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.

"STRANGER, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence these shades
Are still the abodes of gladness, the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.

Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That plucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll, a causeway rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace."

There are other three pieces in blank verse, (which Mr. Bryant writes well—better, as far as we know, than any other American poet,) "Monument Mountain," "a Winter Piece," and the "Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus." The "Winter Piece" we think the best—and it reminds us—though 'tis no imitation—of Cowper. Here is a splendid picture:

"Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the massy trunks

Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That stream with rainbow radiance as they move.
But round the parent stem the long low boughs
Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbours hide
The grassy floor. Oh! you might deem the spot,
The spacious cavern of the virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,
And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them. Or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;—
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches; and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye,—
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault:
There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud
Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light—
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

We have quoted much that is beautiful; but do our readers find in it many "graphic descriptions of American scenery"—much "indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery," "condensed into a narrow compass, and sublimated into poetry?" It seems

to us, that by leaving out a very few allusions to objects living or dead, not native with us, it might be read to any familiar lover of Nature, without his imagination being moved to leave the British isles, and fly to America. We have no right to complain that Mr. Bryant has presented us with such poetry—for much of it is exquisite; but is the scenery it paints as American as the scenery of the Task is English—and of Seasons Scottish? If it be—then there is little difference between the character of the Old World's aspect and of the New. But we feel that there is much difference—and that distinctive—while we are reading the novels of Cooper.

Be this as it may, there are sprinkled all over this volume felicitous lines, and half lines, and epithets, that, independently of the general fidelity and feeling of his descriptions, shew that Bryant has learned—

"To muse on nature with a poet's eye."

Not a few such are to be seen in the passages already quoted—and here are some charming instances.

"Lodged in sunny cleft
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little wind-flower, whose just-opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar."

A Winter Piece.

"Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest top,

And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams that in their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings."

* * * * *

"To lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds that struggle with the woods below,
Borne up like ocean murmurs."

Monument Mountain.

"All silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the rich flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing."

* * * * *

"Lo! where the grassy meadow runs in waves!"

* * * * *

"A thousand flowers
By the road side, and the borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other."

Summer Wind.

"On thy breath the new-fledged bird
Takes wing, half-happy, half-afraid."

The West Wind.

"Lo! their orbs burn more bright,
And shake out softer fires."

Jupiter and Venus.

"Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if there were let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall."

To the Fringed Gentian.

These are a few specimens; but there are scores of others that shew the observant eye

and the sensitive soul of the poetic lover of nature.

But there is much poetry in this volume of a kind that, to many minds, will be more affecting than any thing we have yet quoted —for it relates to the sons of the soil, whose races are now so sadly thinned, and as civilisation keeps hewing its way towards the shores of other seas, will at last be entirely extinct— the Red Men of the Woods. Fine mention is made of them in the "Ages," the largest, but by no means the best, poem in the collection. It contains, however, these stanzas:—

"Late, from this wo tern shore, that morning chased
The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
Amid the forest; and the bounding deer
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yelled near.

"And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
And cradles in his soft embrace the gay
Young group of grassy islands born of him,
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim

Lifts the white throng of sails that bear or bring
The commerce of the world; with tawny limb,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the

"Then, all this youthful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned
O'er mount and vale, where never summer-ray
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way
Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild,
Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay,
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

"There stood the Indian hamlet—there the lake
Spread its blue sheet that flashed with many an oar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
And the deer drank; as the light gale flew o'er,
The twinkling maize field rustled on the shore!
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there:

"Not unavenged. The foeman from the wood,
Beheld the deed; and when the midnight shade
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood.
All died—the wailing babe, the shrieking maid;
And in the flood of fire that seathed the glade,
The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew,
When on the dewy woods the deep beam played;

No more the cabin smokes rose wreathed and blue,
And ever by their lake lay moored the light canoe.

Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

"Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light
Into the depths of ages: we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight."

The mind of the poet kindles, and rightly, at the prophetic visions of his country's boundless dominion, thick-peopled through cultivated regions laid open to all the light of heaven, and sheltering in the "horrid shades forlorn," the last remnants of the aboriginal hunter and warrior tribes. There is much of sadness, but far more of joy, in the prospect of the various and boundless provisions and processes by

which Nature raises up the complicated structures of civilized life as her wildernesses fade before its march, and their inhabitants pine away and perish. For look at the numbers of a savage race, where a few families or tribes occupy a wilderness for their supply of game, and compare with it the thronging population of some small spot where the arts of civilized life are highly advanced. The savage race is often noble; and when we contemplate the magnificence of the mighty deserts which Nature has spread out for his paths, her mountains or her forests, one might imagine that she loved her proud lonely son, roving in his unmolested solitudes. But we look at the course she has given to the world, and we see that she seems impatient of stretching out her ample domains for a few possessors. The nations of the earth advance incessantly from a rude to a cultivated state; and where the savage remains unaltered from age to age, in immutable barbarism, she sends her civilized children to dispossess him of the earth, he has not known how to use, to thin his numbers, to lay waste the glory of her majestic reign, and to people and till her wilderness. The first rude tribes that occupy a country, seem merely to have advanced one step in winning it from the wild beasts, and to hold it over for civilized man. Till he has ploughed his fields, and built his cities, and unfolded his arts, the land does not seem properly occupied by man. Then intellect awakens to its various works. Science and art arise, and the more complicated condition of life itself becomes the subject of

thought. The moral nature of the species is unfolded—his manifold affections rise and spread—all the charities of life assume a higher tone—the altars and the temples of the gods are reared—war no longer burns around every dwelling—death hovers no more on sanguinary wings round every head—peace covers the land far and wide—and the soul undisturbed expands all its heaven-aspiring affections. The laws themselves of great states confirm their morality; and only as he is gradually formed under such institutions does man appear a moral being. How different is he who sat at his bloody feast, rioting with his comrades in the drunkenness of savage victory, and he who in the serenity of civilization, thoughtful and mild, maintains the blameless majesty of private life!

Yet, even when surveying such changes as these, the spirit will often indulge in melancholy and almost regretful dreams of the wild life that has passed away, ennobled by the colouring and moulding of imagination far beyond the truth, till in the dead it beholds a race of heroes. In such a mood the following fine lines must have been composed—nor are they false to the nature which they adorn and dignify in the dust.

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scattered bones away
Pay the deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man heart to death,
Nor dare to trifle with the mould
Once hallowed by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath quickened every part—
That monument of mortal birth
Those nerves that held the mighty heart
That strong arm—from no longer now
Spare them each mouldering relic spare
Of God's own image—let them rest
Till not a trace shall speak of where
That awful likeness was impressed.

For he was fresher from the hand
That framed of earth the human face
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race
For many a flood to madness tost
In many a storm his path hath been
He had him not from heat or frost
But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then they were kind—the forests here
Rivers and stiller waters paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded soil below,
The stars looked forth to teach his way
The still earth warned him of the foe

A noble race! but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
Ah, let us spare, at least, their graves!

That Mr. Bryant's poetry may be seen in all its fine varieties, we quote three other compositions, inspired by love and delight in that benignant, bounteous, and beauteous Nature, who all over the earth repays with a heavenly happiness the grateful worship of her children. One of them "To a Waterfowl," has been long and widely admired, and is indeed a gem of purest ray serene, of which time may never bedim the lustre. The others are new to us—and "beautiful exceedingly."

THE NEW MOON.

"When, as the garish day is done,
Heaven burns with the descended sun,
'Tis passing sweet to mark,
Amid that flush of crimson light,
The new moon's modest brow grow bright,
As earth and sky grow dark.

"Few are the hearts too cold to feel
A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,

When first the wandering eye
Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
That glimmering curve of tender rays
Just planted in the sky.

"The sight of that young crescent brings
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things—
The hopes of early years;
And childhood's purity and grace,
And joys that, like a rainbow, chase
The passing shower of tears.

"The captive yields him to the dream
Of freedom, when that virgin beam
Comes out upon the air.
And painfully the sick man tries
To fix his dim and burning eyes
On the soft promise there.

"Most welcome to the lover's sight
Glitters that pure, emerging light;
For prattling poets say,
That sweetest is the lovers' walk,
And tenderest is their murmured talk,
Beneath its gentle ray.

"And there do graver men behold
A type of errors, loved of old,
Forsaken and forgiven;
And thoughts and wishes not of earth,
Just opening in their early birth,
Like that new light in heaven."

THE SKIES.

'Ay! gloriously thou standest there,
Beautiful boundless firmament!
That swellest wide o'er earth and sea
And round the horizon bendest,
With thy bright cuilt and sapphire wall
Dost overhang and circle all.

'In far below thee, tall old trees
Arise and piles built up of old
And hills whose ancient summits freeze
In the fierce light and cold.
The eagle, as his utmost flight
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

'Thou hast thy frowns: with these on high
The storm hath made his airy seat
Beyond that soft blue curtain lie
His stores of hail and sleet.
Hence the consuming lightnings break,
There the strong hurricanes awake.

'Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern
Earth sends from all her thousand isles
A shout at thy return.
Thy glory that comes down from thee
Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.

'The sun, the gorgeous sun, is thine,
The pomp that brings and shuts the day,
The clouds that round him change and shine,
The airs that fan his way,
Hence look the thoughtful stars, and there
The meek moon walks the silent air.

"The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely round the Grecian coast,
May the blue pillars rise,
I only know how fair they stand
Around my own beloved land.

"And they are fair—a charm is theirs
That earth the proud on earth has not
With all the forms and hues and airs
That haunt her sweetest spot.
We gaze upon thy cold pure sphere,
And read of Heaven's eternal year.

Oh when shall the thraldom end
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
How wearily we contrast
Away from thee and earth
And look into thy azure face
For scats of innocence and grace.

TO A WATERFOWL

"Whither midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

"Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

"Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wanderer, but not lost.

"All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

"And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

"Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

"He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

"All who have read this article will agree with what Washington Irving has said of his friend—that his close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and common-place; while

he has the gift of shedding over them a genuine grace that blends them all into harmony, and of clothing them with moral associations that make them speak to the heart. Perhaps we were wrong in dissenting from Mr. Irving's other opinion, that his poetry is characterised by 'the same indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery, which gives such novelty to the pages of Cooper.' His friend's descriptive writings, he says, are essentially American. They transport us, he adds, 'into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage, while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes.' We object now but to the last part of this elegant panegyric. There are no fierce extremes in Mr. Bryant's poetry. That his writings 'are imbued with the independent spirit and the buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country,' will not, says Mr. Irving, be the 'least of his merits' in the eyes of Mr. Rogers, to whom the volume is inscribed; and in ours it is one of the greatest; for we, too, belong to a country which, though not young—God bless her, *auld* Scotland!—hath yet an independent spirit and buoyant aspirations, which she is not loath to breathe into the bosom of one of her aged children—CHRISTOPHER NORTH."

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM

"Upon the old trees tall and gnarled pines
That stream with gray-brown mosses, here the ground
Was never trenched by spade and flowers sprung up
Unsown and deemed sacred. It is sweet
To hear a hermit-thrush at eventide
And lapse supine and dream-moods and wait
The shade the leaves and scatterers as they pass,
And time how in the cool is thickly set
With pulsing forces. In the peaceful trees—
Peaceful unpalaced mansions solemn old—
Buds the high day of Orient.

Oh, I remember what a sight it was
A fair young man with light and delicate limbs
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he let slip the reins. A blood-red man
Armed to the teeth art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield and one the sword; thy brow
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with sinewy power. To thee his hand
His bolts and with his thunders smitten thee?
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers by a thousand fires
Have forged thy chains; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls

Fall outward terrible thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pile oppressor flies.

"Thy birthright was not given by human hands,
Thou wert twin born with Man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou satst with him
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the rude to utter simple sounds
Thou by his side amid the tangled wood
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
Your only foes, and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy although of revered look
Hoary with many years and deified
Is later born than thou and builds his throne
The throne defiance of thine altars rise
And trample on the timbrels in his festivities.

"Thou shalt wax strong with the lapse of years,
But he shall turn to a feebler race —
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spread them on thy careless steps and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fun and gallant mien,
To catch the ear, and utter graceful words,
To charm thine eye, while his sly imps by stealth,
Twine around thee threads of steel, light thread on thread
That grow to fetters, or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, or lay by

Thy sword; not yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But would'st thou rest
A while from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood and rejoiced."

THE FUTURE LIFE.

"How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

"For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle spirit not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

"Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given:
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

"In meadows fann'd by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

"The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

"A happier lot than mine, and larger light
Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and rendered good for ill.

"For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart as heat the scroll
And wrath hath left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

"Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye—
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same!

"Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that is love,—till I become
Thy fit companion in the land of bliss?"

AN EVENING REVERIE.

"The summer day has closed, the sun is set,
Well have they done their office, those bright Hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;

Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings
That now are still for ever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken, for her brood,
Their prison shells, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled and closed. This day hath parted friends,
That never before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Had wooed, and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.

"Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to Childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet Hours run on; and as I lean
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother, from the eyes
Of her sick infant, shades the painful light
And sadly listens to his quick drawn breath.

"Oh! thou great movement of the Universe
Or change or flight of time for we are one!
That bearest, silently, all visible scenes
Into Night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells not
The courses of the stars, the very winds
Heed not when they shall darken or fill
Yet doth the ship of man with mingled crews
Come unforewarned. Who next from life's gay scene
Shall pass from hope or sudden or untold?
From virtue? Shall with it some latter age
With friends or shame and never seen of men
Which we call ours, the heroic and the pure,
Lie they within thy path? Or shall the years
Push me with thankful heart and reverent pace
Into the fullness of my days?
Oh! do the pearls of age
Even now, while I am basking in the sunset
Impend around me? Oh! beyond the bourne
Of the vast circle which bounds
At that dread threshold with what mien shall
Shall the great Lawgiver confront me? Shall
Its warnings? Gently
Gently and without
Into the new the eternal world
Like a bright river of the land of heaven
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace

"BLESSED ARE THOSE THAT MOURN.

"Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities Man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

"The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

"There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

"And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

"Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though Life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.

"For God has mark'd each sorrowing day
And number'd every secret tear,
And Heaven's long a e of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here."

HYMN TO DEATH.

"Oh! could I hope the wise and pure in heart
Might hear my song without a frown, nor deem
My voice unworthy of the theme it tries,—
I would take up the hymn to Death, and say
To the grim power, The world hath slander'd thee
And mock'd thee. On thy dim and shadowy brow
They place an iron crown, and call thee king
Of terrors, and the spoiler of the world,
Deadly assassin, that strikest down the fair,
The loved, the good—that breathest upon the lights
Of virtue set along the vale of Life,
And they go out in darkness. I am come,
Not with reproaches, not with cries and prayers,
Such as have storm'd thy stern, insensible ear
From the beginning. I am come to speak
Thy praises. True it is, that I have wept
Thy conquests, and may weep them yet again
And thou from some I love wilt take a life
Dear to me as my own. Yet while the spell
Is on my spirit, and I talk with thee
In sight of all thy trophies, face to face,
Meet is it that my voice should utter forth
Thy nobler triumphs: I will teach the world
To thank thee.—Who are thine accusers?—Who?
The living!—they who never felt thy power,
And know thee not. The curses of the wretch
Whose crimes are ripe, his sufferings when thy hand
Is on him, and the hour he dreads is come,
Are writ among thy praises. But the good—

Does he whom thy kind hand dismiss'd to peace,
Upbraid the gentle violence that took it
His fetters and unbarr'd his prison cell?

'Raise then the hymn to Death! Deliverer!
God hath anointed thee to free the oppress'd
And crush the oppressor. When the mad chief
The conqueror of nations walks the world,
And his steps echo with the tread of all
Its kingdoms melt into one mighty realm —
Thou, while his head is lifted and his heart
Blasphemes imagining his own right hand
Almighty, settest upon him thy stern grasp,
And the strong links of that tremendous chain
That bound mankind are crumbled; thou dost break
Sceptre and crown, and blot his throne to dust
Then the earth shouts with gladness, and her tribes
Gather with one consent from their wide bounds again
Like bands to meet in unity of the olden time
Numidia's sons, or the youth who feign
His birth from Libyan Ammon, since even now
The nations with a cold and distant look
Thou dost not circumscribe. Thou dost even
In thy good time the wrongs of those who know
No other friend. Nor dost thou interpose
Only to lay the sufferer asleep
Where he who made him wretched troubles not
His rest—thou dost strike down his tyrant too
Oh there is joy when hand that held the scourge
Drop listless and the pitiless heart is cold
Thou too dost purge from earth its horrible
And old idolatries,—from the proud fanes
Each to his grave then priests go out till none
Is left to teach their worship, then the fires
Of sacrifice are chilled, and the green moss

O'ercreeps their altars; the fallen images
Cumber the weedy courts, and for loud hymns,
Chanted by kneeling crowds, the chiding winds
Shriek in the solitary aisles. When he
Who gives his life to guilt, and laughs at all
The laws that God or man has made, and round
Hedges his seat with power, and shines in wealth—
Lifts up his atheist front to scoff at Heaven,
And celebrates his shame in open day,
Thou, in the pride of all his crimes, cutt'st off
The horrible example. Touch'd by thine,
The extortioner's hard hand foregoes the gold
Wrung from the o'er-worn poor. The perjurer
Whose tongue was lithe, e'en now, and voluble
Against his neighbour's life, and he who laugh'd
And leap'd for joy to see a spotless fame
Blasted before his own foul calumnies,
Are smit with deadly silence. He, who sold
His conscience to preserve a worthless life,
Even while he hugs himself on his escape,
Trembles, as, doubly terrible, at length,
Thy steps o'ertake him and there is no time
For parley—nor will bribes unclench thy grasp
Oft, too, dost thou reform thy victim long
Ere his last hour. And when the reveller,
Mad in the chase of pleasure, stretches on,
And strains each nerve, and clears the path of life
Like wind, thou point'st him to the dreadful goal
And shakest thy hour-glass in his reeling eye,
And check'st him in mid course. Thy skeleton hand
Shows to the faint of spirit the right path,
And he is warn'd, and fears to step aside.
Thou sett'st between the ruffian and his crime

Thy ghastly countenance, and his slack hand
Drops the drawn knife. But, oh, most fearfully
Dost thou show forth Heaven's justice, when thy shafts
Drink up the ebbing spirit—then the hard
Of heart and violent of hand restores
The treasure to the friendless wretch he wrong'd
Then from the writhing bosom thou dost pluck
The guilty secret; lips, for ages seal'd,
Are faithless to the dreadful trust at length,
And give it up; the felon's latest breath
Absolves the innocent man who bears his crime;
The slanderer, horror smitten, and in tears,
Recalls the deadly obloquy he forged
To work his brother's ruin. Thou dost make
Thy penitent victim utter to the air
The dark conspiracy that strikes at life,
And aims to whelm the laws; ere yet the hour
Is come, and the dread sign of murder given.

Thus, from the first of time, hast thou been found
On virtue's side: the wicked, but for thee,
Had been too strong for the good; the great of earth
Had crush'd the weak for ever. School'd in guile
For ages, while each passing year had brought
Its baneful lesson, they had fill'd the world
With their abominations; while its tribes,
Trodden to earth, imbruted, and despoil'd,
Had knelt to them in worship; sacrifice
Had smoked on many an altar, temple roofs
Had echoed with the blasphemous prayer and hymn;
But thou, the great reformer of the world,

Takest off the sons of violence and fraud
In their green pupilage, their lore half learn'd—
Ere guilt has quite o'errun the simple heart
God gave them at their birth, and blotted out
His image. Thou dost mark them flush'd with hope,
As on the threshold of their vast designs
Doubtful and loose they stand, and strikest them down.

* * * * * * *

THE PRAIRIES.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fix'd,
And motionless for ever.—Motionless?—
No—they are all unchain'd again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have play'd
Among the palms of Mexico and vines

Of Texas, and have crisped the limped brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fann'd
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heav'd
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

"As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days?—and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
Answer. A race, that long has pass'd away,
Built them; a disciplined and populous race
Heap'd, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields

Nourish'd their harvests; here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison low'd,
And bow'd his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blush'd, and lovers walk'd, and woo'd
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremember'd form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter-tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanish'd from the earth
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities All is gone—
All—save the piles of earth that hold their bones,
The platforms where they worshipp'd unknown gods—
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
The wild be-leaguerers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forc'd and heap'd
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flock'd to those vast, uncover'd sepulchres,
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumph'd. Kindly words
Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors
Seated the captives with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seem'd to forget,—yet ne'er forgot,—the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little one
Butcher'd amid their shrieks, with all his race.

"Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

"Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learn'd the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude.
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground

Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone."

CHAPTER IX.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THIS distinguished writer, whose influence has been so salutary on the mind of our age, was born in the year 1780, at Newport, in Rhode Island, and entered Harvard College when only fourteen years of age; from thence he studied, at Cambridge, the usual routine course of Classical Science.

Soon after leaving Cambridge, Channing became a private tutor in a family of Virginia, and went to reside in that State. His health, hitherto, had been remarkably good, but now it failed, and he was to the end of his life an invalid. After his return to Newport he pursued, without any professor or teacher to guide him, his studies in theology. When in the fulness of his years and fame he stood to instruct where in his youth he had been a learner, he reminded his hearers of this period in his life, in a manner equally graphic and beautiful: "I had two noble places of study," he said, "one the edifice now so frequented and useful as a public library, then so deserted

that I spent day after day, and sometimes week after week amidst its dusty volumes, without interruption from a single visitor;—the other, the beach,—my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now without thinking of the work, which there in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amid the tempest. There softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within. There struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by Nature's eloquence of the winds and waves. There began a happiness surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune: the happiness of communing with the works of God." Here is an index to his character. A mild, contemplative enthusiast, with a mind imbued with taste, and stored with the best learning, and an ardent desire that he might be useful, he went into the world, proposing to himself as his mission the elevation of men to his own kindness, serenity, and dignity, and the bringing of them into the same converse with nature and God.

Soon after he began to preach he received and accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Church in Federal-street, in Boston, and was ordained on the first of June, 1803. The congregation worshipping there was then

small, but on this account the situation was preferred to another which was offered to him, for the slenderness and debility of his frame would not allow him to labour much as a parochial minister. His countenance was beautiful, his voice, always tremulous, was variably musical, and his articulation slow and distinct. His manner altogether was natural, persuasive, and earnest. He immediately became popular, and the increase of his society soon rendered necessary the erection of a new and larger place of worship. A visit to Europe much improved his health, and filled his mind with new purposes. He retained his connection with the society until his death, though in 1824 a colleague was associated with him, and in 1840 he was relieved from the obligation of performing any public duties.

Doctor Channing's earliest publications were on controversial theology. His sermon on the Unitarian Belief, preached at the ordination of the Reverend Jared Sparks, in Baltimore, in 1819, is perhaps, the most ingenious and polished of his dogmatical essays. It excited an extraordinary degree of attention, and several of the ablest Trinitarian writers in the country replied to it. In 1820, he printed, in the "Christian Disciple," a paper on the same subject, entitled "The Moral Argument against Calvinism." But though he continued to feel a deep interest in this and other religious controversies, they could not have been congenial to one who was so sensitively alive to the beautiful; and notwithstanding the reputation he acquired by these writings, he was by no means

fitted by his intellectual constitution for a pursuit of which the main element is logic.

He was brought more directly into notice as a literary man by his "Essay on National Literature," published in 1823, and his "Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton," which appeared in the "Christian Examiner," for 1826. This article was written very hastily, and somewhat unwillingly, to oblige a friend who felt an interest in the sale of an edition of Milton's "Treatise on Christian Doctrine," then just published in Boston. On reading it in print he concluded not to avow himself its author, which he might well do, for, however creditable it would have been to a writer of inferior powers, it was below the level of his own, and had in it very little that was original or distinctive. It was supposed by his more judicious friends, who were not in the secret, to be an imitation of his style, by some clever young man of the university, and one, who has since become eminent as a clergyman, being accused of it, thought it worth while to advise Dr. Channing of his innocence, as he considered the essay a poor one. The surprise of the author at the reputation to which it attained was never concealed. It is but justice to him to state that his own estimate of it was proper. The Edinburgh reviewer's criticism of it was, perhaps, just, though it was not fair to judge of the merits of an author by one of his poorest works.

His "Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte" have not been assigned their proper rank among his writings. This

article is more able than that on Milton; undoubtedly it was written with care, and contained his deliberately-formed opinions; but much of its celebrity was owing to adventitious circumstances, by which it cannot be sustained. Its merits are in its generalities: it has none as a delineation of the character of that great man, whose name, given, to the winds at Toulon, became an undying sound. In the period of his captivity, men held their breath at the stupendous crime, but when he died, one universal hiss from all the quarters of the globe poured upon England, so that every cheek was flushed in the scorching breath of human indignation. An attack upon the victim was a cosmetic for the festering faces of the criminals, all the better for being imported from a nation that was deemed less friendly to Britain than to France. The state of feeling was the secret of the temporary success of "Scott's Libel on Bonaparte," and it occasioned the republication of "Channing's Essay" in every conceivable form. The republican is a candid judge, it was said, and if his portraiture is correct, it was right to violate every law to rid the world of such a monster. This is Doctor Channing's position: he assumes that Napoleon was resolved to make the earth a slaughter-house, and to crush every will adverse to his own, and denies that against such a person mankind should proceed by written laws and precedents. This is a doctrine which sanctions almost every mob and massacre since the conspiracy against Christ, for it makes men in all cases the judges of the necessity and justice of

their own actions. It is one of the instances in which passion obtained a mastery over his usually serene understanding. He was too sagacious a man not to know that obedience is the first condition of freedom; that it is better for a nation to suffer anything than to do injustice; that there can be no true liberty where the authority of the law, whether it be right or wrong, while it exists, is not superior to every other possible obligation, contingency of conviction, except, were such a thing to be looked for, the direct and audible interfering voice of God. The essay is full of misrepresentation and invective, and we are constantly reminded in reading it that the author was labouring to make out a case for which he was sensible that he had inadequate materials.

In 1829, Doctor Channing published, in the "Christian Examiner," his "Remarks on the Character and Writings of Fenelon;" a paper in which are developed with much ability some of his ethical views, particularly in reference to the dignity of human nature

There is a perceptible and steady increase of strength and beauty in Doctor Channing's writings, and they are more profound, original, and characteristic, the more he gave himself up to his true mission, which was, not so much to dispute about systems of faith, as to bring acts, customs, and institutions to the standard of Christian morality, and in the spirit of a genuine philanthropy to advocate the cause of peace, gentleness, and righteousness. Of peace he was an early and persevering friend: in 1816, he published his first discourse on the

subject; when there was danger of a rupture with France, in 1835, he again raised his voice in remonstrance; and, in 1839, when there was a prospect of a conflict with Great Britain, in a lecture before the American Peace Society, he brought out fresh proofs of the insensibility of the mass of the community to the crimes and miseries of war, and the general want of Christian philanthropic views in regard to this barbarous umpirage of right. He discussed the subject in all its bearings, with a faithfulness, earnestness, and power of illustration, which showed a warm personal sympathy and thorough acquaintance with it; and the extent to which his writings were read and remarked upon proved that they struck a responsive chord in the national heart.

He was also much interested in the plans for the suppression of intemperance, and disclosed the depths of its causes and the essential remedies which it demanded in a discourse which indicates a deep thoughtfulness upon our social relations and necessities, and a true apprehension of the general capacity for a higher range of duties and enjoyments. This was preliminary to, and should be considered with his two noblest productions,—those which bespeak most truly the nature of his ambition, and are likely, from the sagacity and rational views they display, and their rare adaptation to raise the mass of men from the degradation of mind and heart in which they are sunk, to be longest remembered. These are the "Address on Self-Culture," delivered in Boston in the fall of 1838 as an introduction to a course of lec-

tures attended chiefly by mechanics, and the Lectures on the Elevation of the Labouring Portion of the Community, delivered before an Apprentices' Library Association in that city in the winter of 1840. They are built upon the principles of the absolute essential equality of all men, and of the dignity of human nature, which makes all assumption of superiority on account of outward privileges a violation of the Divine purposes, as well as infringement of the fundamental law of our social organization. He was far from contending that the mass are competent to form just estimates of the great matters which have relation to their moral and material interests, without previous initiation and discipline; but demanded of society the encouragement to unfold and exercise, and of every individual the development and use, of the highest capacities. He claimed mutual respect, according to virtue, intelligence, and genius, without regard to any factitious distinctions of birth, wealth, or position. But however radical were his views on this subject, he was no leveller in the common acceptation of the term, he would take nothing from the high but their pride, reserve, and contempt, and nothing from the low but their envy, hatred, and jealousy. He would not elevate the labourer above his occupation, but in it: he would dignify the most humble pursuits, that are necessary to human happiness, and persuade their followers that if they had the will and the energy, there was nothing to prevent their elevation to the highest range of cultivation and enjoyment.

Doctor Channing was never a member of any of the anti-slavery societies, and is said to have doubted the wisdom of such associations; but he was unhesitating and uncompromising in his opposition to slavery, and his tracts on the Annexation of Texas and the Duties of the Free States, and others of a similar purpose and spirit, with the book on Slavery which he published in 1841, had a more powerful influence on the question than any other writings that have been published in this country. The last public act of his life was an address delivered at Lenox, in Massachusetts, on the first of August, 1842, in commemoration of Emancipation in the British West Indies.

Doctor Channing's Discourses on the Evidences of Revealed Religion, embracing a philosophical and perspicuous statement of the true principles upon which our belief in human testimony is regulated, are the most creditable of his writings of this description. Some of his sermons inculcating the practical duties of religion are of the first order of excellence. He had neither the learning nor the metaphysical power to be a great theologian. In one volume he claims for reason supremacy, and appeals to it as the last umpire; and in another derides the results of the most rigid induction as opposed to his own consciousness. Consciousness was the law of his belief. Logic was resorted to, reluctantly, for its defence: never for its formation. Let no one suppose that his excellence in "practical preaching" is to be lightly esteemed even in comparison with the far higher intellectual force of such men as

Edwards. The theory of beauty which Edwards taught, Channing understood and appreciated, and the pure and ardent benevolence which it inculcated he practised. Whether his abstract notions were right or wrong, he really loved virtue "for its own beauty and sweetness, and was eminently successful in implanting a love of it in others. His mind, without being of the first, was of a very high order; his taste was elegant, but not faultless, and he is justly admired for his honesty and heroism. His works will undoubtedly fail to sustain his reputation as a thinker and man of letters.

Dr. Channing passed the last few years of his life in much privacy, at Boston in the winter, and at Newport in the summer. He was seized with a typhus fever, while travelling, at Bennington, Vermont, where he died, on the second of October, 1842.

POETRY.

FROM "AN ESSAY ON THE WRITINGS OF MILTON."

"We believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity, that is, to spiritualize our nature.

True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but, when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires and parts with much of its power; and, even when Poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations

of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earthborn prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often proudest wisdom. And, if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with

her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates as it were life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which, being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicurean life."

DANCING.

FROM "AN ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE."

DANCING is an amusement which has been discouraged in our country by many of the best people, and not without reason. Dancing is associated in their minds with balls; and this is one

of the worst forms of social pleasure. The time consumed in preparing for a ball, the waste of thought upon it, the extravagance of dress, the late hours, the exhaustion of strength, the exposure of health, and the languor of the succeeding day,—these and other evils connected with this amusement are strong reasons for banishing it from the community. But dancing ought not therefore to be proscribed. On the contrary, balls should be discouraged for this among other reasons, that dancing, instead of being a rare pleasure, requiring elaborate preparation, may become an everyday amusement, and may mix with our common intercourse. This exercise is among the most healthful The body as well as the mind feels its gladdening influence. No amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth overflows spontaneously in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favour Its end is to realize perfect grace in motion ; and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the higher faculties of our nature ! It is to be desired, that dancing should become too common among us to be made the object of special preparation as in the ball ; that members of the same family, when confined by unfavourable weather, should recur to it for exercise and exhilaration , that branches of the same family should enliven in this way their occasional meetings ; that it should fill up an hour in all the assemblages for relaxation, in which the young form a part. It is to be desired that this accomplishment should be extended to the labouring classes of society, not only as an innocent pleasure, but as a means of improving the manners. Why shall not gracefulness be spread through the whole community ? From the French nation we

learn that a degree of grace and refinement of manners may pervade all classes. The philanthropist and Christian must desire to break down the partition walls between human beings in different conditions; and one means of doing this is, to remove the conscious awkwardness which confinement to laborious occupations is apt to induce. An accomplishment, giving free and graceful movement, though a far weaker bond than intellectual or moral culture, still does something to bring those who partake it, near each other."

THE THEATRE.

FROM THE SAME.

In its present state, the theatre deserves no encouragement. It is an accumulation of immoral influences. It has nourished intemperance and all vice. In saying this, I do not say that the amusement is radically, essentially evil. I can conceive of a theatre which would be the noblest of all amusements, and would take a high rank among the means of refining the taste and elevating the character of the people. The deep woes, the mighty and terrible passions, and the sublime emotions of genuine tragedy, are fitted to thrill us with human sympathies, with profound interest in our nature, with a consciousness of what man can do and dare and suffer, with an awed feeling of the fearful mysteries of life. The soul of the spectator is stirred from its depths; and the lethargy in which so many live is roused, at least for a time, to some intenseness

of thought and sensibility. The drama answers a high purpose, when it places us in the presence of the most solemn and striking events of human history, and lays bare to us the human heart in its most powerful, appalling, glorious workings. But how little does the theatre accomplish its end? How often is it disgraced by monstrous distortions of human nature, and still more disgraced by profaneness, coarseness, indelicacy, low wit, such as no woman, worthy of the name, can hear without a blush, and no man can call take a pleasure in without self-degradation. Is it possible that a Christian and a refined people can resort to theatres, where exhibitions of dancing are given only fit for brothels, and where the most licentious class in the community throng unconcealed to tempt and destroy? That the theatre should be suffered to exist in its present degradation is a reproach to the community. Were it to fall, a better drama might spring up in its place. In the meantime, is there not an amusement, having an affinity with the drama, which might be usefully introduced among us? I mean Recitation. A work of genius, recited by a man of fine taste, enthusiasm, and powers of elocution, is a very pure and high gratification. Were this art cultivated and encouraged, great numbers, now insensible of the fine compositions, might be waked up to their excellence and power. It is not easy to conceive of a more effectual way of spreading a refined taste through a community. The drama undoubtedly appeals more strongly to the passions than recitation; but the latter brings out the meaning of the author more. Shakspere, worthily recited, would be better understood than on the stage. Then, in recitation, we escape the weariness of listening to poor performers, who, after all, fill

up most of the time at the theatre. Recitation, sufficiently varied, so as to include pieces of chaste wit, as well as of pathos, beauty and sublimity, is adapted to our present intellectual progress, as much as the drama falls below it. Should this exhibition be introduced among us successfully, the result would be, that the power of recitation would be extensively called forth, and this would be added to our social and domestic pleasures.

RELIGION AND PLEASURE.

FROM THE SAME

To some, perhaps to many, religion and amusement seem mutually hostile, and he who pleads for the one may fall under suspicion of faithfulness to the other. But to fight against our nature is not to serve the cause of piety or sound morals. God, who gave us our nature, who has constituted body and mind incapable of continued effort, who has implanted a strong desire for recreation after labour, who has made us for smiles much more than for tears, and, who has made laughter the most contagious of all sounds, whose Son hallowed a marriage-feast by his presence and sympathy, who has sent the child afresh from his creating hand to develope its nature by active sports, and who has endowed both young and old with a keen susceptibility of enjoyment from wit and humour, —He who has thus formed us, cannot have intended us for a dull, monotonous life, and cannot frown on pleasures which solace our fatigue and refresh our spirits for coming toils. It is not only

possible to reconcile amusement with duty, but to make it the means of animated exertion, more faithful attachments, more grateful piety. True religion is at once authoritative and benign. It calls us to suffer, to die, rather than to swerve a hair's breadth from what God enjoins as right and good; but it teaches us that it is right and good, in ordinary circumstances, to unite relaxation with toil, to accept God's gifts with cheerfulness, and to lighten the heart, in the intervals of exertion, by social pleasures. A religion giving dark views of God, and infusing superstitious fear of innocent enjoyment, instead of aiding sober habits, will by making men abject and sad, impair their moral force, and prepare them for intemperance as a refuge from depression or despair.

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

FROM "SELF-CULTURE."

"Beauty is an all pervading presence. It unfolds to the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are

so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and see its walls lined with choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where coarse labour tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of

beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few."

BOOKS.

FROM THE SAME.

"It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the Sacred Writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspere to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

FROM "THE MINISTRY OF THE POOR."

"THE poor might enjoy the most important advantages of the rich, had they the moral and religious cultivation consistent with their lot. Books find their way into every house, however mean; and especially that book which contains more nutriment for the intellect, imagination, and heart, than all others; I mean, of course, the Bible. And I am confident that among the poor are those who find in that one book more enjoyment, more awakening truth, more lofty and beautiful imagery, more culture to the whole soul, than thousands of the educated find in their general studies, and vastly more than millions among the rich find in that superficial, transitory literature which consumes all their reading hours.

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

FROM A DISCOURSE PREACHED AT THE ANNUAL ELECTION IN 1830.

"I MAY be asked what I mean by 'inward spiritual freedom?' The common and true answer is, that it is freedom from sin. I apprehend, however, that to many, if not to most, these words are too vague to convey a full and deep sense of the greatness of the blessing. Let me then offer a brief

explanation; and the most important remark in illustrating this freedom is, that it is not a negative state, not the mere absence of sin; for such a freedom may be ascribed to inferior animals, or to children before becoming moral agents. Spiritual freedom is the attribute of a mind in which reason and conscience have begun to act, and which is free through its own energy, through fidelity to the truth, through resistance of temptation. I cannot therefore better give my views of spiritual freedom than by saying, that it is moral energy, or force of holy purpose, put forth against the senses, against the passions, against the world, and thus liberating the intellect, conscience, and will, so that they may act with strength and unfold themselves for ever. The essence of spiritual freedom is power. A man liberated from sensual lust by palsy, would not therefore be inwardly free. He only is free who, through self-conflict and moral resolution, sustained by trust in God, subdues the passions which have debased him, and, escaping the thraldom of low objects, binds himself to pure and lofty ones. That mind alone is free, which, looking to God as the inspirer and rewarder of virtue, adopts his law, written on the heart and in his word, as its supreme rule, and which, in obedience to this, governs itself, reveres itself, exerts faithfully its best powers, and unfolds itself by well doing in whatever sphere God's providence assigns.

"It has pleased the all-wise Disposer to encompass us from our birth with difficulty and allurement, to place us in a world where wrong doing is often gainful, and duty rough and perilous, where many voices oppose the dictates of the inward monitor, where the body presses as a weight on the mind, and matter, by its perpetual agency

on the senses, becomes a barrier between us and the spiritual world. We are in the midst of influences which menace the intellect and heart, and to be free is to withstand and conquer these.

"I call that mind free, which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognises its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

"I call that mind free, which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison-wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds, in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

"I call that mind free, which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt its own energies.

"I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognises in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children, which delights in virtue and sympathises with suffering wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger, and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

"I call that mind free, which is not passively

framed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

"I call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

"I call that mind free, which, through confidence in God, and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong doing, which no menace or peril can enthral, which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

"I call that mind free, which resists the bondage of habit, which does not mechanically repeat itself and copy the past, which does not live on its old virtues, which does not enslave itself to precise rules, but which forgets what is behind, listens for new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

"I call that mind free, which is jealous of its own freedom which guards itself from being merged in others, which guards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

"In fine, I call that mind free, which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers, which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance for ever, and which finds inexhaustible power,

both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

"Such is the spiritual freedom which Christ came to give. It consists in moral force, in self-control, in the enlargement of thought and affection, and in the unrestrained action of our best powers. This is the great good of Christianity; nor can we conceive a greater within the gift of God.

FREEDOM.

FROM AN ESSAY ON NATIONAL LITERATURE.

"THE question which we most solicitously ask about this country is, what race of men it is likely to produce. We consider its liberty of value only as far as it favours the growth of men. What is liberty? The removal of restraint from human powers. Its benefit is, that it opens new fields for action, and a wider range for the mind. The only freedom worth possessing is that which gives enlargement to a people's energy, intellect, and virtues. The savage makes his boast of freedom. But what is it worth? Free as he is, he continues for ages in the same ignorance, leads the same comfortless life, sees the same untamed wilderness spread around him. He is indeed free from what he calls the yoke of civil institutions. But other and worse chains bind him. The very privation of civil government is in effect a chain, for by withholding protection from property, it virtually shackles the arm of industry, and forbids exertion for the melioration of his lot. Progress, the

growth of power, is the end and boon of liberty; and, without this, a people may have the name, but want the substance and spirit of freedom."

PEACE.

FROM AN ESSAY ON THE WRITINGS OF FENELON.

"THERE is a twofold peace. The first is negative. It is relief from disquiet and corroding care. It is repose after conflict and storms. But there is another and a higher peace, to which this is but the prelude, 'a peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and properly called 'the kingdom of heaven within us.' This state is any thing but negative. It is the highest and most strenuous action of the soul, but an entirely harmonious action, in which all our powers and affections are blended in a beautiful proportion, and sustain and perfect one another. It is more than silence after storms. It is the concord of all melodious sounds. Has the reader never known a season when, in the fullest flow of thought and feeling, in the universal action of the soul, an inward calm, profound as midnight silence, yet bright as the still summer noon, full of joy, but unbroken by one throb of tumultuous passion, has been breathed through his spirit, and given him a glimpse and presage of the serenity of a happier world? Of this character is the peace of religion. It is a conscious harmony with God and the creation, an alliance of love with all beings, a sympathy with all that is pure and happy, a surrender of every separate will and interest, a participation of the spirit and life of the

universe, an entire concord of purpose with its Infinite Original.' This is peace, and the true happiness of man; and we think that human nature has never entirely lost sight of this its great end. It has always sighed for a repose, in which energy of thought and will might be tempered with an all-pervading tranquillity. We seem to discover aspirations after this good, a dim consciousness of it in all ages of the world. We think we see it in those systems of Oriental and Grecian Philosophy, which proposed, as a consummation of present virtue, a release from all disquiet, and an intimate union and harmony with the Divine Mind. We even think that we trace this consciousness, this aspiration, in the works of ancient art which time has spared to us, in which the sculptor, aiming to embody his deepest thoughts of human perfection, has joined with the fulness of life and strength, a repose which breathes into the spectator an admiration as calm as it is exalted. Man, we believe, never wholly loses the sentiment of his true good. There are yearnings, sighings which he does not himself comprehend, which break forth alike in his prosperous and adverse seasons, which betray a deep, indestructible faith in a good that he has not found, and which, in proportion as they grow distinct, rise to God and concentrate the soul in him, as at once its life and rest, the fountain at once of energy and of peace."

DEATH OF A TRUE WIFE.

FROM THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DR. TUCKERMAN.

"HER reserve and shrinking delicacy threw a veil over her beautiful character. She was little known beyond her home; but there she silently spread around her that soft, pure light, the preciousness of which is never fully understood till it is quenched. Her calm, gentle wisdom, her sweet humility, her sympathy, which, though tender, was too serene to disturb her clear perceptions, fitted her to act instinctively, and without the consciousness of either party, on his more sanguine, ardent mind. She was truly a spirit of good, diffusing a tranquillizing influence too mildly to be thought of, and therefore more sure. The blow which took her from him left a wound which time could not heal. Had his strength been continued so that he could have gone from the house of mourning to the haunts of poverty, he would have escaped, for a good part of the day, the sense of his bereavement. But a few minutes' walk in the street now sent him wearied home. There the loving eye which had so long brightened at his entrance was to shed its mild beam on him no more. There the voice that had daily enquired into his labours, and like another conscience had whispered a sweet approval, was still. There the sympathy which had pressed with tender hand his aching head, and by its nursing care had postponed the hour of exhaustion and disease, was gone. He was not indeed left alone; for filial love and reverence spared no soothing offices; but these, though felt and spoken of as most precious, could

not take the place of what had been removed. This great loss produced no burst of grief. It was a still, deep sorrow, the feeling of a mighty void, the last burden which the spirit can cast off. His attachment to life from this moment sensibly declined. In seasons of peculiar sensibility he wished to be gone. He kept near him the likeness of his departed friend, and spoke to me more than once of the solace which he had found in it.—He heard her voice from another world, and his anticipations of that world, always strong, became now more vivid and touching.

THE PRESENT AGE.

FROM "AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN PHILADELPHIA."

"THE grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely... Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition for which they were designed. The grand doctrine, that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man, this is slowly taking its place as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all,—these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life....

"The Present Age! In these brief words what a world of thought is comprehended! what infinite movements! what joys and sorrows! what hope and despair! what faith and doubt! what silent grief and loud lament! what fierce conflicts and subtle schemes of policy! what private and public revolutions! In the period through which many of us have passed, what thrones have been shaken! what hearts have bled! what millions have been butchered by their fellow-creatures! what hopes of philanthropy have been blighted! And at the same time, what magnificent enterprises have been achieved! what new provinces won to science and art! what rights and liberties secured to nations! It is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so pregnant, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible. Amidst its events, the American Revolution, the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of men, and the French Revolution, that volcanic force which shook the earth to its centre, are never to pass from men's minds. Over this age the night will, indeed, gather more and more as time rolls away; but in that night two forms will appear, Washington and Napoleon, the one a lurid meteor, the other a benign, serene, and undecaying star. Another American name will live in history, your Franklin; and the kite which brought lightning from heaven will be seen sailing in the clouds by remote posterity, when the city where he dwelt may be known only by its ruins. There is, however, something greater in the age than in its greatest men; it is the appearance of a new power in the world, the appearance of the multitude of men on that stage where as yet the few have acted

their parts alone. This influence is to endure to the end of time. What more of the present is to survive? Perhaps much, of which we now take no note. The glory of an age is often hidden from itself. Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all ages. Perhaps some silent thinker among us is at work in his closet whose name is to fill the earth. Perhaps there sleeps in his cradle some reformer who is to move the church and the world, who is to open a new era in history, who is to fire the human soul with new hope and new daring. What else is to survive the age? That which the age has little thought of, but which is living in us all; I mean the Soul, the Immortal Spirit. Of this all ages are the unfoldings, and it is greater than all. We must not feel, in the contemplation of the vast movements of our own and former times, as if we ourselves were nothing. I repeat it, we are greater than all. We are to survive our age, to comprehend it, and to pronounce its sentence. As yet, however, we are encompassed with darkness. The issues of our time how obscure! The future into which it opens who of us can foresee? To the Father of all Ages I commit this future with humble, yet courageous and unfaltering hope."

LITERATURE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

FROM "THE DEMANDS OF THE AGE ON THE MINISTRY."

"THE character of the age is stamped very strongly on its literary productions. Who, that can compare the present with the past, is not struck with the bold and earnest spirit of the literature of our times. It refuses to waste itself on trifles, or to minister to mere gratification. Almost all that is written has now some bearing on great interests on human nature. Fiction is no longer a mere amusement, but transcendant genius, accommodating itself to the character of the age, has seized upon this province of literature, and turned fiction from a toy into a mighty engine, and, under the light tale, is breathing through the community either its reverence for the old or its thirst for the new, communicates the spirit and lessons of history, unfolds the operations of religious and civil institutions, and defends or assails new theories of education or morals by exhibiting them in life and action. The poetry of the age is equally characteristic. It has a deeper and more impressive tone than comes to us from what has been called the Augustan age of English literature. The regular, elaborate, harmonious strains which delighted a former generation, are now accused, I say not how justly, of playing too much on the surface of nature and the heart. Men want and demand a more thrilling note, a poetry which pierces beneath the exterior of life to the depths of the soul, and which lays open its mysterious workings, borrowing from the whole outward creation fresh images and correspondences with

which to illuminate the secrets of the world within us. So keen is this appetite, that extravagancies of imagination, and gross violations both of taste and moral sentiment, are forgiven when conjoined with what awakens strong emotion; and unhappily the most stirring is the most popular poetry, even though it issue from the desolate soul of a misanthrope and a libertine, and exhale poison and death."

THE DISTINCTION OF RANKS.

FROM "ESSAYS ON ELEVATION OF THE LABOURING CLASSES."

"It is objected that the distinction of rank is essential to social order, and that this will be swept away by calling forth energy of thought in all men. This objection, indeed, though exceedingly insisted on in Europe, has nearly died out here, but still enough of it lingers among us to deserve consideration. I reply, then, that it is a libel on social order to suppose that it requires for its support the reduction of the multitude of human beings to ignorance and servility; and that it is a libel on the Creator to suppose that he requires, as the foundation of communities, the systematic depression of the majority of his intelligent offspring. The supposition is too grossly unreasonable, too monstrous to require laboured refutation. I see no need of ranks, either for social order, or for any other purpose. A great variety of pursuits and conditions is indeed to be desired. Men ought to follow their genius, and to put forth their powers

in every useful and lawful way. I do not ask for a monotonous world. We are far too monotonous now. The vassalage of fashion, which is a part of rank, prevents continually the free expansion of men's powers. Let us have the greatest diversity of occupations. But this does not imply that there is a need of splitting society into castes or ranks, or that a certain number should arrogate superiority, and stand apart from the rest of men as a separate race. Men may work in different departments of life, and yet recognise their brotherly relation, and honour one another, and hold friendly communion with one another. Undoubtedly, men will prefer as friends and common associates, those with whom they sympathize most. But this is not to form a rank or caste. For example, the intelligent seek out the intelligent; the pious those who reverence God. But suppose the intellectual and the religious to cut themselves off by some broad, visible distinction from the rest of society, to form a clan of their own, to refuse admission into their houses to people of inferior knowledge and virtue, and to diminish as far as possible the occasions of intercourse with them; would not society rise up as one man against this arrogant exclusiveness? And if intelligence and piety may not be the foundations of a caste, on what ground shall they, who have no distinction but wealth, superior costume, richer equipages, finer houses, draw lines around themselves and constitute themselves a higher class? That some should be richer than others is natural, and is necessary, and could only be prevented by gross violations of right. Leave men to the free use of their powers, and some will accumulate more than their neighbours. But to be prosperous is not to be superior, and should form no barrier between

men. Wealth ought not to secure to the prosperous the slightest consideration. The only distinctions which should be recognised are those of the soul, of strong principle, of incorruptible integrity, of usefulness, of cultivated intellect, of fidelity in seeking for truth. A man, in proportion as he has these claims, should be honoured and welcomed everywhere. I see not why such a man, however coarsely if neatly dressed, should not be a respected guest in the most splendid mansions, and at the most brilliant meetings. A man is worth infinitely more than the saloons, and the costumes, and the show of the universe. He was made to tread all these beneath his feet. What an insult to humanity is the present deference to dress and upholstery, as if silkworms, and looms, and scissors, and needles could produce something nobler than a man! Every good man should protest against a caste founded on outward prosperity, because it exalts the outward above the inward, the material above the spiritual; because it springs from and cherishes a contemptible pride in superficial and transitory distinctions; because it alienates man from his brother, breaks the tie of common humanity, and breeds jealousy, scorn, and mutual ill-will. Can this be needed in social order?"

CHRISTIANITY.

FROM "THE EVIDENCES OF REVEALED RELIGION."

"SINCE its introduction, human nature has made great progress, and society experienced great changes; and in this advanced condition of the

World, Christianity, instead of losing its application and importance, is found to be more and more congenial and adapted to man's nature and wants. Men have outgrown the other institutions of that period when Christianity appeared, its philosophy, its modes of warfare, its policy, its public and private economy; but Christianity has never shrunk as intellect has opened, but has always kept in advance of men's faculties, and unfolded nobler views in proportion as they have ascended. The highest powers and affections which our nature has developed, find more than adequate objects in this religion. Christianity is, indeed, peculiarly fitted to the more improved stages of society, to the more delicate sensibilities of refined minds, and especially to that dissatisfaction with the present state, which always grows with the growth of our moral powers and affections. As men advance in civilization, they become susceptible of mental sufferings, to which ruder ages are strangers; and these Christianity is fitted to assuage. Imagination and intellect become more restless; and Christianity brings them tranquillity by the eternal and magnificent truths, the solemn and unbounded prospects which it unfolds. This fitness of our religion to more advanced stages of society than that in which it was introduced, to wants of human nature not then developed, seems to me very striking. The religion bears the marks of having come from a being who perfectly understood the human mind, and had power to provide for its progress. This feature of Christianity is of the nature of prophecy. It was an anticipation of future and distant ages; and, when we consider among whom our religion sprung, where, but in God, can we find an explanation of this peculiarity?"

CHAPTER X.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

No literary name is probably so well known as the name of this lady. Her great work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is in almost every cottage and parlour in the kingdom. The tales have never been reprinted in England before, and we have ventured to append some of the more striking scenes of "Uncle Tom."

UNCLE ABEL AND LITTLE EDWARD.

"WERE any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, school going, orderly times? If you were you must remember my Uncle Abel, the most perpendicular, upright, downright good man, that ever laboured six days and rested on the Sabbath. You remember his hard weather beaten countenance, where every line seemed drawn with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond; his considerate grey eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspect opening and shutting of his

mouth, his down sitting and up rising, all of which appeared to be performed with a conviction more than thought, in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation which was, according to the tenor of the military order, 'to the right about face—forward—march!'

Now if you supposed from all this triangularism of exterior this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow drift, and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower garden kind still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there. It is true he seldom laughed, and never joked himself, but no man ever had a more serious weighty conviction of what a good joke was in another, and when one excellent witticism was dispensed in his presence you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction and he would look at the author with a certain quiet wonder as if it was astonishing how such a thing could ever come into a man's head. Uncle Abel also had some text for the fine arts, in proof whereof I might allude to the pleasure with which he gazed at the plate in his family Bible the likeness whereof I presume you never any of you saw—and he was also such an eminent musician that he could go through the singing book in a sitting without the least fatigue beating time like a windmill all the way.—He had too a liberal hand—though his liberality was all by the rule of three and practice. He did to his neighbours exactly as he would be done by—he loved some things in this world sincerely he loved his God much but he honoured and feared him more, he was exact with others, he was more exact with himself—and expected his God to be more

exact still. Every thing in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and from year's end to year's end. There was old master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he was learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock for ever ticking away in the kitchen corner; with a picture on its face of the sun, for ever sitting behind a perpendicular row of poplars. There was the never failing supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney. There was the yearly hollyhocks and morning glories, blooming around the windows. There was the 'best room,' with the sanded floor and ever green asparagus bushes, its cupboard with a glass door in one corner, and the stand with the great Bible and almanac on it in the other. There was Aunt Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short this was the land of continuance.

"Old Time never seemed to take it into his head to practice either addition, substraction, or multiplication on the sum total. This Aunt Betsey, aforenamed, was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always every where, predominating over, and seeing to every thing; and though my uncle had been twice married, Aunt Betsey's rule and authority never had been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead; and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter. But my uncle's latest wife left Aunt Betsey a much less tractable subject to manage than had ever fallen to her lot before. Little Edward was the

child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew up on the edge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmamma until he arrived at the age of discretion, and then my old uncle's heart yearned towards him, and he was sent for home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities, such a violater of all high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry little elf that ever shook a head of curls, and it was all the same to him whether it was Sabbath day, or any other day. He laughed and frolicked with every body and every thing that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father, and when you saw him with his arms around the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the bleak face of Uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw Spring caressing Winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled how to bring up this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing. Once he scoured the floor with Aunt Betsey's Scotch snuff, and once he washed the hearth with Uncle Abel's immaculate clothes brush, and once he spent half an hour in trying to make Bose wear his spectacles. In short, there was no use but the right one to which he did not put every thing that came in his way. But Uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath, for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly to be entertained. 'Edward, Edward must not play on Sunday,' his father would

say, and then Edward would shake his curls over his eyes, and walk out of the room as grave as the catechism, but the next moment you would see pussey scampering in dismay through the 'best room,' with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomfiture of Aunt Betsey, and all others in authority.

"At last my uncle came to the conclusion that 'it wasn't in natur to teach him any better,' and that 'he would no more keep Sunday than the brook down in the lot.' My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart; but certain it was, he had lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when Aunt Betsey was detailing his witticisms and clever doings. But in process of time, our hero compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went illustriously through the spelling book, and attacked the catechism; went from 'man's chief end' to 'the commandments' in a fortnight, and at last came home inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to 'amen.' After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder, to see if papa was attending. Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bade fair to be a literary wonder. But alas! for poor little Edward, his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly

worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing, he stayed by his bedside day and night, trying all means to save with affecting pertinacity. 'Can't you think of any thing more, doctor?' said he to the physician, when every thing had been tried in vain. 'Nothing,' replied the physician. A slight convulsion passed over the old man's face. 'Then the Lord's will be done!' said he. Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from disturbed sleep. 'Oh, dear! father, oh, I am so sick!' He gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile. Just then his old playmate, the cat, crossed the floor. 'There goes pussy,' said he 'Oh dear, I shall never play with pussy any more' At that moment a deadly change passed over his countenance, he looked up to his father with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. There was one moment of agony, and the sweet features settled with a smile of peace, and mortality was swallowed up in death. My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face; it was too much for his principles, too much for his pride, and he wept aloud.'

"The next morning was the Sabbath, the funeral day, and it rose with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom. Uncle Abel was calm and collected as ever; but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression that could not be mistaken. I remember him at family prayers, bending over the great table, and beginning the psalm, 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.' Apparently he was touched with the melancholy and splendour of the poetry; for after reading a

few verses he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the tick of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly, and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book, and knelt to prayer. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos which I have never forgotten. The God so much reverenced, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, to be his refuge and strength, 'a very present help in time of trouble.' My uncle rose; I saw him walk toward the room of the departed one; I followed and stood with him over the dead. He uncovered his face. It was set with the seal of death, but oh, how surprisingly lovely was the impression! The brilliancy of life was gone; but the face was touched with that mysterious triumphant brightness which seems like the dawning of heaven. My uncle looked long and steadily. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood at the front door. The bells were ringing for church; the morning was bright, and birds were singing merrily, and the pet squirrel of little Edward was frolicking about the door.

"My uncle watched him as he ran, first up one tree and then another, then over the fence, whisking his brush, and chattering as if nothing was the matter. With a deep sigh Uncle Abel broke forth, —'How happy that creature is; well, the Lord's will be done!' That day the body was committed to the dust, amid the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Years have passed since then, and my uncle has long been gathered to his fathers, but his just and upright spirit has entered

the liberty of the sons of God. Yes, the good man may have opinions which the philosophical scorn, weakness at which the thoughtless smile, but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined. 'He shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and the stars, for ever and ever.'"

MARK MERIDEN.

"'Come, Mark Meriden, don't settle down into an old grandfather before your time!—a pretty wife's a pretty thing—but, hang it! one must have a little of life.'

"Mark Meriden was at his desk, giving a look at his books, while Ben Sanford—the roguish, the merry, the sonsome singer—the Ben of all Bens—was thus urging on him the claims of a projected frolic that evening. Now Ben was precisely the messenger for such an embassy; there was fun in the twinkle of his blue eyes, and a world of waggery in the turn of his head, and in a pair of broad roguish dimples that went merrily dodging in and out of his cheeks every time he spoke, and he had laid hold of Mark's arm to drag him away. But Mark shook off his hand and finished summing up a column of figures, put the blotting paper into the book, wiped the pen—all with an air of great thoughtfulness—and at last, turning to Ben, said—

"'I think I won't go this time.'

"'Now what is the reason?' exclaimed Ben.

"'Because—because,' said Mark, smilingly, 'I have a somewhat odd fancy that I should like Mrs Meriden's company much better this evening.'

"'Hang Mrs. Meriden—beg pardon, Mark—hang myself for saying so—but one don't like to see a fine fellow buried alive! Come, take a real wake up with us.

"'Thank you, Ben, but I havn't been asleep, and don't need it. So I'll go home and see my wife;' and thereat Mark Meriden turned a resolute footstep homeward, as a well trained husband ought.

"'Now,' says one of our readers, 'who was this Meriden?' You wouldn't have asked, good reader, if you had lived in the town of ———, when his name appeared on the outside of one of the most fashionable shops, 'Mark Meriden,' surrounded by those insignia of grace and fashion that young belles need have their eyes turned off from beholding. Every thing in the tasteful establishment told of a well arranged business, and Mark himself, the mirror of fashion, faultless in every article of costume,—quick, attentive, polite,—was every day 'winning golden opinions of all sorts of people.' Mark's shop became the resort of the *ton*, the fashionable exchange and the promenade of beauty and wealth, who came there to be enlightened as to the ways and means of disposing of their surplus revenue—to see and to be seen. So attentive, polite, and considerate was Mark,—so profound his bows, so bright his eyes, so unexceptionable his whiskers,—that it might have proved a dangerous resort for ladies, had not a neat, tasteful house going up in the neighbourhood, been currently reported as the future residence of an elected Mrs. Meriden. And in a few months the house, neatly finished and tastefully furnished, received a pretty lady who called herself to that effect. She was truly as refined and lovely a woman as ever formed the centre flower

in a domestic bouquet, and Mark might justly have been pardoned for having as good again an opinion of himself for having been fortunate enough to secure her.

"Mark had an extensive circle of business and pleasure acquaintances, for he had been one of the social companionable sort, whose money generally found its way out of his pocket in very fair proportion to the rate it came in. In short, he was given to clubs, oyster suppers, and more than that, now and then a wine party, and various other privileges for elevating one's spirits, and depressing one's cash, that so much abound in enlightened communities.

"But nevertheless at the bottom of Mark's head there was a very substantial stratum of a certain quality called common sense—a trait, though it was never set down in any chart of phrenology, may be very justly called a faculty, and one, too, which makes a striking difference among people as the world goes. In consequence of being thus constituted, Mark, when he found himself in love and engaged to a young and pretty girl, began to reflect upon his ways, habits, and manners of life with more than ordinary seriousness. He also took an accurate survey of his business, formed an average estimate of his future income, on the soberest probabilities, and determined to live within that. He also provided himself with a small account book, with which he intended to live in habits of close acquaintance; and in this book he designed to note down all the little savings consequent upon the retrenching of certain little extras before alluded to, in which he had been in the habit of pretty freely indulging himself.

"On the present occasion it had cost him considerable of an effort to say No; for Mark was one

of your easy 'clever fellows,' of whom the enunciation of this little syllable causes as much trouble as all gutterals of the German. However when he came in sight of his parlour window through which the bright fire was shining—when he entered and found the clean glowing hearth, the easy chair drawn up in front, and a pair of embroidered slippers, waiting quite at their leisure, and above all when he read the quick glance of welcome from a very bright pair of eyes, Mark forgot all about Ben Sanford and all allurements whatever, and was the happiest fellow upon earth.

"The evening passed off rapidly by the aid of music, reading, and the little small talk of which newly married people generally find a good supply, and the next morning saw Mark at early business hours with as steady a hand and as cool a head as if there had been no such thing as a bachelor's frolic in existence.

"Late in the afternoon, Ben Sanford lounged in to ogle a few of the ladies, and above all to rally Mark on losing the fun of the evening before.

"'Upon my word, Mark,' he began, 'we must have you put up for a select man, you are becoming so extremely ancient and venerable in your ways; however you are to be excused,' he added, 'circumstances considered—female influence!—ah, well!—it is a very fine affair—this marriage!'

"'Better try it, Mr. Sandford,' said a bright, saucy girl, who with her laughing companions was standing by when Ben Sanford was thus speaking.

"'Ah, madam! the wherewithal!' said Ben, rolling up his eyes with a tragic expression. 'If some clever old fellow be so obliging as to die now, and leave me a few thousand.'

"'But, speaking of money,' said Mark, when he saw the ladies busy over some laces he had just

thrown upon the counter—'what did your *fun* cost you?'

"'Pooh! nothing! only ten dollars—nothing in my purse, you know.'

"'Nothing in your purse? not an uncommon incident after those occasions,' said Mark, laughing.

"'Oh, hang it all,' said Ben, 'too true! I can get no remedy for this consumption of the purse, as old Falstaff says; but the world owes me a living, and so good morning.'

"Ben Sanford was just one of that class of young men of whom common report goes, that they can do anything they please, and who consider this point so well established, that they do not think it necessary to illustrate it by doing anything at all. He was a lawyer of talents, and would have had an extensive run of business, had he not been one of that class of people never to be found when wanted. His law books and law office saw far less of him than certain fashionable places of resort where his handsome person and various social accomplishments always secured to him a welcome reception. Ben had some little property left him by his father, just enough, as he used laughingly to say, 'to keep him in gloves and cologne water;' and for the rest he seemed vastly contented with his old maxim, 'the world owes me a living,' forgetting that the world can sometimes prove as poor a paymaster as any of the most fashionable young gentlemen going.

"But to return to Mark. When he had settled his accounts at night, he took from a pigeon-hole in his desk the little book afore mentioned, and entered as follows:—'To one real wake-up, ten dollars'—which being done, he locked his desk securely, and returned once more to Mrs. Meriden.

"Days flew on, and the shop of Mark became

increasingly popular; and still he was assailed by the kind of temptation we have described. Now it was, 'Mark, my dear fellow, do join us in a trip to G——'s;' and now, 'Come, my old boy, let's have a spree at F———'s;'—now it was the club—now the oyster supper—but still Mark was invincible, and still, as one and another recounted their history of the scene, he silently committed the account of the expense to his little book. Yet was not Mark cynical or unsocial. His refusals, though so firm, were invariably good-natured; and though he could not be drawn abroad, yet he was unquestionably free and open handed in his own home. No house had so warm a welcome—no dinner table could be more beautiful, or more freely opened for the behoof of the dinner-out gentlemen—no tea-table presented more unexceptionable toast—and no evening lounge was more easy, homelike, and cheerful than on the sofas in the snug parlours of Mark Meriden. They also gave evening parties, where all was brilliant, tasteful, and well ordered; and, in fine, notwithstanding his short comings, Mark was set down as a fine open-handed fellow—after all.

"At the end of the year, Mark cast up the account in his little book, and was mightily astonished at it; for with all his ideas of the power of numbers, he had no idea that the two, fives, tens, and ones which on greater and smaller occasions had found their way into his columns, would amount to a sum so considerable. Mark looked about him—the world was going well—his business machinery moved in exact touch and time—his house, where was there a prettier one?—where a place more replete with every home-drawing comfort? Had he lost anything in pleasure the year past? Mark thought not; and therefore, as

he walked homeward, he stopped into a bookseller's and ordered some books of superb engravings for Mrs. Meriden, and spoke to a gardener to send some elegant flowering exotics for which he had heard her express an admiration a few evenings before.

"The same evening came in Ben Sunford, as he expressed it, 'in the very depth of indigo;' for young gentlemen whose worldly matters invariably go on wrong end foremost will sometimes be found in this condition, however exuberant may be their stock of animal spirits.

"'Pray, Ben, what is the matter?' said Mark, kindly, as the latter stretched himself in an arm chair, groaning audibly

"'Oh, a bilious attack, Mark!—shoemakers' bills, boarding-house bills; all sent in for new years' presents; hang 'em all!'

"Mark was silent for a few moments, and Ben continued:—

"'Confound it, Mark, what's the sense of living, if a fellow is so cursedly poor! Here you, Mark, born in the same town with me and younger than I am by some two years; you have a house as snug, as cozy and comfortable as a man need ask—a wife like an angel, peace and plenty by the bushel, and all comes of having a good run in the money line,—and Ben kicked his slippers against the andirons most energetically.

"'What has become of Emily P——?' asked Mark, after a pause

"'Poor soul!' said Ben, 'there she is yet, with all sweetness and patience, waiting till such a luckless scapegrace as I can give her a home and husband. I wish to my soul, for her sake, I could afford to be married, and have a home of my own;

besides, to tell you the truth, I am tired of this rambling, scambling, out-at-elbow slipshod life.'

"'Why don't you get married?'

"'Why don't I, to be sure; use my tailor's bill for fuel, and my board bill for house rent, and my shoe bill for bread and butter—hey? would you recommend a poor girl to try me, Mark, all things considered?' said Ben rather bitterly.

"Mark reflected awhile in silence, and then drew out his book, his little book to which we have before alluded.

"'Just look at this account, Ben,' said he, 'I know you hate figures, but just for once.'

"Ben glanced at it impatiently, and laughed when he read over the two or three first items, but his face lengthened as he proceeded, and Mark detected a sort of whistle of astonishment as he read the sum total.

"'Well, Mark' he exclaimed, 'what a very old-gentlemanly considerate trick is this of yours, to sit behind the curtain so coolly noting down the "cost and come to," of all our little frolics; really, it is most edifying!—How much you must have enjoyed your superior discretion and forethought;' and Ben laughed, but not with his usual glee.

"'Nay, you mistake,' said Mark. 'I kept this account merely to see what I have been in the habit of spending myself, and as you and I have always been hand and glove in every thing it answers equally for you. It was only yesterday that I summed up the account, and I assure you the result surprised myself; and now, Ben, the sum here set down, and as much more as you please, is freely at your disposal to pay off old scores for the year, provided you will accept with it, this little book as a new year's present, and use it one twelve months as I have done: and if at the end

of that time you are not ready to introduce me to Mrs. Sandford I am much mistaken.'

"Ben grasped his friend's hand; but just then the entrance of Mrs. Meriden prevented his reply. Mark, however, saw with satisfaction that he had put the book carefully in his vest pocket, and buttoned up his coat with the air of a man buttoning up a good resolution.

"When they parted for the night, Mark said, with a smile, 'In case of bilious attacks, you know where to send for medicine.' Ben answered only by a fervent grasp of the hand, for his throat felt too full for him to answer.

"Mark Meriden's book answered the purpose admirably. In less than two years Ben Sanford was one of the most popular lawyers in ——, and as steady a householder as you might wish to see. And in conclusion, we will just ask our lady readers their opinion on one point, and it is this:

"If Mrs. Meriden had been a woman who understood what is called catching a beau, better than securing a husband—if she had never curled her hair except for company, and thought it no derogation to know how to keep a house comfortable, would all these things have happened?"

IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION—A SKETCH.

"It may be gratifying to those who desire to think well of human nature, to know that the leading incidents of the subjoined sketch are literal matter of fact, occurring in the city of Cincinnati, which have come within the scope of the writer's personal knowledge—the incidents

have merely been clothed in a dramatic form, to present them more vividly to the reader.

"In one of the hotel parlours of our queen city, a young gentleman, apparently in no very easy frame of mind, was pacing up and down the room, looking alternately at his watch and out of the window, as if expecting somebody. At last, he rang the bell violently, and a hotel servant soon appeared.

"'Has my man Sam, come yet?' he inquired.

"The polished yellow gentleman, to whom this was addressed, answered, with a polite, but somewhat sinister smirk, that nothing had been seen of him since early that morning.

"'Lazy dog! full three hours since I sent him off to B—— street, and I have seen nothing of him since.'

"The yellow gentleman remarked with consolatory politeness, that he 'hoped Sam had not *run away*,' adding, with an ill-concealed grin, that 'them boy's was mighty apt to show the clean heel when they come into a free State.'

"'Oh, no; I'm quite easy as to that,' returned the young gentleman; 'I'll risk Sam's ever being willing to part from me. I brought him because I was sure of him.'

"'Don't you be too sure, remarked a gentleman from behind, who had been listening to the conversation. 'There are plenty of mischief-making busy-bodies on the trail of every Southern gentleman, to interfere with his family matters, and decoy off his servants.'

"'Didn't I see Sam talking at the corner with the Quaker Simmons?' said another servant, who meanwhile had entered.

"'Talking with Simmons, was he!' remarked the last speaker, with irritation; 'that rascal

Simmons does nothing else, I believe, but tote away gentlemen's servants. Well, if Simmons has got him, you may as well be quiet; you'll not see your fellow again in a hurry.'

"'And who the deuce is this Simmons?' said our young gentleman, who, though evidently of a good natured mould, was now beginning to wax wroth; 'and what business has he to interfere with other people's affairs?'

"You had better have asked those questions a few days ago, and then you would have kept a closer eye on your fellow; a meddlesome, canting, Quaker rascal, that all these black hounds run to, to be helped into Canada, and nobody knows where all.'

"The young gentleman jerked out his watch with increasing energy, and then walking fiercely up to the coloured waiter, who was setting the dinner table with an air of provoking satisfaction, he thundered at him, 'You rascal, you understand this matter; I see it in your eyes.'

"Our gentleman of colour bowed, and with an air of mischievous intelligence, protested that he never interfered with other gentlemen's matters, while sundry of his brethren in office looked unutterable things out of the corners of their eyes.

"'There is some cursed plot hatched up among you,' said the young man. 'You have talked Sam into it; I know he never would have thought of leaving me unless he was put up to it. Tell me now,' he resumed, 'have you heard Sam say anything about it? Come, be reasonable,' he added, in a milder tone, 'you shall find your account in it.'

"Thus adjured, the waiter protested he would be happy to give the gentleman any satisfaction in his power. The fact was, Sam had been

pretty full of notions lately, and had been to see Simmons, and, in short, he should not wonder if he never saw any more of him.

"And as hour after hour passed, the whole day, the whole night, and no Sam was forthcoming, the truth of the surmise became increasingly evident. Our young hero, Mr. Alfred B——, was a good deal provoked, and strange as the fact may seem, a good deal grieved too, for he really loved the fellow. 'Loved him!' says some scornful zealot; 'a slaveholder *love* his slaves!' Yes, brother; why not? A warm-hearted man will love his dog, his horse, even to grieving bitterly for their loss, and why not credit the fact that such a one may *love* the human creature whom accursed custom has placed on the same level. The fact was, Alfred B—— did love this young man; he had been appropriated to him in childhood; and Alfred had always redressed his grievances, fought his battles, got him out of scrapes, and purchased for him, with liberal hand, indulgences to which his comrades were strangers. He had taken a pride to dress him smartly, and as for hardship and want they had never come near him.

"'The poor, silly, ungrateful puppy!' soliloquized he, 'what can he do with himself? Confound that Quaker, and all his meddlesome tribe—been at him with their bloody-bone stories, I suppose—Sam knows better—the scamp—Hallos, there,' he called to one of the waiters, 'where does this Simpkins—Simcox—Simmons, or what d'ye call him, live?'

"'His shop is No. 5, on G—— Street.'

"'Well, I'll go at him, and see what business he has with my affairs.'

"The Quaker was sitting at the door of his

shop, with a round, rosy, good-humoured face, so expressive of placidity and satisfaction, that it was difficult to approach in ireful feeling.

"'Is your name Simmons?' demanded Alfred, in a voice whose natural urbanity was somewhat sharpened by vexation.

"'Yes, friend; what dost thou wish?'

"'I wish to enquire whether you have seen anything of my coloured fellow, Sam; a man of twenty-five, or thereabouts, lodging at the Pearl Street House?'

"'I rather suspect that I have,' said the Quaker in a quiet, meditative tone, as if thinking the matter over with himself.

"'And is it true, sir, that you have encouraged and assisted him in his efforts to get out of my service?'

"'Such, truly, is the fact, my friend.'

"Losing patience at this provoking equanimity, our young friend poured forth his sentiments with no inconsiderable energy, and in terms not the most select or pacific, all which our Quaker received with that placid, full orbed tranquillity of countenance, which seemed to say, 'Pray, sir, relieve your mind: don't be particular, scold as hard as you like.' The singularity of this expression struck the young man, and as his wrath became gradually spent, he could hardly help laughing at the tranquillity of his opponent, and he gradually changed his tone for one of expostulation. 'What motive could induce you, sir, thus to incommode a stranger, and one who never injured you at all?'

"'I am sorry thou art incommoded,' rejoined the Quaker. 'Thy servant, as thee calls him, came to me, and I helped him, as I would any other poor fellow in distress.'

"'Poor fellow!' said Alfred, angrily; 'that's the story of the whole of you. I tell you there is not a free negro in your city so well off as my Sam is, and always has been, and he'll find it out before long.'

"'But tell me, friend, thou mayest die, as well as another man; thy establishment may fall into debt, as well as another man's; and thy Sam may be sold by the Sheriff for debt, or change hands in dividing the estate, and so, though he was bred easily, and well cared for, he may come to be a field hand, under hard masters, starved, beaten, overworked—such things do happen sometimes, do they not?'

"'Sometimes, perhaps, they do,' replied the young man.

"'Well, look you, by our laws in Ohio, thy Sam is now a free man; as free as I or thou; he hath a strong back, good hands, good courage, can earn his ten or twelve dollars a month—or do better; now taking all things into account, if thee were in his place, what would thee do—would thee go back a slave, or try thy luck as a free man?'

"Alfred said nothing in reply to this, only after a while he murmured half to himself, 'I thought the fellow had more gratitude, after all my kindness.'

"'Thee talks of gratitude,' said the Quaker, 'now how does that account stand? Thou hast fed, and clothed, and protected this man; thou hast not starved, beaten, or abused him—that would have been unworthy of thee; thou hast shown him special kindness, and, in return, he has given thee faithful service for fifteen or twenty years; all this time, all his strength, all he could do, or be, he has given thee, and ye are about

even.' The young man looked thoughtful, but made no reply.

"'Sir,' said he, at last, 'I will take no unfair advantage of you; I wish to get my servant once more; can I do so?'

"'Certainly. I will bring him to thy lodgings this evening, if thee wish it. I know thee will do what is fair,' said the Quaker.

"It were difficult to define the thoughts of the young man, as he returned to his lodgings. Naturally generous and humane, he had never dreamed that he had rendered injustice to the human beings he claimed as his own. Injustice and oppression he had sometimes seen with detestation in other establishments; but it had been his pride to think that his indulgence and liberality made a situation of dependence on him preferable even to liberty.

"The dark picture of possible reverses which the slave system hangs over the lot of the most favoured slaves, never occurred to him. Accordingly, at six o'clock that evening, a light tap at the door of Mr. B——'s, parlour door, announced the Quaker, and hanging back behind him, the reluctant Sam, who, with all his newly-acquired love of liberty, felt almost as if he were treating his old master rather shabbily, in deserting him.

"'So, Sam,' said Alfred, 'how is this? they say you want to leave me.'

"'Yes, master.'

"'Why, what's the matter, Sam? haven't I always been good to you; and has not my father always been good to you?'

"'Oh, yes, master; very good.'

"'Have you not always had good food, good clothes, and lived easy?'

"'Yes, master.'

"'And nobody has ever abused you?'

"'No, master.'

"'Well, then, why do you wish to leave me?'

"'Oh, massa, I want to be a free man.'

"'Why, Sam; ain't you well enough off, now?'

"'Oh, massa may die; then nobody knows who get me; some dreadful folks, you know, master, might get me, as they did Jim Sanford, and nobody to take my part. No, master. I rather be free man.'

"Alfred turned to the window, and thought a few moments, and then said, turning about, 'Well, Sam, I believe you are right. I think on the whole, I'd like best to be a free man myself, and I must not wonder that you do. So, for ought I see, you must go; but then, Sam, there's your wife and child.' Sam's countenance fell.

"'Never mind, Sam. I will send them up to you.'

"'Oh, master!'

"'I will; but you must remember now, Sam, you have got both yourself and them to take care of, and have no master to look after you; be steady, sober, and industrious, and then, if ever you get into distress, send word to me, and I'll help you.' Lest any accuse us of over-colouring our story, we will close it by extracting a passage or two from a letter which the generous young man the next day left in the hands of the Quaker, for his emancipated servant. We can assure our readers that we copy from the original document, which now lies before us

"'DEAR SAM:—I am just on the eve of my departure for Pittsburg; I may not see you again for a long time possibly never, and I leave this letter with your friends Messrs. A. and B. for you, and herewith bid you an affectionate farewell. Let me give you some advice, which

is, now that you are a free man, in a free State, be obedient as you were when a slave, perform all the duties that are required of you, and do all you can for your future welfare and respectability. Let me assure you that I have the same good feeling towards you that you know I always had; and let me tell you farther, that if ever you want a friend, call or write to me, and I will be that friend. Should you be sick, and not able to work and want money to a small amount at different times, write to me, and I will always let you have it. I have not with me at present much money, though I will leave with my agent here, the Messrs W. five dollars for you; you must give them a receipt for it. On my return from Pittsburg, I will call and see you if I have time, ful not to write to my father, for he made you a good master and you should always treat him with respect, and cherish his memory so long as you live. Be good, industrious, and honourable, and if unfortunate in your undertakings never forget that you have a friend in me- farewell, and believe me your affectionate young master and friend

ALFRED B——.'"

That dispositions as ingenious and noble as that of this young man, are commonly to be found either in slave States or free, is more than we dare assert. But when we see such found even among those who are born and bred slaveholders, we cannot but feel that there is encouragement for a fair, and mild, and brotherly presentation of truth, and every reason to lament hasty and wholesale denunciations. The great error of controversy is, that it is ever ready to assail *persons* rather than *principles*. The slave *system*, as a system, perhaps concentrates more wrong than any other now existing, and yet those who live under and in it may be, as we see, enlightened, generous, and amenable to reason. If the *system* alone is attacked, such minds will be the first to perceive its evils and to turn against it; but if the system be attacked through individuals, self-love, wounded pride, and a thousand natural feel-

ings will be at once enlisted for its preservation. We therefore subjoin it as the moral of our story, that a man who has had the misfortune to be born and bred a slaveholder, may be enlightened, generous, humane, and capable of the most disinterested regard to the welfare of the slave.

CHAPTER XI

GEORGE BANCROFT

Mr. Bancroft was born in Worcester Massachusetts, in the year 1800. His father, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D.D., who died at an advanced age in 1839, after having been for more than half a century minister of a Congregational church in that town, was a theological and historical writer of some reputation, and was eminently distinguished for the liberality of his views, the kindness of his manners, and the spotless purity of his character. His "Life of Washington," of which many editions have been published, appeared originally in 1807, and his devotion to American history at this period doubtless had some influence in kindling that intellectual passion in his son which has since produced such honourable fruits.

At the early age of thirteen Mr. Bancroft entered Harvard College, where he graduated in 1817, with the first honours of his class. He had determined to study theology, and his essay on this occasion, for which he received

from the corporation one of the Bowdoin prizes, was on "The Use and Necessity of Revelation." In the following year he went to Germany, and devoted himself two years to the study of history and philology, under Professor Heeren, at Gottingen, where he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He then went to Berlin, where he cultivated the society of learned men (among others of Varnhagen von Ense, one of the most brilliant of contemporary German authors), and next to Heidelberg, where he became acquainted with Schlosser, the first of German historians, who awakened his taste for history. Before his return he also visited Italy and France, and stayed a short time in London.

He had not entirely abandoned his design of entering the ministry. Indeed he preached a few times, in a manner that induced predictions that he would greatly distinguish himself in the pulpit. But he was disposed to devote himself to literature and learning, and cherished dreams of successful authorship. His first book was a small collection of Poems, chiefly illustrative, of his experience and observations abroad, which appeared in 1823. In the following year he gave the public his "Translation of the Reflections on the Politics of Ancient Greece, by Professor Heeren," with whom, at Gottingen, he had been accustomed to live on terms of intimacy; and soon after, he opened the Round Hill School, at Northampton, and devoted himself assiduously to teaching. Here he translated several books on the study of the ancient languages, from the

German, and in 1828, Heeren's histories of the States of Antiquity, and of the Political System of Europe and its Colonies, from the Discovery of America to the Independence of the American Continent. These versions demanded and evinced not only a thorough knowledge of the German language, but a wide range of classical and general learning.

He now began to give more and more attention to politics. At first he was a Whig, but during his residence at Northampton he went over to the Democracy, and in an article in the "Boston Quarterly Review," on "The Progress of Civilization," attempted to show that the natural association of men of letters is with that party.

In 1834 Mr. Bancroft published the first volume of his "History of the Colonization of the United States," which was everywhere received with the liveliest applause. The reputation which he acquired by this and other literary labours, and the ability he exhibited as a politician, commended him to the notice of the dispensers of place and patronage in Washington, and he was appointed to the lucrative post of Collector of the Customs at Boston. His official duties did not divert him from his studies, and in 1837 he gave to the press the second, and in 1840 the third volume of his History, completing the first part of it, and introducing, as a youthful surveyor in the service of Virginia, the hero of the second, which is to embrace the period and appear under the title of "The History of the Revolution."

On the election of General Harrison to the

Presidency Mr. Bancroft was superseded as Collector of Boston; but the democrats came into power again in 1844, and he was then called into the Cabinet, as Secretary of the Navy. Here he was a bold and fearless reformer, in a department in which much reform was needed; and though many of his recommendations respecting the Navy were not adopted, for reasons quite independent of their inherent character, no minister has exerted a more powerful or advantageous influence upon this branch of the public service.* He resigned his place in the cabinet in September, 1846, was immediately after appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, and in the month of October arrived in London, where he resided for some time.

Mr. Bancroft's "History of the United States," is one of the great works of the present age, stamped more plainly with its essential character than any other of a similar sort that has been written. The subject of the birth and early experiences of a radically new and thoroughly independent nation, has a deep philosophical interest, which to the historian is instead of that dramatic attraction of which the few incidents in the progress of many small communities, scattered over a continent, independent of each other, and all dependent on a foreign power, are necessarily destitute. This Mr. Bancroft perceives, and entering deeply

* Among many things for which America is indebted to Mr. Bancroft the Secretary, are the Nautical School of Alexandria, and the Astronomical Observatory of Washington.

into the spirit of the times, he becomes insensibly the advocate of the cause of freedom, which invalidates his testimony. He suffers too much "his passion to instruct his reason." He is more mastered by his subject than himself master of it. Liberty with him is not the result of an analytical process, but the basis of his work, and he builds upon it synthetically.

When Mr. Bancroft commenced his labours, the very valuable but incomplete history by Judge Marshall was the only work on the subject by a native author that was deserving of much praise. Grahame's faithful history of the Colonization, and the brilliant account of the Revolution by Botta, were acknowledged to be the best histories of the country for their respective periods. This fact alone was sufficient to guide an American historian in the choice of his theme, had he been less deeply imbued than Mr. Bancroft with the principles which our history illustrates.—Whatever may be the merit of some of Mr. Bancroft's opinions, there are in the volumes he has published no signs of a superficial study of events. His narrative is based on contemporary documents, and he has shown remarkable patience in collecting, and in assorting, comparing and arranging them. In this respect his work is singularly faithful.

In regard to the characters and adventures of many of the early discoverers, and principles and policies of the founders of several of the States, and the peculiarities and influences

of the various classes of colonists, the details are full, and the reflections eminently philosophical. The languages, religions, and rural and warlike customs of the Indians, are also treated in a manner that evinces much research and ingenuity.

Mr. Bancroft's style is elaborate, scholarly, and forcible, though sometimes not without a visible effort at eloquence, and there is occasionally a dignity of phrase that is not in keeping with the subject matter. It lacks the delightful ease and uniform *proportion* which mark the diction of Prescott.

He is evidently sincere in the principles he advocates, though in a few points of minor importance he has evinced some unsteadiness of conviction. Altogether his work is equal to its great reputation in general ability, research and originality, and it is eminently American, in the best sense of that word as used in regard to literature.

Mr. Bancroft's History has been translated into several foreign languages, and the German version recently passed to a fourth edition. It has been republished in its original language in London and Paris.

The fourth and fifth volumes of the "History of the United States," being the first and second volumes of the "History of the Revolution," I believe are now stereotyped, and will be published as soon as Mr. Bancroft is relieved from his public duties.

Besides the works of Mr. Bancroft which I have mentioned, he has published an abridge-

ment of his "History of the Colonization of the United States,' several orations, and a few articles in the North American and Boston Quarterly Reviews

VIRGINIA

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

Virginia has long been the home of its inhabitants. Among many other blessings said their statute book Almighty hath vouchsafed increase of children to this colony, who are now multiplied to a considerable number and the huts in the wilderness were as full as the birds nests of the woods

The genial climate and transparent atmosphere delighted those who had come from the denser air of England Every object in nature was new and wonderful The loud and frequent thunder storms were phenomena that had been rarely witnessed in the colder summers of the north the forests majestic in their growth and free from undergrowth deserved admiration for their unrivalled magnificence, the purling streams and the frequent rivers, flowing between alluvial banks, quickened the ever pregnant soil into an unwearied fertility, the strawberry and the most delicate flowers grow familiar in the fields, the woods are replenished with sweet herbs and odours, the gardens matured the fruits whose hope of which the growth was invigorated and the flavour improved by the activity of the virgin mould Especially the birds, with their gay plumage and varied melodies, inspired delight,

every traveller expressed his pleasure in listening to the mocking-bird, which carolled a thousand several tunes, imitating and excelling the notes of all its rivals. The humming-bird, so brilliant in its plumage and so delicate in its form, quick in motion yet not fearing the presence of man, haunting about the flowers like the bee gathering honey, rebounding from the blossoms into which it dips its bill, and as soon returning 'to renew its many addresses to its delightful objects,' was ever admired as the smallest and the most beautiful of the feathered race. The rattle-snake, with the terrors of its alarms and the power of its venom; the opossum, soon to become as celebrated for the care of its offspring as the fabled pelican; the noisy frog, booming from the shallows like the English bittern; the flying squirrel, the myriads of pigeons, darkening the air with the immensity of their flocks, and, as men believed, breaking with their weight the boughs of trees on which they alighted,—were all honoured with frequent commemoration and became the subjects of the strangest tales. The concurrent relation of all the Indians justified the belief, that, within ten days' journey toward the setting of the sun, there was a country where gold might be washed from the sand, and where the natives themselves had learned the use of the crucible; but definite and accurate as were the accounts, inquiry was always baffled, and the regions of gold remained for two centuries an undiscovered land.

"Various were the employments by which the calmness of life was relieved. George Sandys, an idle man, who had been a great traveller, and who did not remain in America, a poet whose verse was tolerated by Dryden and praised by Izaak Walton, beguiled the ennui of his seclusion by translating the whole of 'Ovid's Metamorphoses.' To

the man of leisure, the chase furnished a perpetual resource. It was not long before the horse was multiplied in Virginia; and to improve that noble animal was early an object of pride, soon to be favoured by legislation Speed was especially valued; and 'the planter's pace' became a proverb.

"Equally proverbial was the hospitality of the Virginians. Labour was valuable; land was cheap; competence promptly followed industry. There was no need of a scramble; abundance gushed from the earth for all. The morasses were alive with water-fowl; the creeks abounded with oysters, heaped together in inexhaustible beds; the rivers were crowded with fish; the forests were nimble with game; the woods rustled with covies of quails and wild-turkies, while they rung with the merry notes of the singing birds; and hogs, swarming like vermin, ran at large in troops It was 'the best poor man's country in the world' 'If a happy peace be settled in poor England,' it had been said, 'then they in Virginia shall be as happy a people as any under heaven.' But plenty encouraged indolence. No domestic manufactures were established; every thing was imported from England. The chief branch of industry, for the purpose of exchanges, was tobacco-planting; and the spirit of invention was enfeebled by the uniformity of pursuit.'

CONNECTICUT.

FROM THE SAME.

"CONNECTICUT, from the first, possessed unmixed popular liberty. The government was in honest and upright hands; the little strifes of rivalry never became heated; the magistrates were sometimes persons of no ordinary endowments; but though gifts of learning and genius were valued, the State was content with virtue and single-mindedness, and the public welfare never suffered at the hands of plain men. Roger Williams had ever been a welcome guest at Hartford; and 'that heavenly man, John Haynes,' would say to him, 'I think, Mr. Williams, I must now confess to you, that the most wise God hath provided and cut out this part of the world as a refuge and receptacle for all sorts of consciences.' There never existed a persecuting spirit in Connecticut; while 'it had a scholar to their minister in every town or village.' Education was cherished, religious knowledge was carried to the highest degree of refinement, alike in its application to moral duties, and to the mysterious questions on the nature of God, of liberty, and of the soul. A hardy race multiplied along the alluvion of the streams, and subdued the more rocky and less inviting fields; its population for a century doubled once in twenty years, in spite of considerable emigration, and if, as has often been said, the ratio of the increase of population is the surest criterion of public happiness, Connecticut was long the happiest State in the world. Religion united with the pursuits of agriculture, to give to the land the aspect of salubrity. The domestic wars were

discussions of knotty points in theology; the concerns of the parish, the merits of the minister, were the weightiest affairs; and a church reproof the heaviest calamity. The strifes of the parent country, though they sometimes occasioned a levy among the sons of the husbandmen, yet never brought an enemy within their borders; tranquillity was within their gates, and the peace of God within their hearts. No fears of midnight ruffians could disturb the sweetness of slumber; the best house required no fastening but a latch, lifted by a string, bolts and locks were unknown.

"There was nothing morose in the Connecticut character. It was temperate industry enjoying the abundance which it had created. No great inequalities of condition excited envy, or raised political feuds, wealth could display itself only in a larger house and a fuller barn; and covetousness was satisfied by the tranquil succession of harvests. There was venison from the hills; salmon, in their season, not less than shad, from the rivers; and sugar from the trees of the forest. For a foreign market little was produced beside cattle; and in return for them but few foreign luxuries stole in. Even so late as 1713, the number of seamen did not exceed one hundred and twenty. The soil had originally been justly divided, or held as common property in trust for the public, and for new comers. Forestalling was successfully resisted; the brood of speculators in land inexorably turned aside. Happiness was enjoyed unconsciously; beneath the rugged exterior humanity wore its sweetest smile. There was for a long time hardly a lawyer in the land. The husbandman who held his own plough, and fed his own cattle, was the great man of the age; no one was superior to the matron, who, with her busy

daughters, kept the hum of the wheel incessantly alive, spinning and weaving every article of their dress. Fashion was confined within narrow limits; and pride, which aimed at no grander equipage than a pillion, could exult only in the common splendour of the blue and white linen gown, with short sleeves, coming down to the waist, and in the snow-white flaxen apron, which, primely starched and ironed, was worn on public days by every woman in the land. For there was no revolution except from the time of sowing to the time of reaping; from the plain dress of the week day to the more trim attire of Sunday.

"Every family was taught to look upward to God, as to the fountain of all good. Yet life was all sombre. The spirit of frolic mingled with innocence, religion itself sometimes wore the garb of gaiety; and the annual thanksgiving to God was, from primitive times, as joyous as it was sincere. Nature always asserts her rights, and abounds in means of gladness.

"The frugality of private life had its influence on public expenditure. Half a century after the concession of the charter, the annual expenses of the government did not exceed eight hundred pounds, or four thousand dollars; and the wages of the chief justice were ten shillings a day while on service. In each county a magistrate acted as judge of probate, and the business was transacted with small expense to the fatherless.

"Education was always esteemed a concern of deepest interest, and there were common schools from the first. Nor was it long before a small college, such as the day of small things permitted, began to be established; and Yale owes its birth to ten worthy fathers, who, in 1700, assembled at Branford, and each one, laying a few volumes on

a table said. "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony.'"

"But the political education of the people is due to the happy organization of towns, which here, as indeed throughout all New England, constituted each separate settlement a little democracy of itself. It was the natural production of the system, which the instinct of humanity had imperfectly revealed to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. In the ancient republics, citizenship had been an hereditary privilege. In Connecticut citizenship was acquired by inhabitancy, was lost by removal Each town-meeting was a little legislature, and all inhabitants the affluent and more needy, the wise and the foolish, were members with equal franchises There the taxes of the town were discussed and levied; there the village officers were chosen, there roads were laid out, and bridges voted, there the minister was elected, the representatives to the assembly were instructed. The debate was open to all; wisdom asked no favours; the churl abated nothing of his pretensions. Whoever reads the records of these village democracies will be perpetually coming upon some little document of political wisdom, which breathes the freshness of rural legislation, and wins a disproportioned interest, from the justice and simplicity of the times. As the progress of society required exertions in a wider field, the public mind was quickened by associations that were blended with early history; and when Connecticut emerged from the quiet of its origin and made its way into scenes where a new political world was to be created, the sagacity that had regulated the affairs of the village, gained admiration in the field and in the council."

CHIVALRY AND PURITANISM.

FROM THE SAME.

"HISTORIANS have loved to eulogise the manners and virtues, the glory and the benefits, of chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance. chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the Puritans from the fear of God. The knights were proud of loyalty; the Puritans of liberty. The knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honour, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace; the Puritans, disdaining ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus, nor bend the knee to the King of kings. Chivalry delighted in outward show, favoured pleasure, multiplied amusement, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; Puritanism bridled the passions, commanded the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonour. The former valued courtesy; the latter, justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements; the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the gradually increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes; the Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty."

THE HUGUENOTS IN CAROLINA.

FROM THE SAME.

"What need of describing the stripes, the roastings by slow fires, the plunging into wells, the gashes from knives, the wounds from red-hot pincers, and all the cruelties employed by men who were only forbidden not to ravish nor to kill! The loss of lives cannot be computed. How many thousands of men, how many thousands of children and women, perished in the attempt to escape, who can tell! An historian has asserted that ten thousand perished at the stake, or on the gibbet and the wheel.

"But the efforts of tyranny were powerless. Truth enjoys serenely her own immortality; and opinion, which always yields to a clearer conviction, laughs violence to scorn. The unparalleled persecution of vast masses of men for their religious creed, occasioned but a new display of the power of humanity; the Calvinists preserved their faith over the ashes of their churches, and the bodies of their murdered ministers. The power of a brutal soldiery was defied by whole companies of faithful men, that still assembled to sing their psalms; and from the country and the city, from the comfortable homes of wealthy merchants, from the workshops of artizans, hundreds of thousands of men rose up, as with one heart, to bear testimony to the indefeasible, irresistible right to freedom of mind.

"Every wise government was eager to offer a refuge to the upright men who would carry to other countries the arts, the skill in manufactures, and

the wealth of France. Emigrant Huguenots put a new aspect on the north of Germany, where they filled entire towns and sections of cities, introducing manufactures before unknown. A suburb of London was filled with French mechanics; the Prince of Orange gained entire regiments of soldiers, as brave as those whom Cromwell led to victory; a colony of them reached even the Cape of Good Hope. In our American colonies they were welcome everywhere. The religious sympathies of New England were awakened; did any arrive in poverty, having barely escaped with life?—the towns of Massachusetts contributed liberally to their support, and provided them with lands. Others repaired to New York; but the warmer climate was more inviting to the exiles of Languedoc, and South Carolina became the chief resort of the Huguenots. What though the attempt to emigrate was by the law of France a felony? In spite of every precaution of the police, five hundred thousand souls escaped from their country The unfortunate were more wakeful to fly than the ministers of tyranny to restrain.

"Escaping from a land where the profession of their religion was a felony, where their estates were liable to be confiscated in favour of the apostate, where the preaching of their faith was a crime to be expiated on the wheel, where their children might be torn from them, to be subjected to the nearest Catholic relation—the fugitives from Languedoc on the Mediterranean, from Rochelle, and Saintange, and Bordeaux, the provinces on the Bay of Biscay, from St. Quentin, Poictiers, and the beautiful valley of Tour, from St. Lo and Dieppe, men who had the virtues of the English Puritans, without their bigotry, came to the land to which the tolerant benevolence of Shaftesbury

had invited the believer of every creed. From a land that had suffered its king, in wanton bigotry, to drive half a million of its best citizens into exile, they came to the land which was the hospitable refuge of the oppressed; where superstition and fanaticism, infidelity, and faith, cold speculation, and animated zeal, were alike admitted without question, and where the fires of religious persecution were never to be kindled. There they obtained an assignment of lands, and soon had tenements, there they might safely make the woods the scene of their devotions, and join the simple incense of their psalms to the melodies of the winds among the ancient groves. Their church was in Charleston; and thither, on every Lord's day, gathering from their plantations upon the banks of the Cooper, and taking advantage of the ebb and flow of the tide, they might all regularly be seen, the parents with their children, whom no bigot could now wrest from them, making their way in light skiffs along the river, through scenes so tranquil, that silence was broken only by the rippling of oars, and the hum of the flourishing village that gemmed the confluence of the rivers."

NEW NETHERLANDS AND NEW YORK.

FROM THE SAME.

"SOMBRE forests shed a melancholy grandeur over the useless magnificence of Nature, and hid in their deep shades the rich soil which the sun had never warmed. No axe had levelled the giant progeny of the crowded groves, in which the fantastic forms of withered limbs, that had been blasted and riven

by lightning, contrasted strangely with the verdant freshness of a younger growth of branches. The wanton grape-vine, seeming by its own power to have sprung from the earth, and to have fastened its leafy coils on the top of the tallest forest tree, swung in the air with every breeze, like the loosened shrouds of a ship. Trees might everywhere be seen breaking from their root in the marshy soil, and threatening to fall with the first rude gust; while the ground was strewn with the ruins of former forests, over which a profusion of wild flowers wasted their freshness in mockery of the gloom. Reptiles sported in the stagnant pools, or crawled unharmed over piles of mouldering trees. The spotted deer couched among the thickets; but not to hide, for there was no pursuer; and there were none but wild animals to crop the uncut herbage of the productive prairies. Silence reigned, broken it may have been, by the flight of land-birds or the flapping of water-fowl, and rendered more dismal by the howl of beasts of prey. The streams, not yet limited to a channel, spread over sand-bars, tufted with copses of willow, or waded through wastes of reeds; or slowly but surely undermined the groups of sycamores that grew by their sides. The smaller brooks spread out into sedgy swamps, that were overhung by clouds of musquitoes; masses of decaying vegetation fed the exhalations with the seeds of pestilence, and made the balmy air of the summer's evening as deadly as it seemed grateful. Vegetable life and death were mingled hideously together. The horrors of corruption frowned on the fruitless fertility of uncultivated nature.

"And Man, the occupant of the soil, was wild as the savage scene, in harmony with the rude nature by which he was surrounded; a vagrant over

the continent, in constant warfare with his fellow-man; the bark of the birch his canoe; strings of shells his ornaments, his record, and his coin; the roots of the forest among his resources for food; his knowledge in architecture surpassed both in strength and durability by the skill of a beaver; bended saplings the beams of his house; the branches and rind of trees its roof; drifts of forest leaves his couch; mats of bulrushes his protection against the winters's cold; his religion the adoration of Nature; his morals the promptings of undisciplined instinct; disputing with the wolves and bears the lordship of the soil, and dividing with the squirrel the wild fruits with which the universal woodlands abounded.

"And how changed is the scene from that on which Hudson gazed; the earth glows with the colours of civilization; the banks of the streams are enamelled with the richest grasses; woodlands and cultivated fields are harmoniously blended; the birds of spring find their delight in orchards and trim gardens, variegated with choicest plants from every temperate zone, while the brilliant flowers of the tropics bloom from the windows of the greenhouse and the saloon. The yeoman, living like a good neighbour near the fields he cultivates, counts with honest exultation the flocks and herds that browse in safety on the hills. The thorn has given way to the rosebush; the cultivated vine clambers over rocks where the brood of serpents used to nestle; while Industry smiles at the changes she has wrought, and inhales the bland air which now has health on its wings.

"And Man is still in harmony with Nature, which he has subdued, cultivated, and adorned. For him the rivers that flow to remotest climes mingle their waters; for him the lakes gain new

outlets to the ocean; for him the arch spans the flood, and Science spreads iron pathways to the recent wilderness; for him the hills yield up the shining marble and the enduring granite; for him the forests of the interior come down in immense rafts; for him the marts of the city gather the produce of every clime, and libraries collect the works of genius of every language and every age. The passions of society are chastened into purity; manners are made benevolent by civilization; and the virtue of the country is the guardian of its peace. Science investigates the powers of every plant and mineral, to find medicines for disease; schools of surgery rival the establishments of the Old World. An active daily press, vigilant from party interests, free even to dissoluteness, watches the progress of society, and communicates every fact that can interest humanity; the genius of letters begins to unfold his powers in the warm sunshine of public favour. And while idle curiosity may take its walk in shady avenues by the ocean side, commerce pushes its wharves into the sea, blocks up the wide rivers with its fleets, and, sending its ships, the pride of naval architecture, to every clime, defies every wind, outrides every tempest, and invades every zone."

JOHN LOCKE AND WILLIAM PENN.

FROM THE SAME.

"PENN, despairing of relief in Europe, bent the whole energy of his mind to accomplish the establishment of a free government in the New World. For that 'heavenly end,' he was prepared by the severe discipline of life, and the love, without dissimulation, which formed the basis of his character. The sentiment of cheerful humanity was irrepressibly strong in his bosom; as with John Eliot and Roger Williams, benevolence rushed prodigally from his ever-flowing heart; and when, in his late old age, his intellect was impaired, and his reason prostrated by apoplexy, his sweetness of disposition arose serenely over the clouds of disease — Possessing an extraordinary greatness of mind, vast conceptions, remarkable for their universality and precision, and 'surpassing in speculative endowments;' conversant with men, and books, and governments, with various languages, and the forms of political combinations, as they existed in England, and France, in Holland, and the principalities and free cities of Germany, he yet sought the source of wisdom in his own soul. Humane by nature and by suffering; familiar with the Royal Family; intimate with Sunderland and Sydney; acquainted with Russell, Halifax, Shaftesbury, and Buckingham; as a Member of the Royal Society, the peer of Newton and the great scholars of his age,—he valued the promptings of a free mind more than the awards of the learned, and reverenced the single-minded sincerity of the Nottingham shepherd more than the authority of col-

leges and the wisdom of philosophers. And now, being in the meridian of life, but a year older than was Locke, when, twelve years before, he had framed a constitution for Carolina, the Quaker legislator was come to the New World to lay the foundations of States. Would he imitate the vaunted system of the great philosopher? Locke, like William Penn, was tolerant; both loved freedom; both cherished truth in sincerity. But Locke kindled the torch of Liberty at the fires of tradition; Penn at the living light in the soul. Locke sought truth through the senses and the outward world; Penn looked inward to the divine revelations in every mind. Locke compared the soul to a sheet of white paper, just as Hobbes had compared it to a slate, on which Time and Chance might scrawl their experience; to Penn, the soul was an organ which of itself breathes divine harmonies, like those musical instruments which are so curiously and perfectly framed, that, when once set in motion, they of themselves give forth all the melodies designed by the artist that made them. To Locke, 'Conscience is nothing else than our own opinion of our own actions;' to Penn, it is the image of God, and his oracle in the soul. Locke, who was never a father, esteemed 'the duty of parents to preserve their children to not be understood without reward and punishment;' Penn loved his children, with not a thought for the consequences. Locke, who was never married, declares marriage an affair of the senses; Penn reverenced woman as the object of fervent, inward affection, made, not for lust, but for love. In studying the understanding, Locke begins with the sources of knowledge; Penn with an inventory of our intellectual treasures. Locke deduces government from Noah and Adam, rests it upon con-

tract, and announces its end to be the security of property; Penn, far from going back to Adam, or even to Noah, declares that 'there must be a people before a government,' and, deducing the right to institute government from Man's moral nature, seeks its fundamental rules in the immutable dictates 'of universal reason,' its end in freedom and happiness. The system of Locke lends itself to contending factions of the most opposite interests and purposes; the doctrine of Fox and Penn, being but the common creed of humanity, forbids division, and insures the highest moral unity. To Locke, happiness is pleasure; things are good and evil only in reference to pleasure and pain; and to 'inquire after the highest good is as absurd as to dispute whether the best relish be in apples, plums, or nuts;' Penn esteemed happiness to lie in the subjection of the baser instincts to the instinct of Deity in the breast, good and evil to be eternally and always as unlike as truth and falsehood, and the inquiry after the highest good to involve the purpose of existence. Locke says plainly, that, but for rewards and punishments beyond the grave, 'it is *certainly right* to eat and drink, and enjoy what we delight in;' Penn, like Plato and Fenelon, maintained the doctrine so terrible to despots, that God is to be loved for his own sake, and virtue to be practised for its intrinsic loveliness. Locke derives the idea of infinity from the senses, describes it as purely negative, and attributes it to nothing but space, duration, and number; Penn derived the idea from the soul, and ascribed it to truth, and virtue, and God. Locke declares immortality a matter with which reason has nothing to do, and that revealed truth must be sustained by outward signs and visible acts of power; Penn saw truth by its own light, and

summoned the soul to bear witness to its own glory. Locke believed 'not so many men in wrong opinions as is commonly supposed, because the greatest part have no opinions at all, and do not know what they contend for.' Penn likewise vindicated the many, but it was because truth is the common inheritance of the race. Locke, in his love of intolerance, inveighed against the methods of persecution as 'Popish practices;' Penn censured no sect, but condemned bigotry of all sorts as inhuman. Locke, as an American lawgiver, dreaded a too numerous democracy, and reserved all power to wealth and the feudal proprietaries; Penn believed that God is in every conscience, his light in every soul; and therefore, stretching out his arms, he built—such are his own words—'a free colony for all mankind.' This is the praise of William Penn, that, in an age which had seen a popular revolution shipwreck popular liberty among selfish factions; which had seen Hugh Peters and Henry Vane perish by the hangman's cord and the axe; in an age when Sydney nourished the pride of patriotism rather than the sentiment of philanthropy, when Russel stood for the liberties of his order, and not for new enfranchisements,—when Harrington, and Shaftesbury, and Locke, thought government should rest on property,—Penn did not despair of humanity, and, though all history and experience denied the sovereignty of the people, dared to cherish the noble idea of Man's capacity for self-government.—Conscious that there was no room for its exercise in England, the pure enthusiast, like Calvin and Descartes, a voluntary exile, was come to the banks of the Delaware to institute 'THE HOLY EXPERIMENT.'"

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

FROM THE SAME.

"THE character of the new monarch of Great Britain could mould its policy, but not its constitution. True to his purposes, he yet wins no sympathy. In political sagacity, in force of will, far superior to the English statesmen who environed him; more tolerant than his ministers or his parliaments, the childless man seems like the unknown character in algebra which is introduced to form the equation, and dismissed when the problem is solved. In his person thin and feeble, with eyes of a hectic lustre, of a temperament inclining to the melancholic, in conduct cautious, of a self-relying humour, with abiding impressions respecting men, he sought no favours, and relied for success on his own inflexibility and the greatness and maturity of his designs. Too wise to be cajoled, too firm to be complaisant, no address could sway his resolve In Holland, he had not scrupled to derive an increase of power from the crimes of rioters and assassins; in England, no filial respect diminished the energy of his ambition His exterior was chilling; yet he had a passionate delight in horses and the chase. In conversation he was abrupt, speaking little and slowly, and with repulsive dryness; in the day of battle he was all activity, and the highest energy of life, without kindling his passions, animated his frame His trust in Providence was so connected with faith in general laws, that, in every action, he sought the principle which should range it on an absolute decree. Thus, unconscious to himself, he had sympathy

with the people, who always have faith in Providence. 'Do you dread death in my company?' he cried to the anxious sailors, when the ice on the coast of Holland had almost crushed the boat that was bearing him to the shore. Courage and pride pervaded the reserve of the prince who, spurning an alliance with a bastard daughter of Louis XIV., had made himself the centre of a gigantic opposition to France. For England, for the English people, for English liberties, he had no affection, indifferently employing the Whigs, who found their pride in the Revolution, and the Tories, who had opposed his elevation, and who yet were the fittest instruments 'to carry the prerogative high.' One great passion had absorbed his breast—the independence of his native country. The harsh encroachments of Louis XIV., which, in 1672, had made William of Orange a revolutionary stadtholder, now assisted to constitute him a revolutionary king, transforming the impassive champion of Dutch independence into the defender of the liberties of Europe."

DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI BY MARQUETTE.

"Behold, 1673, on the tenth day of June, the meek, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette, with Joliet for his associate, five Frenchmen as his companions, and two Algonquins as guides, lifting their two canoes on their backs, and walking across the narrow portage that divides the Fox River from the Wisconsin. They reach the water-shed;—uttering a special prayer to the im-

maculate Virgin, they leave, the streams that, flowing onwards, could have borne their greetings to the castle of Quebec;—already they stand by the Wisconsin. 'The guides returned,' says the gentle Marquette, 'leaving us alone, in this unknown land, in the hands of Providence.' France and Christianity stood in the valley of the Mississippi. Embarking on the broad Wisconsin, the discoverers, as they sailed west, went solitarily down the stream, between alternate prairies and hillsides, beholding neither man nor the wonted beasts of the forest: no sound broke the appalling silence, but the ripple of their canoe, and the lowing of the buffalo. In seven days, 'they entered happily the Great River, with a joy that could not be expressed;' and the two birch-bark canoes, raising their happy sails under new skies and to unknown breezes, floated down the calm magnificence of the ocean stream, over the broad, clear sand-bars, the resort of innumerable water-fowl,—gliding past islets that swelled from the bosom of the stream, with their tufts of massive thickets, and between the wide plains of Illinois and Iowa, all garlanded with the majestic forests, or checkered by island groves and the open vastness of the prairie.

About sixty leagues below the mouth of the Wisconsin, the western bank of the Mississippi bore on its sands the trail of men; a little foot-path was discerned leading into a beautiful prairie; and, leaving the canoes, Joliet and Marquette resolved alone to brave a meeting with the savages. After walking six miles, they beheld a village on the banks of a river, and two others on a slope, at a distance of a mile and a half from the first. The river was the Mou-in-gou-e-na, or Moingona, of which we have corrupted the same into Des Moines.

Marquette and Joliet were the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa. Commending themselves to God, they uttered a loud cry. The Indians hear; four men advance slowly to meet them, bearing the peace-pipe, brilliant with many-coloured plumes. 'We are the Illinois,' said they,—that is, when translated, 'We are men;' and they offered the calumet. An aged chief received them at his cabin with upraised hands, exclaiming,—'How beautiful is the sun, Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! Our whole village awaits thee; thou shalt enter in peace into our dwellings.' And the pilgrims were followed by the devouring gaze of an astonished crowd.

At the great council, Marquette published to them the one true God, their Creator. He spoke, also, of the great captain of the French, the governor of Canada who had chastised the Five Nations, and commanded peace; and he questioned them respecting the Mississippi, and the tribes that possessed its banks. For the messengers, who announced the subjection of the Iroquois a magnificent festival was prepared of hominy, and fish, and the choicest viands from the prairies.

After six days' delay, and invitations to new visits, the chieftain of the tribe, with hundreds of warriors, attended the strangers to the canoes, and, selecting a peace-pipe, embellished with the head and neck of brilliant birds, and all feathered over with plumage of various hues, they hung round Marquette the mysterious arbiter of peace and war, the sacred calumet, a safeguard among the nations.

The little group proceeded onwards. 'I did not fear death,' says Marquette: 'I should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died

for the Glory of God.' They passed the perpendicular rocks, which wore the appearance of monsters; they heard at a distance the noise of the waters of the Missouri, known to them by its Algonquin name of Pekitanoni; and, when they came to the most beautiful confluence of rivers in the world,—where the swifter Missouri rushes like a conqueror into the calmer Mississippi, dragging it as it were, hastily to the sea,—the good Marquette resolved in his heart, anticipating Lewis and Clarke, one day, to ascend the mighty river to its source; to cross the ridge that divides the oceans, and descending a westerly flowing stream, to publish the gospel to all the people of this New World.

In a little less than forty leagues, the canoes floated past the Ohio, which was then, and long afterwards, called the Wabash. Its banks were tenanted by numerous villages of the peaceful Shawnees, who quailed under the incursions of the Iroquois.

The thick canes begin to appear so close and strong, that the buffalo could not break through them; the insects become intolerable; as a shelter against the suns of July, the sails are folded into an awning. The prairies vanish; and forests of whitewood, admirable for their vastness and height, crowd even to the skirts of the pebbly shore. It is also observed that, in the land of the Chickasas, the Indians have guns.

Near the latitude of thirty-three degrees, on the western bank of the Mississippi, stood the village of Mitchigamea, in the region that had not been visited by Europeans since the days of De Soto. 'Now,' thought Marquette, 'we must, indeed, ask the aid of the Virgin.' Armed with bows and arrows, with clubs, axes, and bucklers, amidst con-

tinual whoops, the natives, bent on war, embark in vast canoes, made out of the trunks of hollow trees; but, at the sight of the mysterious peace-pipe held aloft, God touched the hearts of the old men, who checked the impetuosity of the young; and, throwing their bows and quivers in the canoes, as a token of peace, they prepared a hospitable welcome.

The next day, a long, wooden canoe, containing ten men, escorted the discoverers, for eight or ten leagues, to the village of Akansea, the limit of their voyage. They had left the region of the Algonquins, and, in the midst of the Sioux and Chickasas, could speak only by an interpreter. A half league above Akansea, they were met by two boats, in one of which stood the commander, holding in his hand the peace-pipe, and singing as he drew near. After offering the pipe, he gave bread of maize. The wealth of his tribe consisted in buffalo skins; their weapons were axes of steel, —a proof of commerce with Europeans.

Thus had our travellers descended below the entrance of the Arkansas, to the genial climes that have almost no winter but rains, beyond the bound of the Huron and the Algonquin languages, to the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico, and to tribes of Indians that had obtained European arms by traffic with Spaniards or with Virginia.

So, having spoken of God, and the mysteries of the Catholic faith; having become certain that the Father of Rivers went not to the ocean east of Florida, nor yet to the Gulf of California, Marquette and Joliet left Akansea, and ascended the Mississippi.

At the thirty-eighth degree of latitude, they entered the River Illinois, and discovered a country without its paragon for the fertility of its beautiful

prairies, covered with buffaloes and stags,—for the loveliness of its rivulets, and the prodigal abundance of wild ducks and swans, and of a species of parrots and wild turkeys. The tribe of Illinois, that tenanted its banks, entreated Marquette to come and reside among them. One of their chiefs, with their young men, conducted the party, by way of Chicago, to Lake Michigan; and, before the end of September, all were safe in Green Bay.

Joliet returned to Quebec to announce the discovery, of which the fame, through Talon, quickened the ambition of Colbert; the unaspiring Marquette remained to preach the gospel to the Miamis, who dwelt in the north of Illinois, round Chicago. Two years afterward, sailing from Chicago to Mackinaw, he entered a little river in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said mass after the rites of the Catholic church; then, begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for a half hour—

> 'In the darkling wood
> Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
> And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
> And supplication.'

At the end of the half-hour, they went to seek him, and he was no more. The good missionary, discoverer of a world, had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream that bears his name. Near its mouth, the canoemen dug his grave in the sand. Ever after, the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the west will build his monument.

CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN.

"With placid tranquillity, Benjamin Franklin looked quietly and deeply into the secrets of nature. His clear understanding was never perverted by passion, or corrupted by the pride of theory. The son of a rigid Calvinist, the grandson of a tolerant Quaker, he had from boyhood been familiar not only with theological subtilties, but with a catholic respect for freedom of mind. Sceptical of tradition as the basis of faith, he respected reason rather than authority; and, after a momentary lapse into fatalism, escaping from the mazes of fixed decrees and free will, he gained, with increasing years an increasing trust in the over-ruling providence of God. Adhering to none 'of all the religions' in the colonies, he yet devoutly, though without form, adhered to religion. But though famous as a disputant, and having a natural aptitude for metaphysics, he obeyed the tendency of his age, and sought by observation to win an insight into the mysteries of being. Loving truth, without prejudice and without bias, he discerned intuitively the identity of the laws of nature with those of which humanity is conscious; so that his mind was like a mirror, in which the universe, as it reflected itself, revealed her laws. He was free from mysticism, even to a fault. His morality, repudiating ascetic severities, and the system which enjoins them, was indulgent to appetites of which he abhorred the sway; but his affections were of a calm intensity; in all his career, the love of man gained the mastery over personal interest. He had not the imagination which inspires the bard or kindles the orator; but an exquisite propriety, parsimonious

of ornament, gave ease of expression and graceful simplicity even to his most careless writings. In life, also, his tastes were delicate. Indifferent to the pleasures of the table, he relished the delights of music and harmony, of which he enlarged the instruments. His blandness of temper, his modesty, the benignity of his manners, made him the favourite of intelligent society; and with healthy cheerfulness, he derived pleasure from books, from philosophy, from conversation,—now calmly administering consolation to the sorrower, now indulging in the expression of light-hearted gaiety. In his intercourse, the universality of his perceptions bore, perhaps, the character of humour; but, while he clearly discerned the contrast between the grandeur of the universe and the feebleness of man, a serene benevolence saved him from contempt of his race, or disgust at its toils. To superficial observers, he might have seemed as an alien from speculative truth, limiting himself to the world of the senses, and yet, in study, and among men, his mind always sought, with unaffected simplicity, to discover and apply the general principles by which nature and affairs are controlled,—now deducing from the theory of caloric improvements in fireplaces and lanterns, and now advancing human freedom by firm inductions from the inalienable rights of man. Never professing enthusiasm, never making a parade of sentiment, his practical wisdom was sometimes mistaken for the offspring of selfish prudence; yet his hope was stedfast, like that hope which rests on the Rock of Ages, and his conduct was as unerring as though the light that led him was a light from heaven. He never anticipated action by theories of self-sacrificing virtue; and yet, in the moments of intense activity, he, from the highest abodes of

ideal truth, brought down and applied to the affairs of life the sublimest principles of goodness, as noiselessly and unostentatiously as became the man who with a kite and hempen string, drew the lightning from the skies. He separated himself so little from his age, that he has been called the representative of materialism; and yet, when he thought on religion, his mind passed beyond reliance on facts to faith in God; when he wrote on politics, he founded the freedom of his country on principles that know no change; when he turned an observing eye on nature, he passed always from the effect to the cause, from individual appearances to universal laws; when he reflected on history, his philosophic mind found gladness and repose in the clear anticipation of the progress of humanity."

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

FROM THE SAME.

"After long years of strife, of repose, and of strife renewed, England and France solemnly agreed to be at peace. The treaties of Aix la Chapelle had been negotiated, by the ablest statesmen of Europe, in the splendid forms of monarchical diplomacy. They believed themselves the arbiters of mankind, the pacificators of the world, —reconstructing the colonial system on a basis which should endure for ages,—confirming the peace of Europe by the nice adjustment of material forces. At the very time of the congress of Aix la Chapelle, the woods of Virginia sheltered the youthful George Washington, the son of a

widow. Born by the side of the Potomac, beneath the roof of a Westmoreland farmer, almost from infancy his lot had been the lot of an orphan. No academy had welcomed him to its shades, no college crowned him with its honours: to read, to write, to cipher—these had been his degrees in knowledge, and now, at sixteen years of age, in quest of an honest maintenance, encountering intolerable toil; cheered onward by being able to write to a schoolboy friend, 'Dear Richard, a doubloon is my constant gain every day, and sometimes six pistoles;' 'himself his own cook, having no spit but a forked stick, no plate but a large chip;' roaming over spurs of the Alleghanies, and along the banks of the Shenandoah: alive to nature, and sometimes 'spending the best of the day in admiring the trees and the richness of the land;' among skin-clad savages, with their scalps and rattles, or uncouth emigrants, 'that would never speak English;' rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bearskin a splendid couch; glad of a resting-place for the night upon a little hay, straw, or fodder, and often camping in the forests, where the place nearest the fire was a happy luxury;—this stripling surveyor in the woods, had no companion but his unlettered associates, and no implements of science but his compass and chain, contrasted strangely with the imperial magnificence of the congress of Aix la Chapelle. And yet God had selected, not Kaunitz, nor Newcastle, not a monarch of the house of Hapsburg, nor of Hanover, but the Virginia stripling, to give an impulse to human affairs, and, as far as events can depend on an individual, had placed the rights and the destinies of countless millions in the keeping of the widow's son."

PURITAN INTOLERANCE.

FROM THE SAME.

"To the colonists the maintenance of their religious unity seemed essential to their cordial resistance to English attempts at oppression. 'And why, said they, should we not insist upon this union? We have come to the outside of the world for the privilege of living by ourselves; why should we open our asylum to those in whom we can repose no confidence? The world cannot call this persecution. We have been banished to the wilderness; is it an injustice to exclude our oppressors, and those whom we dread as their allies, from the place which is to shelter us from their intolerance? Is it a great cruelty to expel from our abode the enemies of our peace, or even the doubtful friend? Will any man complain at being driven from among banished men, with whom he has no fellowship; of being refused admittance to a gloomy place of exile? The wide continent of America invited colonization; they claimed their own narrow domains for 'the brethren.' Their religion was their life; they welcomed none but its adherents; they could not tolerate the scoffer, the infidel, or the dissenter; and the presence of the whole people was required in their congregation. Such was the system inflexibly established and regarded as the only adequate guarantee of the rising liberties of Massachusetts."

CHAPTER XII.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

Mr. Griswold says, "Mr. Cooper has the faculty of giving to his pictures an astonishing reality. They are not mere transcripts of nature, though as such they would possess extraordinary merit, but actual creations, imbodying the very spirit of intelligent and genial experience and observation. His Indians, notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, are no more inferior in fidelity than they are in poetical interest to those of his most successful imitators or rivals. His hunters and trappers have the same vividness and freshness, and in the whole realm of fiction there is nothing more actual, harmonious, and sustained. They evince not only the first order of inventive power, but a profoundly philosophical study of the influences of situation upon human character He treads the deck with the conscious pride of home and dominion: the aspects of the sea and sky, the terrors of the tornado, the excitement of the chase, the tumult of battle, fire, and wreck,

are presented by him with a freedom and breadth of outline, a glow and strength of colouring and contrast, and a distinctness and truth of general and particular conception, that place him far in advance of all the other artists who have attempted with pen or pencil to paint the ocean. The same vigorous originality is stamped upon his nautical characters. He goes on board his ship with his own creations, disdaining all society and assistance but that with which he is surrounded. Long Tom Coffin, Tom Tiller, Trysail, Bob Yarn, the boisterous Nightingale, the mutinous Nighthead, the fierce but honest Boltrope, and others who crowd upon our memories, as familiar as if we had ourselves been afloat with them, attest the triumph of this self-reliance. And when, as if to rebuke the charge of envy that he owed his successes to the novelty of his scenes and persons, he entered upon fields which for centuries had been illustrated by the first geniuses of Europe, his abounding power and inspiration were vindicated by the series of political novels ending with 'The Bravo,' which have the same supremacy in their class that is held by 'The Pilot,' and 'The Red Rover,' among stories of the sea. It has been urged that his leading characters are essentially alike, having no difference but that which results from situation. But this opinion will not bear investigation. It evidently arose from the habit of clothing his heroes alike with an intense individuality, which under all circumstances sustains the sympathy they at first awaken, without the aid of those accesso-

ries to which artists of less power are compelled to resort. Very few authors have added more than one original and striking character to the world of imagination; none has added more than Cooper; and his are all as distinct and actual as the personages that stalk before us on the stage of history.

"To be American, without falling into Americanism, is the true task that is set before the native artist in literature, the accomplishment of which awaits the reward of the best approval in these times, and the promise of an enduring name. Some of our authors, fascinated very excusably with the faultless models of another age, have declined this condition, and have given us Spectators and Tatlers with false dates, and developed a style of composition of which the very merits imply an anachronism in the proportion of excellence. Others have understood the result to be attained better than the means of arriving at it. They have not considered the difference between these peculiarities in our society, manners, tempers and tastes, which are genuine and characteristic, and those which are merely defects and errors upon the English system; they have acquired the force and gaiety of liberty, but not the dignity of independence, and are only provincial, when they hoped to be national. Mr. Cooper has been more happy than any other writer in reconciling these repugnant qualities, and displaying the features, character, and tone of a great national style in letters, which, original and unimitative, is yet in harmony with the ancient models."

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

FROM "THE PRAIRIE."

"THE sleep of the fugitives lasted for several hours. The trapper was the first to shake off its influence, as he had been the last to court its refreshment. Rising, just as the gray light of day began to brighten that portion of the studded vault which rested on the eastern margin of the plain, he summoned his companions from their warm lairs, and pointed out the necessity of their being once more on the alert. . . .

"'See, Middleton!' exclaimed Inez, in a sudden burst of youthful pleasure, that caused her for a moment to forget her situation. 'How lovely is that sky; surely it contains a promise of happier times!'

"'It is glorious!' returned her husband. 'Glorious and heavenly is that streak of vivid red, and here is a still brighter crimson—rarely have I seen a richer rising of the sun.'

"'Rising of the sun!' slowly repeated the old man, lifting his tall person from its seat, with a deliberate and abstracted air, while he kept his eye riveted on the changing, and certainly beautiful tints that were garnishing the vault of heaven. 'Rising of the sun! I like not such risings of the sun! Ah's me! the imps have circumvented us with a vengeance. The prairie is on fire!'

"'God, in heaven, protect us!' cried Middleton, catching Inez to his bosom under the instant impression of the imminence of their danger. 'There is no time to loose, old man; each instant is a day; let us fly.'

"'Whither?' demanded the trapper, motioning him with calmness and dignity, to arrest his steps. 'In this wilderness of grass and reeds, you are like a vessel in the broad lakes without a compass. A single step on the wrong course might prove the destruction of us all. It is seldom danger is pressing that there is not time enough for reason to do its work, young officer; therefore, let us await its biddings.'

"'For my own part,' said Paul Hover, looking about him with no unequivocal expression of concern, 'I acknowledge, that should this dry bed of weeds get fairly in a flame, a bee would have to make a flight higher than common to prevent his wings from scorching. Therefore, old trapper, I agree with the captain, and say mount and run.'

"'Ye are wrong—ye are wrong—man is not a beast to follow the gift of instinct, and to snuff up his knowledge by a taint in the air, or a rumbling in the sound; but he must see and reason, and then conclude. So follow me a little to the left, where there is a rise in the ground, whence we may make our reconnoitrings.'

"The old man waved his hand with authority, and led the way without further parlance to the spot he had indicated, followed by the whole of his alarmed companions. An eye less practised than that of the trapper might have failed in discovering the gentle elevation to which he alluded, and which looked on the surface of the meadow like a growth a little taller than common. When they reached the palace, however, the stinted grass itself announced the absence of that moisture which had fed the rank weeds of most of the plain, and furnished a clue to the evidence by which he had judged of the formation of the ground hidden beneath. Here a few minutes were lost in break-

ing down the tops of the surrounding herbage, which, notwithstanding the advantage of their position, rose even above the heads of Middleton and Paul, and in obtaining a look-out that might command a view of the surrounding sea of fire. . .

"The examination which his companions so instantly and so intently made, rather served to assure them of their desperate situation than to appease their fears. Huge columns of smoke were rolling up from the plain, and thickening in gloomy masses around the horizon. The red glow which gleamed upon their enormous folds, now lighting their volumes with the glare of the conflagration, now rushed to another point, as the flame beneath glided ahead, leaving all behind enveloped in awful darkness, and proclaiming louder than words the character of the imminent and rapidly approaching danger.

"'This is terrible!' exclaimed Middleton, folding the trembling Inez to his heart. 'At such a time as this, and in such a manner!'

"'The gates of heaven are open to all who truly believe,' murmured the pious devotee in his bosom.

"'This resignation is maddening! But we are men, and will make a struggle for our lives! How now, my brave and spirited friend, shall we stand here and see those we most love perish in this frightful manner without an effort?'

"'I am for a swarming time, and a flight before the hive is too hot to hold us,' said the bee-hunter, to whom it will be at once seen that the half-distracted Middleton addressed himself. 'Come, old trapper, you must acknowledge this is but a slow way of getting out of danger. If we tarry here much longer, it will be in the fashion that the bees lie around the straw after the hive has been smoked

for its honey. You may hear the fire begin to roar already, and I know by experience, that when the flame once gets fairly into the prairie grass, it is not sloth that can outrun it.'

"'Think you,' returned the old man, pointing scornfully at the mazes of the dry and matted grass which environed them, 'that mortal feet can outstrip the speed of fire on such a path?'

"'What say you, friend doctor,' cried the bewildered Paul, turning to the naturalist, with that sort of helplessness with which the strong are often apt to seek aid of the weak, when human power is baffled by the hand of a mightier being, 'what say you; have you no advice to give away, in a case of life and death?'

"The naturalist stood, tablets in hands, looking at the awful spectacle with as much composure as though the conflagration had been lighted in order to solve the difficulties of some scientific problem. Aroused by the question of his companion, he turned to his equally calm though differently occupied associate, the trapper, demanding, with the most provoking insensibility to the urgent nature of their situation—'Venerable hunter, you have often witnessed similar prismatic experiments—'

"He was rudely interrupted by Paul, who struck the tablets from his hands with a violence that betrayed the utter intellectual confusion which had overset the equanimity of his mind. Before time was allowed for remonstrance, the old man, who had continued during the whole scene like one much at a loss how to proceed, though also like one who was rather perplexed than alarmed, suddenly assumed a decided air, as if he no longer doubted on the course it was most advisable to pursue.

"'It is time to be doing,' he said, interrupting

the controversy that was about to ensue between the naturalist and the bee-hunter; 'it is time to leave off books and moanings, and to be doing.'

"'You have come to your recollections too late, miserable old man,' cried Middleton; 'the flames are within a quarter of a mile of us, and the wind is bringing them down in this quarter with dreadful rapidity'

"'Anan! the flames! I care but little for the flames. If I only knew how to circumvent the cunning of the Tetons, as I know how to cheat the fire of its prey, there would be nothing needed but thanks to the Lord for our deliverance. Do you call this a fire? If you had seen what I have witnessed in the eastern hills, when mighty mountains were like the furnace of a smith, you would have known what it was to fear the flames, and to be thankful that you were spared! Come, lads, come; 'tis time to be doing now, and to cease talking; for yonder curling flame is truly coming on like a trotting moose. Put hands upon this short and withered grass where we stand and lay bare the 'arth.'

"'Would you think to deprive the fire of its victims in this childish manner?' exclaimed Middleton.

"A faint but solemn smile passed over the features of the old man as he answered—'Your gran'ther would have said, that when the enemy was nigh, a soldier could do no better than obey.'

"The captain felt the reproof and instantly began to intimate the industry of Paul, who was tearing the decayed herbage from the ground in a sort of desperate compliance with the trapper's direction. Even Ellen lent her hands to the labour, nor was it long before Inez was seen similarly employed, though none amongst them knew why or where-

fore When life is thought to be the reward of labour, men are wont to be industrious A very few moments sufficed to lay bare a spot of some twenty feet in diameter Into one edge of this little area the trapper brought the females, directing Middleton and Paul to cover their light and inflammable dresses with the blankets of the party So soon as this precaution was observed, the old man approached the opposite margin of the grass, which still environed them in a tall and dangerous circle, and selecting a handful of the driest of the herbage, he placed it over the pan of his rifle The light combustible kindled at the flash Then he placed the little flames into a bed of the standing fog, and withdrawing from the spot to the centre of the ring, he patiently awaited the result

"The subtle element seized with avidity upon its new fuel, and in a moment forked flames were gliding among the grass, as the tongues of ruminating animals are seen rolling among their food apparently in quest of its sweetest portions

"'Now,' said the old man, holding up a finger and laughing in his peculiarly silent manner, 'you shall see the fire fight fire! Ah's me! many is the time I have burnt a smoothly path from wanton liveliness to pick my way across a tangled bottom'

"'But is this not future' cried the amazed Middleton, 'are you not bringing the enemy nigher to us instead of avoiding it?'

"'Do you scorch so easily—your gran'ther had a tougher skin But we shall live to see'

"'The experience of the trapper was in the right As the fire gained strength and heat it began to spread on three sides, dying of itself on the fourth for want of aliment As it increased, and the sullen roaring announced its power, it cleared

everything before it, leaving the black and smoking soil far more naked than if the scythe had swept the place. The situation of the fugitives would have been more hazardous had not the area enlarged as the flame encircled them. But by advancing to the spot where the trapper had kindled the grass, they avoided the heat, and in a very few moments the flames began to recede in every quarter, leaving them encircled in a cloud of smoke, but perfectly safe from the torrent of fire that was still rolling onward.

"The spectators regarded the simple expedient of the trapper with that species of wonder with which the courtiers of Ferdinand are said to have viewed the man in which Columbus made his egg to stand on its end, though with feelings that were filled with gratitude instead of envy.

"'Most wonderful!' said Middleton, when he saw the complete success of the means by which they had been rescued from a danger that he had conceived to be unavoidable. 'The thought was a gift from heaven, and the hand that executed it should be immortal.'

"'Old trapper,' cried Paul, thrusting his fingers through his shaggy locks, 'I have lined many a loaded bee into his hole, and know something of the nature of the woods, but this is robbing a hornet of its sting without touching the insect!'

"'It will do—it will do,' returned the old man, who after the first moment of his success seemed to think no more of the exploit.—'Let the flames do their work for a short half hour and then we will mount. That time is needed to cool the meadow, for these unshod beasts are tender on the hoof as a barefooted girl.'

"The veteran, on whose experience they all so implicitly relied for protection, employed himself

in reconnoitering objects in the distance, through the openings which the air occasionally made in the immense bodies of smoke, that by this time lay in enormous piles on every part of the plain."

THE ARIEL AMONG THE SHOALS.

FROM "THE PILOT."

"THE extraordinary activity of Griffith, which communicated itself with promptitude to the whole crew, was produced by a sudden alteration in the weather. In place of the well defined streak along the horizon, that has been already described, an immense body of misty light appeared to be moving in with rapidity from the ocean, while a distinct but distant roaring announced the sure approach of the tempest which had so long troubled the waters. Even Griffith, while thundering his orders through the trumpet, and urging the men by his cries to expedition, would pause for instants to cast anxious glances in the direction of the coming storm, and the faces of the sailors who lay on the yards were turned instinctively toward the same quarter of the heavens, while they knotted the reef-points, or passed the gaskets that were to confine the unruly canvas to the prescribed limits.

"The pilot alone, in that confused and busy throng, where voice rose above voice and cry echoed cry in quick succession, appeared as if he held no interest in the important stake. With his eyes steadily fixed on the approaching mist, and

his arms folded together in composure, he stood calmly awaiting the result.

"The ship had fallen off with her broadside to the sea, and was become unmanageable, and the sails were already brought into the folds necessary to her security, when the quick and heavy flutterings of canvass was thrown across the water with all the gloomy and chilling sensations that such sounds produce, where darkness and danger unite to appal the seaman.

"'The schooner has it!' cried Griffith; 'Barnstable has held on, like himself, to the last moment—God send that the squall leave him cloth enough to keep him from the shore!'

"'His sails are easily handled,' the commander observed, 'and she must be over the principal danger. We are falling off before it, Mr. Gray; shall we try a cast of the lead?'

"The pilot turned from his contemplative posture and moved slowly across the deck before he returned any reply to this question—like a man who not only felt that everything depended on himself, but he was equal to the emergency.

"'Tis unnecessary,' he at length said; 'twould be certain destruction to be taken aback, and it is difficult to say, within several points, how the wind may strike us.'

"'Tis difficult no longer,' cried Griffith; 'for here it comes, and in right earnest!'

"The rushing sounds of the wind were now, indeed, heard at hand, and the words were hardly passed the lips of the young lieutenant before the vessel bowed down heavily to one side, and then, as she began to move through the water, rose again majestically to her upright position, as if saluting, like a courteous champion, the powerful antagonist with which she was about to contend.

Not another minute elapsed before the ship was throwing the waters aside with a lively progress, and, obedient to her helm, was brought as near to the desired course as the direction of the wind would allow. The hurry and bustle on the yards gradually subsided, and the men slowly descended to the deck, all straining their eyes to pierce the gloom in which they were enveloped, and some shaking their heads in melancholy doubt, afraid to express the apprehensions they really entertained. All on board anxiously waited for the fury of the gale; for there were none so ignorant or inexperienced in that gallant frigate, as not to know that they as yet only felt the infant efforts of the winds. Each moment, however, it increased in power, though so gradual was the alteration, that the relieved mariners began to believe that all their gloomy forebodings were not to be realized. During this short interval of uncertainty, no other sounds were heard than the whistling of the breeze, as it passed quickly through the mass of rigging that belonged to the vessel, and the dashing of the spray that began to fly from her bows like the foam of a cataract.

"'It blows fresh,' cried Griffith, who was the first to speak in that moment of doubt and anxiety; 'but it is no more than a cap-full of wind after all. Give us elbow room and the right canvas, Mr. Pilot, and I'll handle the ship like a gentleman's yacht in this breeze.'

'Will she stay, think ye, under this sail?' said the low voice of the stranger.

"'She will do all that man in reason can ask of wood and iron,' returned the lieutenant; 'but the vessel don't float the ocean that will tack under double-reefed topsails alone against a heavy sea.

Help her with the course, pilot, and you'll see her come round like a dancing-master.'

"'Let us feel the strength of the gale first,' returned the man who was called Mr. Gray, moving from the side of Griffith to the weather gang-way of the vessel, where he stood in silence, looking ahead of the ship with an air of singular coolness and abstraction.

"All the lanterns had been extinguished on the deck of the frigate, when her anchor was secured, and as the first mist of the gale had passed over, it was succeeded by a faint light that was a good deal aided by the glittering foam of the waters, which now broke in white curls around the vessel in every direction. The land could be faintly discerned, rising like a heavy bank of black fog above the margin of the waters, and was only distinguishable from the heavens by its deeper gloom and obscurity. The last rope was coiled and deposited in its proper place by the seamen, and for several minutes the stillness of death pervaded the crowded decks. It was evident to every one that their ship was dashing at a prodigious rate through the waves; and, as she was approaching, with such velocity, the quarter of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habits of the most exact discipline could supress the uneasiness of the officers and men within their own bosoms. At length the voice of Captain Munson was heard calling to the pilot.

"'Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr. Gray,' he said, 'and try our water?' . . .

"'Tack your ship, sir, tack your ship; I would she how she works before we reach the point where she *must* behave well, or we perish.'

"Griffith gazed after him in wonder, while the pilot slowly paced the quarter-deck, and then,

rousing from his trance, gave forth the cheering order that called each man to his station to perform the desired evolution. The confident assurances which the young officer had given to the pilot respecting the qualities of his vessel, and his own ability to manage her, were fully realized by the result. The helm was no sooner put a-lee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and, dashing through the waves, threw the foam high into the air as she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind, and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack, with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round as if they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air, and in a few moments the frigate again moved with stately progress through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing toward those that offered equal danger on the other.

"During this time, the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl surlily as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The ship yielded each moment more and more before the storm, and, in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements, held her to the course that was necessary to their

preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where safety was alone to be found.

"So far the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea was only to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy and rouse himself to the occasion.

"'Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith,' he cried; 'here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quarter-master of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him and see that he gives us the right water.'

"'I will take that office on myself,' said the captain; 'pass a light into the weather main-chains.'

"'Stand by your braces!' exclaimed the pilot with startling quickness. 'Heave away that lead!'

"These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence at his assigned station awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quarter-master at the gun gave out his orders to the men at the wheel in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

"While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he

called, 'By the mark seven!' rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water-spirit.

"'"'Tis well,' returned the pilot, calmly; try it again'

"The short pause was succeeded by another cry, 'and a half-five!'

"'She shoals! she shoals!' exclaimed Griffith; 'keep her a good full'

"'Ay! you must hold the vessel in command, now,' said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care

"The third call of 'By the deep four!' was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack

"Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this manœuvre

"The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecastle – 'Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!'

"This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried – 'Breakers on our lee-bow!'

"'We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray,' said the commander. 'She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her.'

"'Clear away that best bower!' shouted Griffith, through his trumpet.

"'Hold on!' cried the pilot, in a voice that

reached the very hearts of all who heard him; 'hold on every thing.'

"The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded—'Who is it that dares to countermand my orders?—is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word—'

"'Peace, Mr. Griffith,' interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his grey locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; 'yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray; he alone can save us.'

"Griffith threw his speaking trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling—'Then all is lost, indeed, and, among the rest, the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast.'

"There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and, as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

"Before the crew understood their situation the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel with a retrogade movement.

"Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised

to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud; but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

"The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head sails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully towards the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from amongst the dangerous shoals in which she had been embayed, as steadily and as swiftly as she had approached them.

"A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice manœuvre, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill directed any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening

around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel, that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals, where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger, and inciting them to their duty. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government, and during these anxious moments, when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, that can only be acquired under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot for the first time addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leads-man.

"'Now is the pinch,' he said; 'and if the ship behaves well, we are safe—but if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless.'

"The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"'See you yon light on the southern headland?' returned the pilot, 'you may know it from the star near it by its sinking, at times, in the ocean.

Now observe the hummock, a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon—'tis a hill far inland If we keep that light open from the hill we shall do well— but if not we surely go to pieces'

"'Let us tack again!' exclaimed the lieutenant

'The pilot shook his head, as he replied—'there is no more tacking or box-handing to be done to night We have but barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course and if we can weather the "Devil's Grip" we clear their outermost point—but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative"

"'If we had taken out the way we entered,' exclaimed Griffith, 'we should have done well'

'Say also, if the tide would have let us do so,' returned the pilot calmly 'Good men, we must be prompt, we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind, we want both jib and mainsail'

"'Tis a perilous thing to loose canvas in such a tempest!' observed the doubtful captain

"'It must be done,' returned the collected stranger, 'we perish without—see! the light already touches the edge of the hummock, the sea casts us to leeward'

"'It shall be done!' cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot

"The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued, and, every thing being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast There was an instant when the result was doubtful, the tremendous threshing of the heavy sails seeming to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her centre; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the

canvas was distended, and, bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to the immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"'She feels it! she springs her luff! observe,' he said, 'the light opens from the hummock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!'

"A report like that of a cannon interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib blown from the bolt-ropes,' said the commander of the frigate. 'This is no time to spread light duck—but the mainsail may stand it yet.'

"'The sail would laugh at a tornado,' returned the lieutenant; 'but that mast springs like a piece of steel.'

"'Silence all!' cried the pilot 'Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can!'

"This warning effectually closed all discourse, and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety to await the result. At a short distance ahead of them, the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into

this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean, and she entered the channel among the breakers with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still rise before them, following each other into the general mass to check their exultation. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting—'Square away the yards!—in main-sail!'

"A general burst from the crew echoed, 'Square away the yards!' and quick as thought the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the open sea.

THE TRAGEDY AFTER FISHING.

"While from its margin, terrible to tell,
Three sailors with their gallant boatswain fell."
FALCONER.

WHILE the fishermen were employed in making the preparations for an equitable division of their spoils, Elizabeth and her friend strolled to a short distance from the group, along the shores of the lake. The shades of evening had been gradually gathering around the scene, during the draught of the net, and, while the objects of the vicinity of the fire were still distinct, and even vivid, the surrounding darkness became deeper, both by the contrast, and the advancing dominion of the night. After reaching a point, to which even the brightest of the occasional gleams of light from the fire did not extend, the ladies turned, and paused a moment, in contemplation of the busy and lively party they had left, and of the obscurity, which, like the gloom of oblivion, seemed to envelope the rest of the creation.

"'This is indeed a subject for the pencil!' exclaimed Elizabeth. 'Observe the countenance of that wood-chopper, while he exults in presenting a larger fish than common to my cousin Sheriff; and see, Louisa, how handsome and considerate my dear father looks, by the light of that fire, where he stands viewing the havoc of the game. He seems really melancholy, as if he actually thought that a day of retribution was to follow this hour of abundance and prodigality! Would they not make a fine picture, Louisa?'

"'You know that I am ignorant of all such accomplishments, Miss Temple.'

"'Call me by my Christian name,' interrupted Elizabeth; 'this is not a place, neither is this a scene, for the observance of forms.'

"'Well, then, if I may venture an opinion,' said Louisa, timidly, 'I should think it might indeed make a picture. The selfish earnestness of that Kirby over his fish would contrast finely with the—the expression of Mr. Edward's face. I hardly know what to call it; but it is—a—is—you know what I would say, dear Elizabeth.'

"'You do me too much credit, Miss Grant,' said the heiress; 'I am no diviner of thoughts, or interpreter of expressions.'

There was certainly nothing harsh, nor even cold, in the manner of the speaker, but still it repressed the conversation for a moment and the maidens continued to stroll still further from their party, retaining each other's arm, but observing a profound silence. Elizabeth, perhaps, conscious of the improper phrascology of her last speech, or perhaps excited by the new object that met her wandering gaze, was the first to break the present awkward cessation in the discourse, by exclaiming, in all the richness of her animated and animating voice—

"'Look, Louisa! we are not alone; there are fishermen lighting a fire on the other side of the lake, immediately opposite to us; it must be in front of the cabin of the Leather-stocking!'

For some cause or other, Miss Grant had kept her eyes bent in the direction of the pebbles, over which she was walking; probably because, being less adventurous than her companion, she was disposed to view what could be faintly discerned, without attempting the gloom, in a vain effort to

pierce its mysteries; or probably for some better reason, that we leave our readers to imagine; but, thus awakened, she looked up, in the direction pointed out by her friend, and saw, at once, the cause of her sudden exclamation.

Through the obscurity, which prevailed most immediately under the eastern mountain, a small and uncertain light was plainly to be seen, though, as it was occasionally lost to the eye, it seemed struggling for its existence. They observed it to move, and sensibly to lower, as if carried down the descent of the bank to the shore. Here, in a very short time, its flame gradually expanded, and grew brighter, until it became of the size of a man's head, when it continued to shine, a steady and glaring ball of fire.

Such an object, lighted as it were by magic, under the brow of the mountain, and in that retired and unfrequented place, gave double interest to the beauty and singularity of its appearance. It did not at all resemble the large and unsteady light of their own fire, being much more clear and bright, and retaining its size and shape with perfect uniformity.

There are moments when the best regulated minds are, more or less, subjected to the injurious impressions which few have escaped in infancy, and Elizabeth smiled at her own weakness, while she remembered the idle tales which were circulated through the village, at the expense of the Leather-stocking. The same ideas seized her companion, and at the same instant, for Louisa pressed nearer to her friend, as she said in a low voice, stealing a timid glance towards the bushes and trees that overhung the bank near them—

"Did you ever hear the singular ways of this Natty spoken of, Miss Temple? They say that,

in his youth, he was an Indian warrior, or, what is the same thing, a white man leagued with the savages; and it is thought he has been concerned in many of their inroads, in the old wars."

"'The thing is not at all improbable,' returned Elizabeth, but he is not alone in that particular.'

"'No, surely; but is it not strange that he is so cautious with his hut? he never leaves it, without fastening it in a remarkable manner; and, in several instances, when the children, or even the men of the village, have wished to seek a shelter there from the storms, he has been known to drive them from his door, with rudeness and threats. That surely is singular in this country.'

"'It is certainly not being very hospitable; but we must remember his aversion to the customs of civilized life. You heard my father say, a few days since, how kindly he was treated by him on his first visit to this place.' Elizabeth paused, and smiled, with an expression of peculiar archness, though the darkness hid its meaning from her companion, as she continued:—'Besides, he certainly admits the visits of Mr. Edwards, whom we both know to be far from a savage.'

To this speech Louisa made no reply, but continued gazing on the object which had elicited her remarks. In addition to the bright and circular flame, was now to be seen a fainter, though a vivid, light, of an equal diameter to the other at the upper end, but which, after extending downward for many feet, gradually tapered to a point at its lower extremity. A dark space was plainly visible between the two, and the new illumination was placed beneath the other, and the whole forming an appearance not unlike an inverted note of admiration. It was soon evident that the latter was nothing but the reflection, from the

water, of the former, and that the object, whatever it might be, was advancing across, or rather over the lake, for it seemed to be several feet above its surface, in a direct line with themselves. Its motion was amazingly rapid, the ladies having hardly discovered that it was moving at all, before the waving light of a flame was discerned, losing its regular shape, while it increased in size, as it approached them.

"'It appears to be supernatural!' whispered Louisa, beginning to retrace her steps towards the party.

"'It is beautiful!' exclaimed Elizabeth.

A brilliant, though waving, flame was now plainly visible, gracefully gliding over the lake, and throwing its light on the water in such a manner as to tinge it slightly; though in the air, so strong was the contrast, the darkness seemed to have the distinctness of material substances, as if the fire were imbedded in a setting of ebony. This appearance, however, gradually wore off, and the rays from the torch struck out, and enlightened the atmosphere in front of it, leaving the back-ground in darkness that was more impenetrable than ever.

"'Ho! Natty, is that you?' shouted the Sheriff —'paddle in, old boy, and I'll give you a mess of fish that is fit to place before the Governor.'

"The light suddenly changed its direction, and a long and slightly-built boat hove up out of the gloom, while the red glare fell on the weather-beaten features of the Leather-stocking, whose tall person was seen erect in the frail vessel, wielding, with all the grace of an experienced boatman, a long fishing spear, which he held by its centre, first dropping one end and then the other into the water, to aid in propelling the little canoe of bark,

we will not say through, but over the water. At the farther end of the vessel, a form was faintly seen, guiding its motions, and using a paddle with the ease of one who felt there was no necessity for extraordinary exertions. The Leather-stocking struck his spear lightly against the short staff which upheld, on a rude grating framed of old hoops of iron, the knots of pine that composed the fuel, and the light, which glared high, for an instant fell on the swarthy features, and dark glancing eyes, of Mohegan.

"The boat glided along the shore until it arrived opposite to the fishing-ground, when it again changed its direction, and moved on to the land, with a motion so graceful, and yet so rapid, that it seemed to possess the power of regulating its progress by its own volition. The water in front of the canoe was hardly ruffled by its passage, and no sound betrayed the collision, when the light fabric shot on the gravelly beach, for nearly half its length, Natty receding a step or two from its bow, in order to facilitate the landing.

"'Approach, Mohegan,' said Marmaduke! 'approach, Leather-stocking, and load your canoe with bass. It would be a shame to assail the animals with the spear, when such multitudes of victims lie here, that will be lost as food for the want of mouths to consume them.'

"'No, no, Judge,' returned Natty, his tall figure stalking over the narrow beach, and ascending to the little grassy bottom where the fish were laid in piles; 'I eat of no man's wasty ways. I strike my spear into the eels, or the trout, when I crave the creaters, but I would'nt be helping to such a sinful kind of fishing, for the best rifle that was ever brought out from the old countries. If they had fur like a beaver, or you could tan their hides,

like a buck, something might be said in favour of taking them by the thousands with your nets; but as God made them for man's food, and for no other disarnable reason, I call it sinful and wasty to catch more than can be eat.'

"'Your reasoning is mine,' cried Marmaduke; 'for once, old hunter, we agree in our opinions; and I hartily wish we could make a convert of the Sheriff. A net of half the size of this would supply the whole village with fish, for a week, at one haul.'

"The Leather-stocking did not relish this alliance in sentiment, and he shook his head doubtingly, as he answered—

"'No, no; we are not much of one mind, Judge, or you'd never turn good hunting grounds into stumpy pastures. And you fish and hunt out of rule; but to me, the flesh is sweeter where the creater has some chance for its life; for that reason, I always use a single ball, even if it be at a bird or a squirrel; besides, it saves lead, for, when a body knows how to shoot, one piece of lead is enough for all, except hard-lived animals'.

"The Sheriff heard these opinions with great indignation, and, when he completed the last arrangement for the division, by carrying, with his own hands, a trout of a large size, and placing it on four different piles in succession, as his changeful ideas of justice required, he gave vent to his spleen by exclaiming—

"'A very pretty confederacy, indeed! Judge Temple, the landlord and owner of a township, with Nathaniel Bumppo, a lawless squatter, and professed deer-killer, in order to preserve the game in the country! But, 'duke, when I fish, I fish, and don't play,—so, away, boys, for another haul, and we'll send out waggons and carts, in the morning, to bring in our prizes!'

"Marmaduke appeared to understand that all opposition to the will of the Sheriff would be useless, and he strolled from the fire to the place where the canoe of the hunters lay, whither the ladies and Oliver Edwards had already preceded him.

"Curiosity induced the females to approach this spot, but it surely was a different motive that led the youth thither. Elizabeth examined the light ash timbers, and thin bark covering of the canoe, in admiration of its neat but simple execution, and with wonder that any human being could be so daring as to trust his life in so frail a vessel. But the youth explained to her the buoyant properties of the boat, and its perfect safety, when under proper management, adding, in such glowing terms, a description of the manner in which the fish were struck with the spear, that she changed suddenly, from an apprehension of the danger of the excursion, to a desire to participate in its pleasures. She even ventured a proposition to that effect to her father, laughing at the same time, at her own wish, and accusing herself of acting under a woman's caprice.

"'Say not so, Bess,' returned the Judge; 'I would have you above the idle fears of a silly girl. These canoes are the safest kind of boats to those who have skill and steady nerves. I have crossed the broadest part of the Oneida in one much smaller than this.'

"'And I the Ontary,' interrupted the Leatherstocking; 'and that with squaws in the canoe, too. But the Delaware women be used to the paddle, and are down good hands in a boat of this nater. If the young woman would like to see an old man strike a trout for his breakfast, she is welcome to a seat and a sight. John will say the same, seeing

that he built the canoe, which was only launched yesterday; for I'm not over curious at such small work as brooms, and basket-making, and other like Indian trades.'

"Natty gave the heiress one of his significant laughs, with a kind nod of his head, when he concluded this invitation; but Mohegan, with the grace of an Indian, approached, and taking her soft white hand into his own swarthy and wrinkled palm, said—

"'Come, grand-daughter of Moquin, and John will be glad. Trust the Indian: his head is old, though his hand is not steady. The Young Eagle will go, and see that no harm hurts his sister.'

"'Well, Mr. Edwards,' cried Elizabeth, blushing slightly, 'your friend, Mohegan, you see, has given a promise for you. Do you redeem the pledge?'

"'With my life, if necessary, Miss Temple,' cried the youth, with fervour. 'The sight is worth some little apprehension, for of real danger there is none. I will go with you and Miss Grant, however, to save appearances.'

"'With me!' exclaimed Louisa; 'no, not with me, Mr. Edwards, nor surely do you mean to trust yourself in that slight canoe.'

"'But I shall, for I have no apprehensions any longer,' said Elizabeth, stepping into the boat, and taking a seat where the Indian directed. 'Mr. Edwards, you may remain, as three do seem to be enough for such an egg-shell.'

"'It shall hold a fourth,' cried the young man, springing to her side, with a violence that nearly shook the weak fabric vessel asunder;—"pardon me, Miss Temple, that I do not permit these venerable Charons to take you to the shades unattended by your genius.'

"'Is it a good or evil spirit?' asked Elizabeth.

"'Good to you.'

"'And mine,' added the maiden, with an air that strangely blended pique with satisfaction. But the motion of the canoe gave rise to new ideas, and unfortunately afforded a good excuse to the young man to change the discourse.

"It appeared to Elizabeth that they glided over the water by magic, so easy and graceful was the manner in which Mohegan guided his little bark A slight gesture indicated the way in which the Leather-stocking wished to go, and a profound silence was preserved by the whole party, as a precaution necessary to the success of their fishery The shore at that point of the lake, ran gradually off, and the water shoaled regularly, differing, in this particular, altogether, from those parts where the mountains rose, nearly in perpendicular precipices, from the beach There, the largest vessels could have lain, with their yards locked in the branches of the pines; while here, a scanty growth of rushes lifted their tops above the lake, gently curling the waters, as their bending heads slowly waved with the passing breath of the night air It was at the shallow points only, that the bass could be found, or the net cast with success.

"Elizabeth saw thousands of these fish swimming in shoals along the shallow and warm waters of the shores; for the flaring light of their torch exposed all the mysteries of the lake, laying them open to the eye, with a slight variation in colour, as plainly as if the limpid sheet of the Otsego was but another atmosphere. Every instant she expected to see the impending spear of the Leather-stocking darting into the thronging hosts that were rushing beneath her, where it would seem that a blow could not go amiss; and where, as her father had already said, the prize that would be obtained

was worthy of the notice of an epicure. But Natty had his peculiar habits, and, it would seem, his peculiar tastes. His tall stature, and his erect posture, enabled him to see much further than those who, for motives of safety, were seated in the bottom of the canoe; and he turned his head warily in every direction, frequently bending his body forward, and straining his vision, as if desirous of penetrating the darkness in the water, that surrounded their boundary of light. At length his anxious scrutiny was rewarded with success, and, waving his spear from the shore, he said, in a cautious tone—

"'Send her outside the bass, John; I see a laker there, that has run out of the school. It's sildom one finds such a creater in the shallow waters, where a spear can touch it.'

Mohegan gave a wave of assent with his hand, and in the next instant the canoe was without the "run of the bass," and in water of nearly twenty feet in depth. A few additional knots were laid on the grating, and the light from the fire made to reach the bottom. Elizabeth then saw a fish of unusual size, floating above the small pieces of logs and sticks that were laying on the bottom. The animal was only distinguishable, at that distance, by a slight, but almost imperceptible, motion of its fins and tail. The curiosity excited by this unusual exposure of the secrets of the lake seemed to be mutual between the heiress of the land and the lord of these waters, for the "salmon trout" soon announced his interest by raising his head and body, for a few degrees above a horizontal line, and then dropping them again into the position of nature.

"'Whist! whist!' said Natty, in a low voice, on hearing a slight sound made by Elizabeth, in

bending over the side of the canoe, in eager curiosity;—'tis a skeary animal, and it's a far stroke for a spear. My handle is but fourteen foot, and the creater lies at a good eighteen from the top of the water; but I'll try him, for he's a ten-pounder.'

While speaking, the Leather-stocking was poising and directing his weapon. Elizabeth saw the bright, polished tines, as they slowly and silently entered the water, where the refraction pointed them many degrees from the true direction to the fish; and she thought that the intended victim saw them also, as he seemed to increase the play of his tail and fins, though without moving his station. At the next instant, the tall body of Natty bent to the water's edge, and the handle of his spear disappeared in the lake.

The long, dark streak of the gliding weapon, and the little bubbling vortex, which followed its rapid flight, were easily to be seen; but it was not until the handle shot again high into the air, by its own reaction, and it master, catching it in his hand, threw its tines uppermost, that Elizabeth was acquainted with the success of the blow. A fish of great size was transfixed by the barbed steel, and was very soon shaken from its impaled situation into the bottom of the canoe.

"'That will do, John,' said Natty, raising his prize by one of his fingers, and exhibiting it before the torch, 'enough is as good as a feast; I shall not strike another blow to-night.'

The Indian again waved his hand, and replied with the simple and energetic monosyllable of—

"'Good.'

Elizabeth was awakened from the trance created by this scene, and by gazing in that unusual manner at the bottom of the lake, by the hoarse

sounds of Benjamin's voice, and the dashing of oars, as the heavier boat of the seine-drawers approached the spot where the canoe lay, dragging after its toilsome way the folds of the net, which was already spreading on the water.

"'Haul off, haul off, Master Bumppo,' cried Benjamin; 'your top-light frightens the fish, who see the net, and sheer off soundings. A fish knows as much as a horse, or, for that matter, more, seeing that its brought up on the water. Haul off, Master Bumppo, haul off, I say, and give a wide berth to the seine.'

Mohegan guided their little canoe to a point where the movements of the fishermen could be observed, without interruption to the business, and then suffered it to lie quietly on the water, looking like an imaginary vessel floating in the air. There appeared to be much ill humour among the party in the batteau, for the directions of Benjamin were not only frequent, but issued in a voice that partook largely of the tones of dissatisfaction.

"'Pull larboard oar, will ye, Master Kirby,' cried the old seaman; 'pull larboard best. It would puzzle the oldest admiral in the British fleet to cast this here net fair, with a wake like a corkscrew. Pull starboard, boy, pull starboard oar, with a will.'

"'Harkee, Mister Pump,' said Kirby, ceasing to row, and speaking with some spirit; 'I'm a man that likes civil language and decent treatment, such as is right 'twixt man and man. If you want us to go hoy, say so, and hoy I'll go, for the benefit of the company; but I'm not used to being ordered about like dumb cattle.'

"'Who's dumb cattle?' echoed Benjamin, fiercely turning his forbidding face to the glare of

light from the canoe, and exhibiting every feature teeming with the expression of his disgust. 'If you want to come aft and cun the boat round, come and be d——d, and a pretty steerage you'll make of it too There's but another heave of the net in the stern-sheets, and we're clear of the thing Give way, will ye? and shoot her a-head for a fathom or two, and if you catch me afloat again with such a horse-marine as yourself, why rate me a ship's jackass, that's all.'

Probably encouraged by the prospect of a speedy termination to his labour, the wood-chopper resumed his oar, and, under the strong excitement of his feelings, gave a stroke with it that not only cleared the boat of the net, but of the steward, at the same instant, also Benjamin had stood on the little platform that held the seine, in the stern of the boat and the violent whirl occasioned by the vigour of the wood chopper's arm, completely destroyed his balance The position of the lights rendered objects in the batteau distinguishable. Both from the canoe and the shore; and the heavy fall on the water drew all eyes to the steward, as he lay struggling, for a moment, in sight.

A loud burst of merriment, to which the lungs of Kirby contributed no small part, broke out like a chorus of laughter, and rung along the eastern mountains, in echoes, until it died away in distant mocking mirth, among the rocks and woods. The body of the steward was seen slowly to disappear, as was expected; but when the light waves, which had been raised by his fall, began to sink in calmness, and the water finally closed over his head, unbroken and still, a very different feeling pervaded the spectators.

"'How fare you, Benjamin?' shouted Richard from the shore.

"'The dumb devil can't swim a stroke!' exclaimed Kirby, rising, and beginning to throw aside his clothes.

"'Paddle up, Mohegan,' cried young Edwards, 'where the light will show us how he lies, and let me dive for the body.'

"'Oh! save him! for God's sake, save him!' exclaimed Elizabeth, bowing her head on the side of the canoe in horror.

A powerful and dexterous sweep of Mohegan's paddle sent the canoe directly over the spot where the steward had fallen, and a loud shout from the Leather-stocking announced that he saw the body.

"'Then steady the boat, while I dive,' again cried Edwards.

"'Gently, lad, gently,' said Natty, 'I'll spear the creater up in half the time, and no risk to any body.'

"The form of Benjamin was lying, about half way to the bottom grasping with either hand the bottoms of some broken rushes, by whose strength it was maintained in that position. The blood of Elizabeth curdled to her heart, as she saw the figure of a fellow-creature thus extended under an immense sheet of water, apparently in motion, by the undulations of the dying waves, with its face and hands, viewed by that light, and through the medium of the fluid, already coloured with livid hues like death.

"At the same instant she saw the shining tines of Natty's spear approaching the motionless head of the sufferer, and entwining themselves, rapidly and dexterously, in the head of queue and the cape of his coat. The body was now raised

slowly, looking ghastly and grim, as its features turned upward to the light, and approached the surface.

"The arrival of the nostrils of Benjamin into their own atmosphere was announced by a breathing that would have done credit to a full grown porpoise. For a moment Natty held the steward suspended, with his head just above the water, while his eyes slowly opened, and stared about him, as if he thought that he had reached a new and unexplored country.

"As all the parties acted and spoke together, much less time was consumed in the occurrence of these events, than in their narration. To bring the batteau to the end of the spear, and to raise the form of Benjamin from its liquid element into the boat, and for the whole party to gain the shore, and land, required but a minute. Kirby, aided by Richard, whose anxiety induced him to run into the water to meet his favourite assistant, carried the motionless steward up the bank, and seated him before the fire, where he was supported, while the sheriff proceeded to order the most approved measures then in use, for the resuscitation of the drowned

"'Run, Billy,' he cried, 'to the village, and bring up the rum-hogshead that lies before the deer, in which I am making vinegar in cold weather, and be quick, boy, don't stay to empty the vinegar; and stop at Mr. Le Quoi's, and buy a paper of tobacco and half-a-dozen pipes; and ask Remarkable for some salt, and one of her flannel petticoats; and ask Dr. Todd to send his lancet, and to come himself; and——ha! 'duke, what are you about? would you strangle a man who is full of water, by giving him rum! Help me to open this hand, that I may pat it.'

"All this time Benjamin sat, with his muscles fixed, his mouth shut, and his hands clenching the rushes, which he had seized in the confusion of the moment, and which, as he held fast, like a true seaman, had been the means of preventing his body from rising again to the surface. His eyes, however, were open, and stared wildly on the group about the fire, while his lungs were playing like a blacksmith's bellows, as if to compensate themselves for the minute of inaction to which they had been subjected. As he kept his lips compressed, with a most inveterate determination, the air was compelled to pass through his nostrils, and he rather snorted than breathed, and in such a manner that nothing but the excessive agitation of the sheriff could at all justify his precipitous orders.

"The bottle, applied to the steward's lips by Marmaduke, acted like a charm. His mouth opened instinctively; his hands dropped the rushes, and seized the black glass; his eyes raised from their horizontal stare, to the heavens; and the whole man was lost, for a moment, in a new sensation. Unhappily for the propensity of the steward, breath was as necessary after one of these draughts as after his submersion, and the time at length arrived when he was compelled to let go of the bottle.

"'Why, Benjamin,' roared the sheriff, 'you amaze me! For a man of your experience in drownings, to act so foolishly! Just now, you were half full of water, and now you are ——'

"'Full of grog,' interrupted the steward, his features settling down, with amazing flexibility, into their natural economy. 'But, d'ye see, squire, I kept my hatches close, and it is but little water that ever gets into my scuttle-butt. Harkee,

Master Kirby! I've followed the salt water for the better part of a man's life, and have seen some navigation on the fresh; but this here matter I will say in your favour, and that is, that you're the awk'ardest green'un that ever straddled a boat's thwart. Them that likes you for a shipmate may sail with you, and no thanks; but d——e if I even walk on the lake shore in your company. For why? you'd as lief drown a man as one of them there fish; not to throw a Christian creature so much as a rope's end, when he was adrift, and no life-boy in sight!—Natty Bumppo, give us your fist. There's them that says you're an Indian, and a scalper, but you've sarved me a good turn, and you may set me down as a friend; thof it would have been more shipshape to lower the bight of a rope, or running bow-line, below me, than to seize an old seaman by his head lanyard, but I suppose you are used to taking men by the hair, and seeing you did me good instead of harm thereby, why, it's the same thing, d'ye see.'

"Marmaduke prevented any reply, and assuming the direction of matters with a dignity and discretion that at once silenced all opposition from his cousin, Benjamin was despatched to the village by land, and the net was hauled to shore in such a manner that the fish, for once, escaped its meshes with impunity.

"The division of the spoils was made in the ordinary manner, by placing one of the party with his back to the game, who declared the owner of each pile. Billy Kirby stretched his large frame on the grass, by the side of the fire, as a sentinel until morning, over the net and the fish; and the remainder of the party embarked in the batteau, to return to the village.

"The wood-chopper was seen broiling his supper on the coals, as they lost sight of the fire; and when the boat approached the shore, the torch of Mohegan's canoe was shining again under the gloom of the eastern mountain. Its motion ceased suddenly, a scattering of brands was exhibited in the air, and then all remained dark as the conjunction of night, forests, and mountains, could render the scene.

"The thoughts of the heiress wandered from the youth, who was holding a canopy of shawls over her elf and Louisa, to the hunter and the Indian warrior; and she felt an awakening curiosity to visit a hut, where men of such different habits and temperament were drawn together, as if by one common impulse."

THE PANTHER.

LOUIZA AND MISS TEMPLE.

"The turn which the conversation had taken, drove from the minds of the young maidens all other thoughts but those of holy charity, and Elizabeth folded her friend in her arms, who gave vent to her momentary grief in audible sobs. When this burst of emotion had subsided, Louisa raised her mild countenance, and they continued their walk in silence.

By this time they had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more

deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk, and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses at the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—

"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain; is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds, it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once, the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried—

"Look at the dog!"

Brave had been their companion, from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a

listnessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?"

At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth, "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, when she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

"Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth."

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her

to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimated Louisa, tearing from her person such of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves; accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favourable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glitter-

ing throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeed announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination, it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not, move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy—her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice—"steep lower, gal; your bonnet hides the creater's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her

bosom ; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud—

"Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool,; 'tis a hard lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens, most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

The death of her terrible enemy appeared to Elizabeth like a resurrection from her own grave. There was an elasticity in the mind of our heroine that rose to meet the pressure of instant danger, and the more direct to the senses her apprehensions came, the more her nature had struggled to overcome them. But still she was woman. Had she been left to herself, in her late extremity, she would probably have used her faculties to the utmost, and with discretion, in protecting her person, but, encumbered with her inanimate friend. retreat was a thing not to be attempted. Notwithstanding the fearful aspect of her foe, the eye of Elizabeth had never shrunk from its gaze, and long after the event, her thoughts would recur to her passing sensations, and the sweetness of her midnight sleep would be disturbed, as her active fancy conjured in dreams the

most trifling movements of savage fury that the beast had exhibited in its moment of power.

We shall leave the reader to imagine the restoration of Louisa's senses, and the expressions of gratitude which fell from the young woman. The former was effected by a little water, that was brought from one of the thousand springs of those mountains, in the cap of the Leatherstocking; and the latter were uttered with all the warmth that might be expected from the character of Elizabeth. Natty received her vehement protestations of gratitude with a simple expression of good-will, and with indulgence for her present excitement, but with a carelessness that showed how little he thought of the service he had rendered.

"'Well, well,' he said, 'be it so, gal; let it be so, if you wish it—we'll talk the thing over another time; but I'm sore afeard you'll find Mr. Oliver a better companion than an old hunter like me Come, come—let us get into the road, for you've had tirror enough to make you wish yourself in your father's house ag'in.'

This was uttered as they were proceeding, at a pace that was adapted to the weakness of Louisa, towards the highway; on reaching which, the ladies separated from their guide, declaring themselves equal to the remainder of their walk without his assistance, and feeling encouraged by the sight of the village, which lay beneath their feet, like a picture, with its limpid lake in front, the winding stream along its margin, and its hundred chimneys of whitened bricks.

The reader need not be told the nature of the emotions which two youthful, ingenuous, and well-educated girls would experience at their escape from a death so horrid as the one which

had impended over them, while they pursued their way in silence along the track on the side of the mountain; nor how deep were their mental thanks to that Power which had given them their existence, and which had not deserted them in their extremity; neither how often they pressed each other's arms, as the assurance of their present safety came, like a headlong balm, athwart their troubled spirits, when their thoughts were recurring to the recent moments of horror.

Leather-stocking remained on the hill, gazing after their retiring figures, until they were hid by a bend in the road, when he whistled in his dogs, and, shouldering his rifle, he returned into the forest.

"'Well, it was a skeary thing to the young creaters,' said Natty, while he re-trod the path towards the slain. 'It might frighten an older woman, to see a she painter so near her, with a dead cub by its side. I wonder if I had aimed at the varmint's eye, if I shouldn't have touched the life sooner than in the forehead! but they are hard-lived animals, and it was a good shot, consid'ring that I could see nothing but the head and peak of its tail.

THE TRIAL AND PUNISHMENT OF LEATHER STOCKING.

"Fetch here the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you."

LEAR.

"THE long days and early sun of July allowed time for a gathering of the interested, before the little bell of the academy announced that the appointed hour had arrived for administering right to the wronged, and punishment to the guilty. Ever since the dawn of day, the highways and wood-paths, that, issuing from the forest, and winding along the sides of the mountains, centered in Templeton, had been thronged with equestrians and footmen, bound to the haven of justice. There was to be seen a well-clad yeoman, mounted on a sleek, switch-tailed steed, ambling along the highway, with his red face elevated in a manner that said, 'I have paid for my land, and fear no man,' while his bosom was swelling with the conscious pride of being one of the grand inquest for the county. At his side rode a companion, his equal in independence of feeling, perhaps, but his inferior in thrift, as in property and consideration. This was a professed dealer in lawsuits—a man whose name appeared in every calendar; whose substance, gained in the multifarious expedients of a settler's changeable habits, was wasted in feeding the harpies of the courts. He was endeavouring to impress the mind of the grand juror with the merits of a cause that was now at issue. Along with these two was a

pedestrian, who, having thrown a rifle frock over his shirt, and placed his best wool hat above his sunburnt visage, had issued from his retreat in the woods by a footpath, and was striving to keep company with the others, at an unequal gait, on his way to hear and to decide the disputes of his neighbours as a petit juror.

"By ten o'clock the streets of the village were filled with groups of men with busy faces, some talking of their private concerns, some listening to a popular expounder of political creeds, and others gaping in at the open stores admiring the finery, or examining scythes, axes, and such other manufactures as attracted their curiosity or excited their admiration. A few women were to be observed in the crowd, mostly carrying infants in their arms, and followed, at a lounging, listless gait, by their rustic lords and masters. There was one young couple, in whom the warmth of connubial love was yet new, walking among the moving throng, both dressed in their back-wood finery, at a respectful distance from each other, while the swain directed the timid steps of his bride by the unbending motions of an extended arm, to which she was appended by grasping his thumb.

"At the first stroke of the bell, Richard issued from the front door of the 'Bold Dragoon,' flourishing in his hand a sheathed sword, that he was fond of saying his ancestors had carried in one of Cromwell's victories, and crying, in an authoritative tone, to "clear the way for the court." The order was obeyed promptly, though not servilely; the members of the crowd nodding familiarly to the members of the procession as it passed. A party of constables, with their staves, followed the sheriff, preceding Marmaduke, and

four plain, grave-looking yeomen, who were his associates on the bench. There was nothing to distinguish these subordinate judges from the better part of the spectators, except gravity, which they affected a little more than common, and that one of their number was attired in an old-fashioned military coat, with skirts that reached no lower than the middle of his thighs, and bearing two little silver epaulettes, not half so big as a modern pair of shoulder knots. This gentleman was a colonel of the militia, in attendance on a court-martial, who found leisure to steal a moment from his military to attend to his civil jurisdiction. But this incongruity was nothing; it excited neither notice nor comment. Three or four clean-shaved lawyers followed, as meekly as if they were lambs going to the slaughter, one or two of whom had contrived to obtain an air of scholastic gravity, by wearing spectacles. The rear was brought up by another posse of constables, and the mob followed the whole into the room where the court held its sittings.

"When the judges were seated, the lawyers had taken possession of the table, and the noise of moving feet had ceased in the area, the proclamations were made in the usual form, the jurors were sworn, the charge was given, and the court proceeded to hear the business before them.

"We shall not detain the reader with the description of the captious discussions that occupied the court for the first two hours. Judge Temple had impressed on the jury, in his charge, the necessity for despatch on their part, recommending to their notice, from motives of humanity, the prisoners in the jail, as the first objects of their attention. After the period we have mentioned had elapsed, the cry of the officer

to 'clear the way for the grand jury,' announced the entrance of that body. The usual forms were observed, when the foreman handed up to the bench two bills, on both of which the judge observed, at the first glance of his eye, the name of Nathaniel Bumppo. It was a leisure moment with the court; some low whispering passed between the bench and the sheriff, who gave a signal to his officers, and in a very few minutes the silence that prevailed there was interrupted by a general movement in the outer crowd; when presently the Leather-stocking made his appearance ushered into the criminal's bar under the custody of two constables. The hum ceased, the people closed into the open space again, and the silence soon became so deep that the hard breathing of the prisoner was audible.

"Natty was dressed in his buck-skin garments, without his coat, in place of which he wore only a shirt of coarse linen-check, fastened at his throat by the sinew of a deer, leaving his red neck and weather-beaten face exposed and bare. It was the first time that he had ever crossed the threshold of a court of justice, and curiosity seemed to be strongly blended with his personal feelings. He raised his eyes to the bench, thence to the jury-boxes, the bar, and the crowd without, meeting every where looks that were fastened on himself. After surveying his own person, as if in search of the cause of this unusual attraction, he once more turned his face round the assemblage, and then opened his mouth in one of his silent and remarkable laughs.

"'Prisoner, remove your cap,' said Judge Temple.

"The order was either unheard or unheeded.

"'Nathaniel Bumppo, be uncovered,' repeated the judge.

"Natty started at the sound of his name, and raising his face earnestly towards the bench, he said—

"'Anan!'

"Mr. Lippet arose from his seat at the table, and whispered in the ear of the prisoner, when Natty gave him a nod of assent, and took the deer-skin covering from his head.

"'Mr. District Attorney,' said the judge, 'the prisoner is ready; we wait for the indictment.'

"The duties of the public prosecutor were discharged by Direk Van der School, who adjusted his spectacles, cast a cautious look around him at his brethren of the bar, which he ended by throwing his head aside so as to catch one glance over the glasses, when he proceeded to read the bill aloud. It was the usual charge for assault and battery on the person of Hiram Doolittle, and was couched in the ancient language of such instruments, especial care having been taked by the scribe not to omit the name of a single offensive weapon known to the law. When he had done, Mr. Van der School removed his spectacles, which he closed and placed in his pocket, seemingly for the pleasure of again opening and replacing them on his nose. After this evolution was repeated once or twice, he handed the bill over to Mr. Lippet, with a cavalier air, that said as much as 'pick a hole in that if you can.'

"Natty listened to the charge against him with great attention, leaning forward towards the reader with an earnestness that denoted his interest; and when it was ended, he raised his tall body to the utmost, and drew a long sigh. All eyes were turned to the prisoner, whose voice

was vainly expected to break the stillness of the room.

"'You have heard the presentment that the grand jury have made, Nathaniel Bumppo,' said the judge; 'what do you plead to the charge?'

'The old man dropped his head for a moment in a reflecting attitude, and then raising it, he laughed again before he answered—

"'That I handled the man a little rough or so, is not to be denied; but that there was occasion to make use of all them there things that the gentleman has spoken of, is downright untrue. I am not much of a wrestler, seeing that I'm getting old; but I was out among the Scotch-Irishers—let me see—it must have been as long ago as the first year of the old war—'

"'Mr. Lippet, if you are retained for the prisoner,' interrupted Judge Temple, 'instruct your client how to plead; if not, the court shall assign him counsel.'

"Aroused from studying the indictment by this appeal, the attorney got up, and, after a short dialogue with the hunter, in a low voice, he informed the court that they were ready to proceed.

"'Do you plead guilty or not guilty?' said the judge.

"'I may say not guilty, with a clean conscience,' returned Natty; 'for there's no guilt in doing what's right; and I'd rather died on the spot, than had him put foot in the hut at that moment.'

"Richard started at this declaration, and bent his eyes significantly on Hiram, who returned the look with a slight movement of his eyebrows alone.

"'Proceed to open the cause, Mr. District

Attorney,' continued the judge. 'Mr. Clerk, enter the plea of not guilty.'

"After a short opening address from Mr Van der School, Hiram was summoned to the bar to give his testimony. It was delivered to the letter, perhaps, but with all that moral colouring which can be conveyed under such expressions as 'thinking it no harm,' 'feeling it my bounden duty as a magistrate,' and 'seeing that the constable was back'ard in the business.' When he had done, and the District Attorney declined putting any further interrogatories, Mr. Lippet arose, with an air of keen investigation, and asked the following questions—

"'Are you a constable of this county, sir?'

"'No, sir,' said Hiram, 'I'm only a justice-peace.'

"'I ask you, Mr. Doolittle, in the face of this court, putting it to your conscience and your knowledge of the law, whether you had any right to enter that man's dwelling?'

"'Hem!' said Hiram, undergoing a violent struggle between his desire for vengeance and his love for legal fame; 'I do suppose—that in—that is—strict law—that supposing—maybe I hadn't a real—lawful right;—but as the case was—and Billy was so back'ard—I might come for'ard in the business.'

"'I ask you again, sir,' continued the lawyer, following up his success, 'whether this old, this friendless old man, did not repeatedly forbid your entrance?'

"'Why, I must say,' said Hiram, 'that he was considerable cross-grained; not what I call clever, seeing that it was only one neighbour wanting to go into the house of another.'

"'Oh! then you own it was only meant for a

neighbourly visit on your part, and without the sanction of law. Remember, gentlemen, the words of the witness, "one neighbour wanting to enter the house of another.' Now, sir, I ask you if Nathaniel Bumppo did not again and again order you not to enter?'

"'There was some words passed between us,' said Hiram, 'but I read the warrant to him aloud.'

"'Repeat my question; did he tell you not to enter his habitation?'

"'There was a good deal passed betwixt us—but I've the warrant in my pocket; maybe the court would wish to see it?'

"'Witness,' said Judge Temple, 'answer the question directly; did or did not the prisoner forbid your entering his hut?'

"'Why, I some think—'

"'Answer without equivocation,' continued the judge, sternly.

"'He did.'

"'And did you attempt to enter after this order?'

"'I did; but the warrant was in my hand.'

"'Proceed, Mr. Kippet, with your examination.'

"But the attorney saw that the impression was in favour of his client, and, waving his hand with a supercilious manner, as if unwilling to insult the understanding of the jury with any further defence, he replied—

"'No, sir; I leave it for your honour to charge, I rest my case here.'

"'Mr. District Attorney,' said the Judge, 'have you any thing to say?'

"Mr. Van der School removed his spectacles, folded them, and, replacing them once more on his nose, eyed the other bill which he held in his hand,

and then said, looking at the bar over the top of his glasses—

"'I shall rest the prosecution here, if the court please.'

"Judge Temple arose and began the charge.'

"'Gentlemen of the Jury,' he said, 'you have heard the testimony, and I shall detain you but a moment. If an officer meet with resistance in the execution of a process, he has an undoubted right to call any citizen to his assistance; and the acts of such assistant come within the protection of the law. I shall leave you to Judge, gentlemen. from the testimony, how far the witness in this prosecution can be so considered, feeling less reluctant to submit the case thus informally to your decision, because there is yet another indictment to be tried, which involves heavier charges against the unfortunate prisoner.'

"The tone of Marmaduke was mild and insinuating, and as his sentiments were given with such apparent impartiality, they did not fail of carrying their due weight to the jury. The grave looking yeomen, who composed this tribunal, laid their heads together for a few minutes, without leaving their box, when the foreman arose, and after the forms of the court were duly observed, he pronounced the prisoner to be—

"'Not guilty.'

"'You are acquitted of this charge, Nathaniel Bumppo,' said the Judge.

"'Anan!' said Natty.

"'You are found not guilty of striking and assaulting Mr. Doolittle.'

"'No, no, I'll not deny but that I took him a little roughly by the shoulders,' said Natty, looking about him with great simplicity, 'and that I—'

"'You are acquitted,' interrupted the Judge;

'and there is nothing further to be said or done in the matter.'

"A look of joy lighted up the features of the old man who now comprehended the case, and, placing his cap eagerly on his head again, he threw up the bar of his little prison, and said feelingly—'

"'I must say this for you, Judge Temple, that the law has not been so hard on me as I dreaded. I hope God will bless you for the kind things you have done to me this day.'

"But the staff of the constable was opposed to his egress, and Mr. Lippet whispered a few words in his ear, when the aged hunter sunk back into his place, and, removing his cap, stroked down the remnants of his gray and sandy locks, with an air of mortification mingled with submission.'

"'Mr District Attorney,' said Judge Temple, affecting to busy himself with his minutes, 'proceed with the second indictment.'

"Mr. Van der School took great care that no part of the presentment, which he now read, should be lost on his auditors. It accused the prisoner of resisting the execution of a search-warrant, by force of arms, and particularized, in the vague language of the law, among a variety of other weapons, the use of the rifle. This was indeed a more serious charge than an ordinary assault and battery, and a corresponding degree of interest was manifested by the spectators in its result. The prisoner was duly arraigned, and his plea again demanded. Mr. Lippet had anticipated the answers of Natty, and in a whisper advised him how to plead. But the feelings of the old hunter were awakened by some of the expressions of the indictment, and, forgetful of his caution, he exclaimed—'

"'Tis a wicked untruth; I crave no man's blood. Them thieves, the Iroquois, won't say it to my face,

that I ever thirsted after man's blood. I have fought as a soldier that feared his Maker and his officer, but I never pulled a trigger on any but a warrior that was up and awake. No man can say that I ever struck even a Mingo in his blanket. I b'lieve there's some who think ther's no God in a wilderness !'

"'Attend to your plea. Bumppo,' said the Judge. 'You hear that you are accused of using your rifle against an officer of justice; are you guilty or not guilty ?'

"By this time the irritated feelings of Natty had found a vent; and he rested on the bar for a moment, in a musing posture, when he lifted his face, with a silent laugh, and, pointing to where the wood-chopper stood, he said—'

"'Would Billy Kirby be standing there, d'ye think, if I had used the rifle ?'

"'Then you deny it,' said Mr. Lippet, 'you plead not guilty ?'

"'Sartain,' said Natty; 'Billy knows that I never fired at all. Billy, do you remember the turkey last winter? ah, me! that was better than common firing; but I can't shoot as I used to could.'

"'Enter the plea of not guilty,' said Judge Temple, strongly affected by the simplicity of the prisoner.

"Hiram was again sworn, and his testimony given on the second charge. He had discovered his former error, and proceeded more cautiously than before. He related very distinctly, and, for the man, with amazing terseness, the suspicion against the hunter, the complaint, the issuing of the warrant, and the swearing in of Kirby; all of which, he affirmed, were done in due form of law. He then added the manner in which the constable had been received; and stated distinctly that Natty had pointed the rifle at Kirby, and threatened his

life if he attempted to execute his duty.' All this was confirmed by Jotham, who was observed to adhere closely to the story of the magistrate. Mr. Lippet conducted an artful cross-examination of these two witnesses, but, after consuming much time, was compelled to relinquish the attempt to obtain any advantage, in despair.'

"At length the district attorney called the woodchopper to the bar. Billy gave an extremely confused account of the affair, although he evidently aimed at the truth, until Mr. Van der School addressed him, by asking some direct questions—'

"'It appears, from examining the papers, that you demanded admission into the hut legally; so you were put in bodily fear by his rifle and threats?'

"'I didn't mind that man,' said Billy, snapping his fingers; 'I should be a poor stick to mind such a one as old Leather-stocking.'

"'I understood you to say, (referring to your previous words, (as delivered here in court,) in the commencement of your testimony,) that you thought he meant to shoot you?'

"'To be sure I did; and so would you too, Squire, if you had seen the chap dropping a muzzle that never misses, and cocking an eye that has a natural squint by long practice. I thought there would be a dust on't, and my back was up at once; but Leather-stocking gi'n up the skin, and so the matter ended.'

"'Ah Billy,' said Natty, shaking his head, 'twas a lucky thought in me to throw out the hide, or there might have been blood spilt; and I'm sure, had it been your'n, I should have mourned it sorely the little while I have to stay.'

"'Well, Leather-stocking,' returned Billy, facing the prisoner with a freedom and familiarity that utterly disregarded the presence of the court,

'as you are on the subject, it may be that you've no—'

"'Go on with your examination, Mr. District Attorney.

"That gentleman eyed the familiarity between his witness and the prisoner with manifest disgust, and indicated to the court that he was done.'

"'Then you didn't feel frightened, Mr. Kirby,' said the counsel for the prisoner.

"'Me! no,' said Billy, casting his eyes over his own huge frame with evident self-satisfaction; 'I'm not to be skeared so easy.'

"'You look like a hardy man; where were you born, sir?'

"'Varmont state; 'tis a mountaynious place, but there's a stiff soil, and it's pretty much wooded with beech and maple.'

"'I have always heard so,' said Mr. Lippet, soothingly. 'You have been used to the rifle yourself, in that country?'

"'I pull the second best trigger in this country. I knock under to Natty Bumppo there, sin' he got the pigeon.'

"Leather-stocking raised his head, and laughed again, when he thrust out a wrinkled hand, and said—'

"'You're young yet, Billy, and haven't seen the matches that I have; but here's my hand; I bear no malice to you, I don't.'

"Mr. Lippet allowed his conciliatory offering to be accepted, and judiciously paused, while the spirit of peace was exercising her influence over the two; but the Judge interposed his authority by saying—'

"'This is an improper place for such dialogues.—Proceed with your examination of this witness, Mr. Lippet, or I shall order the next.'

"The attorney started, as if he were unconscious of any impropriety, and continued—'

"'So you settled the matter with Natty amicably on the spot, did you?'

"'He gin me the skin, and I didn't want to quarrel with an old man; for my part I see no such mighty matter in shooting a buck!'

"'And you parted friends! and you would never have thought of bringing the business up before a court hadn' you been subpœnaed?'

"'I don't think I should; he gi'n the skin, and I didn.t feel a hard thought, though Squire Doolittle got some affronted.'

"'I have done, sir,' said Mr Lippet, probably relying on the charge of the Judge as he again seated himself, with the air of a man who felt that his success was certain.

"When Mr Van der School arose to address the jury he commenced by saying—'

"'Gentlemen of the jury, I should have interrupted the leading questions put by the prisoner's counsel, (by leading questions I mean telling him what to say,) did I not feel confident that the law was superior to any advantages (I mean legal advantages) which he might obtain by his art. The counsel for the prisoner, gentlemen, has endeavoured to persuade you, in opposition to your own good sense, to believe that pointing a rifle at a constable (elected or deputed) is a very innocent affair; and society (I mean the commonwealth, gentlemen,) shall not be endangered thereby. But let me claim your attention, while we look over the particulars of this heinous offence.' Here Mr. Van der School favoured the jury with an abridgment of the testimony, recounted in such a manner as utterly to confuse the faculties of his worthy listeners. After this exhibition he closed as follows:—'and now,

gentlemen, having thus made plain to your senses the crime of which this unfortunate man has been guilty, (unfortunate both on account of his ignorance and his guilt,) I shall leave you to your own just consciences; not in the least doubting that you will see the importance (notwithstanding, the prisoner's counsel (doubtless relying on your former verdict) wishes to appear so confident of success) of punishing the offender, and asserting the dignity of the laws.'

"It was now the duty of the Judge to deliver his charge.' It consisted of a short, comprehensive summary of the testimony, laying bare the artifice of the prisoner's counsel and placing the facts in so obvious a light that they could not well be misunderstood' 'Living as we do, gentlemen,' he concluded, 'on the skirts of society, it becomes doubly necessary to protect the ministers of the law. If you believe the witnesses, in their construction of the acts of the prisoner, it is your duty to convict him; but if you believe that the old man who this day appears before you, meant not to harm the constable, but was acting more under the influence of habit than by the instigations of malice, it will be your duty to judge him, but to do it with lenity.'

"As before, the jury did not leave their box, after a consultation of some little time, their foreman arose and pronounced their prisoner—'

"'Guilty.'

"There was but little surprise manifested in the court-room at this verdict, as the testimony, the greater part of which we have omitted, was too clear and direct to be passed over. The judges seemed to have anticipated this sentiment, for a consultation was passing among them, also, during

the deliberation of the jury, and the preparatory movements of the 'bench,' announced the coming sentence.

Nathaniel Bumppo, commenced the Judge, making the customary pause.

The old hunter who had been musing again, with his head on the bar, raised himself and cried, with a prompt military tone—

Here!

The Judge waved his hand for silence, and continued.

In forming the sentence the court have been governed as much by the consideration of your age, as by the law as to the strict sense of the crime upon which you have been found guilty. They have not forgotten over the previous punishment of whipping on the naked back, many years, but as the enormity of the law requires an example, and the consequences which are likely to follow the escape of one so evidently guilty as you are, from the punishment due to the aggravated nature of your crime, but your punishment be restricted to one hundred dollars, and that you be imprisoned in the jail of this county for one calendar month, and furthermore, that you remain in prison and for ever, until the said fine shall be paid. I feel my duty, Nathaniel Bumppo.

And where should I get the money? interrupted the hunter, turning angrily where could I get the money, you'll take away the bounty on the panthers I've killed, and the throat of a deer will be as much as an old man to find so much gold or silver in the woods! No, no Judge, think better of it, and don't talk of shutting me up in a jail for the little time I have to stay.'

'If you have any thing to urge against the

passing of the sentence, the court will yet hear you,' said the Judge mildly.

"'I have enough to say ag'in it,' cried Natty, grasping the bar on which his fingers were working with a convulsed motion. 'Where am I to get the money? Let me out into the woods and hills, where I've been used to breathe the clear air, and, though I'm threescore and ten, if you've left game enough in the country, I'll travel night and day but I'll make you up the sum afore the season is over. Yes, yes—you see the reason of the thing, and the wickedness of shutting up an old man, that has spent his days, as one may say, where he could always look into the windows of heaven.'

"'I must be governed by the law'—

"'Talk not to me of law, Marmaduke Temple,' interrupted the hunter. 'Did the beast of the forest mind your laws when it was thirsty and hungering for the blood of your child? She was kneeling to her God for a greater favour than I ask, and he heard her; and if you now say no to my prayers, do you think he will be deaf?'

"'My private feelings must not enter into—'

"'Hear me, Marmaduke Temple,' interrupted the old man with a melancholy tone of voice, 'and hear reason. I've tracked those mountains when you was no Judge but an infant in your mother's arms; and I feel as if I had a right and a privilege to travel them ag'in afore I die. Have you forgot the time that you came to the lake shore, when there wasn't even a jail to lodge in, and didn't I give you my own bear-skin to sleep on, and the fat of a noble buck to satisfy the cravings of your hunger? Yes, yes—you thought it no sin then to kill a deer! And thus I did, though I had no reason to love you, for you had never done any thing but harm to them that loved and sheltered me.

And now, will you shut me up in your dungeons to pay me for my kindness? A hundred dollars! where should I get the money? No, no—there's them that says hard things of you, Marmaduke Temple, but you an't so bad as to wish to see an old man die in a prison, because he stood up for the right. Come, friend, let me pass; it's long sin' I've been used to such crowds, and I crave to be in the woods ag'in. Don't fear me, Judge—I bid you not fear me; for if there's beaver enough left on the streams, or the buckskins will sell for a shilling apiece, you shall have the last penny of the fine. Where are ye, pups! come away, dogs! come away! we have a grievous toil to do for our years, but it shall be done—yes, yes, I've promised it, and it shall be done!'

"It is unnecessary to say that the movement of the Leather-stocking was again intercepted by the constable; but before he had time to speak, a bustling in the crowd, and a loud hem drew all eyes to another room.

"Benjamin had succeeded in edging his way through the people, and was now seen balancing his short body, with one foot in a window and the other on the railing of the jury-box. To the amazement of the whole court, the steward was evidently preparing to speak. After a good deal of difficulty, he succeeded in drawing from his pocket a small bag, and then found utterance.

"'If-so-be,' he said, 'that your honour is agreeable to trust the poor fellow out on another cruise among the beasts, here's a small matter that will help to bring down the risk, seeing that there's just thirty-five of your Spaniards in it; and I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that they was raal British guineas, for the sake of the old boy. But 'tis as it is; and if Squire Dickens will just be so

good as to overhaul this small bit of an account, and take enough from the bag to settle the same, he's welcome to hold upon the rest, till such time as the Leather-stocking can grapple with them said beaver, or, for that matter, for ever, and no thanks asked.'

"As Benjamin concluded, he thrust out the wooden register of his arrears to the 'Bold Dragoon' with one hand, while he offered his bag of dollars with the other. Astonishment at this singular interruption produced a profound stillness in the room, which was only interrupted by the Sheriff who struck his sword on the table, and cried,'

"'Silence!'

"'There must be an end to this,' said the Judge, struggling to overcome his feelings. 'Constable, lead the prisoner to the stocks. Mr. Clerk, what stands next on the calendar?

"Natty seemed to yield to his destiny, for he sunk his head on his chest, and followed the officer from the court-room in silence. The crowd moved back for the passage of the prisoner, and, when his tall form was seen descending from the outer door, a rush of the people to the scene of disgrace followed.

"The punishments of the common law were still known, at the time of our tale, to the people of New-York; and the whipping-post, with its companion, the stocks, were not yet supplanted by the more modern but doubtful expedients of the public prisons. Immediately in front of the jail those relics of the older times were situated, as a lesson of precautionary justice to the evil-doers of the settlement.'

"Natty followed the constable to this spot, bowing his head with submission to a power that he was unable to oppose, and surrounded by the crowd

that formed a circle about his person exhibiting in their countenances a strong curiosity. A constable raised the upper part of the stocks, and pointed with his finger to the holes where the old man was to place his feet. Without making the least objection to the punishment, the Leather-stocking quietly seated himself on the ground, and suffered his limbs to be laid in the openings, without even a murmur: though he cast one glance about him, as if in quest of that sympathy that human nature always seems to require under suffering. If he met no direct manifestations of pity, neither did he see any savage exultation expressed, nor hear a single reproachful epithet. The character of the mob, if it could be called by such a name, was that of attentive subordination.'

"The constable was in the act of lowering the upper plank, when Benjamin, who had pressed close to the side of the prisoner, said, in his hoarse tones, as if seeking for some cause to create a quarrel—'

"'Where away, master constable, is the use to be found of clapping a man in them bilboes? it neither stops his grog nor hurts his back; what for is it that you do the thing?'

"'Tis the sentence of the court, Mr. Penguillum, and there's law for it, I s pose.'

"'Ay, ay, I know that there's law for the thing; but where away do you find the use, I say? it does no harm, and it only keeps a man by the heels for the small matter of two glasses.'

"'Is it no harm, Benny Pump,' said Natty, raising his eyes with a piteous look to the face of the steward—'is it no harm to show off a man in his seventy-first year, like a tame bear, for the settlers to look on! Is it no harm to put an old soldier, that has served through the war of 'fifty-

six, and seen the inimy in the seventy-six business, into a place like this, where the boys can point at him and say, I have known the time when he was a spectacle for the country! Is it no harm to bring down the pride of an honest man to be the equal of the beasts of the forest?'

"Benjamin stared about him fiercely, and could he have found a single face that expressed conviviality, he would have been prompt to quarrel with its owner; but meeting every where with looks of sobriety, and occasionally of commiseration, he very deliberately seated himself by the side of the hunter, and placing his legs in the two vacant holes of the stocks, he said—

"'Now lower away, master constable, lower away, I tell you? If so-be there's such a thing hereabouts as a man that wants to see a bear, let him look and be d———d, and he shall find two of them, and mayhap one of the same that can bite as well as growl.'

"'But I've no orders to put you in the stocks, Mr. Pump,' cried the constable; 'you must get up, and let me do my duty.'

"'You've my orders, and what do you need better to meddle with my own feet! so lower away, will ye, and let me see the man that chooses to open his mouth with a grin on it.'

"'There can't be any harm in locking up a creater that will enter the pund,' said the constable, laughing, and closing the stocks on them both.

"It was unfortunate that this act was executed with decision, for the whole of the spectators, when they saw Benjamin assume the position he took, felt an inclination for merriment, when few thought it worth their efforts to suppress. The steward struggled violently for his liberty again, with an evident intention of making battle on those who

stood nearest him; but the key was already turned, and all his efforts were made in vain.'

"'Hark ye, master constable,' he cried, 'just clear away your bilboes for the small matter of a log-glass, will ye, and let me show some of them t'here chaps who it is that they are so merry about.'

"'No, no, you would go in, and you can't come out,' returned the officer, 'until the time has expired that the Judge directed for the keeping of the prisoner.'

"Benjamin, finding that his threats and his struggles were useless, had good sense enough to learn patience from the resigned manner of his companion, and soon settled himself down by the side of Natty, with a contemptuousness expressed in his hard features, that showed he had substituted disgust for rage. When the violence of the steward's feelings had in some measure subsided, he turned to his fellow-sufferer, and, with a motive that might have vindicated a worse effusion, he attempted the charitable office of consolation.'

"'Taking it by and large, Master Bumppo, 'tis but a small matter after all,' he said. 'Now, I've known very good sort of men, abroad of the Boadishey, laid by the heels, for nothing, mayhap, but forgetting that they'd drunk their allowance already, when a glass of grog has come in their way. This is nothing more than riding with two anchors ahead, waiting for a turn in the tide, or a shift of the wind, d'ye see with a soft bottom and plenty of room for the sweep of your hawse. Now I've seen many a man, for over-shooting his reckoning, as I told ye, moored head and starn, where he couldn't so much as heave his broadside round, and mayhap a stopper clapt on his tongue too, in the shape of a pump-bolt lashed athwart-ship his

jaws, all the same as an out-rigger along side of a taffrel-rail.'

"The hunter appeared to appreciate the kind intentions of the other, though he could not understand his eloquence; and raising his humbled countenance, he attempted a smile in vain, as he said—'

"'Anan!'

"''Tis nothing, I say but a small matter of a squall that will soon blow over,' continued Benjamin. 'To you that has such a length of keel, it must be all the same as nothing; thof, seeing that I'm a little short in my lower timbers, they've triced my heels up aloft in such a way as to give me a bit of a slue. But what cares I, Master Bump-ho, if the ship strains a little at the anchor; its only for a dog-watch, and dam'me but she'll sail with you then on that cruise after them said beaver. I'm not much used to small arms, seeing that I was stationed at the ammunition-boxes, being sum'mat too low rigged to see over the hammock-cloths; but I can carry the game, d'ye see, and mayhap make out to lend a hand with the traps; and if-so be you're any way so handy with them as ye be with your boat-hook, 'twill be but a short cruise after all. I've squared the yards with Squire Dickens this morning, and I shall send him word that he needn't bear my name on the books again till such time as the cruise is over.'

"'You're used to dwell with men, Benny,' said Leather-stocking, mournfully, 'and the ways of the woods would be hard on you, if'——

"'Not a bit—not a bit,' cried the steward; 'I'm none of your fair-weather chaps, Master Bump-ho, as sails only in smooth water. When I find a friend, I stick by him, d'ye see. Now, there's no better man a-going than Squire Dickens, and I

love him about the same as I loves Mistress Hollister's new keg of Jamaiky.' The steward paused, and turning his uncouth visage on the hunter, he surveyed him with a roguish leer of his eye, and gradually suffered the muscles of his hard features to relax, until his face was illuminated by the display of his white teeth, when he dropped his voice, and added 'I say, Master Leather-stocking, it's fresher and livelier than any Hollands you'll get in Garnsey. "But we'll send a hand over and ask the woman for a'taste, for I'm so jamb'd in these here billoes, that I begin to want sum'mat to lighten my upper works.'

"'Natty sighed, and gazed about him on the crowd, that already began to disperse, and which had now diminished greatly, as its members scattered in their various pursuits. He looked wistfully at Benjamin, but did not reply: a deeply seated anxiety seeming to absorb every other sensation, and to throw a melancholy gloom over his wrinkled features, which were working with the movements of his mind.

"'The steward was about to act on the old principle that silence gives consent, when Hiram Doolittle, attended by Jotham, stalked out of the crowd, across the open space, and approached the stocks. The magistrate passed by the end where Benjamin was seated, and posted himself, at a safe distance from the steward, in front of the Leather-stocking. Hiram stood, for a moment, cowering before the keen looks that Natty fastened on him, and suffering under an embarrassment that was quite new: when, having in some degree recovered himself, he looked at the heavens, and then at the smoky atmosphere, as if it were only an ordinary meeting with a friend, and said, in his formal hesitating way—'

"'Quite a scarcity of rain lately; I some think we shall have a long drought on't."

"Benjamin was occupied in untying his bag of dollars, and did not observe the approach of the magistrate, while Natty turned his face, in which every muscle was working, away from him in disgust, without answering. Rather encouraged than daunted, by this exhibition of dislike, Hiram, after a short pause, continued—'

"'The clouds look as if they'd no water in them, and the earth is dreadfully parched. To my judgment, there'll be short crops this season, if the rain doos'nt fall quite speedily.'

"The air with which Mr. Doolittle delivered this prophetical opinion was peculiar to his species. It was a jesuitical, cold, unfeeling, and selfish manner, that seemed to say, "I have kept within the law,' to the man he had so cruelly injured. It quite overcame the restraint that the old hunter had been labouring to impose on himself, and he burst out into a warm glow of indignation.'

"'Why should the rain fall from the clouds,' he cried, 'when you force the tears from the eyes of the old, the sick, and the poor! Away with ye—away with ye! you may be formed with the image of the Maker, but Satan dwells in your heart. Away with ye, I say! I am mournful, and the sight of ye brings bitter thoughts.'

"Benjamin ceased thumbing his money, and raised his head at the instant that Hiram, who was thrown off his guard by the invectives of the hunter, unluckily trusted his person within the reach of the steward, who grasped one of his legs with a hand that had the grip of a vice, and whirled the magistrate from his feet, before he had either time to collect his senses, or exercise the strength he did really possess. Benjamin wanted

neither proportions nor manhood in his head, shoulders, and arms, though all the rest of his frame appeared to be originally intended for a very different sort of a man. He exerted his physical powers, on the present occasion, with much discretion, and as their positions were a great disadvantage to his antagonist, without at all discomposing the steward, the struggle resulted, very soon, in Benjamin getting the magistrate fixed in a posture somewhat similar to his own, and manfully placed face to face.

"'You're a ship's cousin, I tell you, Master Doebut-little,' roared the steward, 'some such such matter as a ship's cousin, sir. I know you, I do, with your fair-weather speeches to Squire Dickens, to his face, and then you go and sarve out your grumbling to all the old women in the town, do ye. An't it enough for any Christian, let him harbour never so much malice, to get an old fellow laid by the heels in this fashion, without carrying sail so hard upon the poor dog, as if you would run him down, as he lay at his anchors? But I've logged many a hard thing against your name, master, and now the time's come to foot up the day's work, d'ye see; so, square yourself, you lubber—square yourself, and we'll soon know who is the better man.'

"'Jotham!' cried the frightened magistrate—'Jotham! call in the constables. Mr. Penguillium, I command the peace—I order you to keep the peace.'

"'There's been more peace than love atwixt us, master,' cried the steward, making some very equivocal demonstrations towards hostility; 'so, mind yourself! Square yourself, I say! Do you smell this here bit of a sledge-hammer!'

"'Lay hands on me if you dare!' exclaimed Hi-

ram, as well as he could under the grasp which the steward held on his throttle—'lay hands on me, if you dare!'

"'If you call this laying, master, you are welcome to the eggs,' roared the steward.

"It becomes our disagreeable duty to record here that the acts of Benjamin now became perfectly unequivocal; for he darted his sledge-hammer violently on the anvil of Mr. Doolittle's countenance, and the place became, in an instant, a scene of tumult and confusion. The crowd rushed in a dense circle around the spot, while some ran to the court-room to give the alarm, and one or two of the more juvenile part of the multitude had a desperate trial of speed, to see who should be the happy man to communicate the critical situation of the magistrate to his wife.

"Benjamin worked with great industry, and a good deal of skill, at his occupation, using one hand to raise up his antagonist, while he knocked him over with the other; for he would have been disgraced in his own estimation had he struck a blow on a fallen adversary. By this considerate arrangement he found means, however, to hammer the visage of Hiram out of all shape by the time that Richard succeeded in forcing his way through the throng to the point of combat. The sheriff afterwards declared that, independent of his mortification as preserver of the peace of the county, at this interruption of its harmony, he was never so grieved in his life as when he saw this breach of unity between his favourites. Hiram had in some degree become necessary to his vanity, and Benjamin, strange as it may appear, he really loved. This attachment was exhibited in the first words that he uttered.

"'Squire Doolittle! Squire Doolittle! I am

ashamed to see a man of your character and office forget himself so much as to disturb the peace, insult the court, and beat poor Benjamin in this manner!'

"At the sound of Mr. Jones's voice the steward ceased his employment, and Hiram had an opportunity of raising his discomfited visage towards the mediator. Emboldened by the sight of the sheriff, Mr. Doolittle again had recourse to his lungs.

"'I'll have the law on you for this,' he cried desperately; 'I'll have the law on you for this. I call on you, Mr. Sheriff, to seize this man, and I demand that you take his body into custody.'

"By this time Richard was master of the true state of the case, and turning to the steward, he cried:—

"'Benjamin, how came you in the stocks. I always thought you were as mild and docile as a lamb. It was for your docility that I most esteemed you. Benjamin! Benjamin! you have not only disgraced yourself, but your friends, by this shameless conduct. Bless me! bless me! Mr. Doolittle, he seems to have knocked your face all of one side.'

Hiram by this time had got on his feet again, and without the reach of the steward, when he broke forth in violent appeals for vengeance. The offence was too apparent to be passed over, and the Sheriff, mindful of the impartiality exhibited by his cousin in the recent trial of the Leatherstocking, came to the conclusion that it was necessary to commit his major-domo to prison. As the time of Natty's punishment was expired, and Benjamin found that they were to be confined for that night at least in the same apartment, he made no very strong objections to the measure, nor spoke of bail, though, as the Sheriff preceded

the party of constables that conducted them to the jail, he uttered the following remonstrance: —

"'As to being berthed with Master Bump-ho for a night or so, it's but little I think of it, Squire Dickens, seeing that I calls him a honest man, and one as has a handy way with boat-hooks and rifles; but as for owning that a man desarves any thing worse than a double allowance, for knocking that carpenter's face a-one-side, as you call it, I'll maintain it's ag'in reason and Christianity. If there's a blood-sucker in this 'ere country, it's that very chap. Ay! I know him! and if he hasn't got all the same as dead-wood in his head-works, he knows sum'mat of me. Where's the mighty harm, Squire, that you take it so to heart! It's all the same as any other battle, d'ye see, sir, being fair broadside to broadside, only that it was fout at anchor, which was what we did at Port Praya roads, when Suff'ring came in among us and a suff'ring time he had of it, before he got out again.'

"Richard thought it unworthy of him to make any reply to this speech: but when his prisoners were safely lodged in an outer dungeon ordering the bolts to be drawn and the key turned, he withdrew.

"Benjamin held frequent and friendly dialogues with different people, through the iron gratings, during the afternoon; but his companion paced their narrow limits, in his moccasins, with quick, impatient treads, his face hanging on his breast in dejection, or when lifted, at moments, to the pillers at the window, lighted, perhaps for an instant, with the childish aspect of aged forgetfulness, which would vanish directly in an expression of deep and obvious anxiety.

"At the close of the day, Edwards was seen at

the window, in close and earnest dialogue with his friend; and after he departed, it was thought that he had communicated words of comfort to the hunter, who threw himself on his pallet, and was soon in a deep sleep. The curious spectators had exhausted the conversation of the steward, who had drunk good fellowship with half his acquaintance, and as Natty was no longer in motion, by eight o'clock, Billy Kirby, who was the last lounger at the window, retired into the 'Templeton Coffee-house,' when Natty rose and hung a blanket before the opening, and the prisoners apparently retired for the night."

CHAPTER XIII.

THEODORE PARKER.

Mr. Parker occupies in America an independent position as a pastor of a church. He is a Unitarian and something more. His writings are very eloquent and his speech full to overflowing. Of course it is well known that he lies under the taint of heterodoxy. With that here we have nothing to do. We look at him as a literary man only.

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

FROM A SERMON ON "REST."

"They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren, the seven pillars of Wisdom, sat in the Temple on a feast day, disputing about rest. One said that it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second, that it was fame and praise of all men. The third, that it was the possession of power to rule the state. The fourth, that it consisted only in a happy home. The fifth, that it must be in the old age of one who is rich, powerful,

famous, surrounded by children's children. The sixth said that all that were vain, unless a man kept all the ritual law of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brothers, said, Ye have all spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary: he can only find rest who to all these things addeth this, that he keepeth the tradition of the elders.

"There sat in the court a fair-haired boy, playing with his lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them with astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said, 'Nay, nay, fathers, he only loveth rest who loves his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than wealth and fame and power, happier than a happy home, happy without it, better than honoured age, he is a law to himself, and above all tradition.' The doctors were astonished. They said, when Christ cometh, shall he tell us greater things? And they thanked God; for, they said, old men are not always wise; yet God be praised, that out of the mouth of this young suckling has his praise become perfect."

TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.

"One day Abdiel found Paul at Tarsus, after his Damascus journey, sitting meek and thoughtful at the door of his house; his favourite books, and the instruments of his craft, lying neglected beside him. 'Strange tidings I hear of you,' said the sleek rabbi. 'You also have become a follower of the Nazarene! What course shall you pursue after your precious conversion?' 'I shall go and preach the gospel to all nations,' said the new convert, gently. 'I shall set off to-morrow.' The rabbi, who felt a sour interest in Paul, looked at him with affected incre-

dulity, and asked, 'Do you know the sacrifice you make? You must leave father and friends; the society of the great and wise. You will fare hard, and encounter peril. You will be impoverished, called hard names, persecuted, scourged, perhaps put to death.' 'None of these things move me,' said Paul. 'I have counted the cost. I value not life the half so much as keeping God's law, and proclaiming the truth, though all men forbid. I shall walk in God's light, and fear not. I am no longer a slave to the old law of sin and death, but a free man to God, made free by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus.' 'Here,' rejoined the rabbi, 'you have ease, and fame; in your new work you must meet toil, infamy, and death.' 'The voice of God says,' exclaimed the apostle, with firmness; 'I am ready to spend and be spent in the cause of truth.' 'Die, then,' roared the rabbi, 'like a Nazarene fool, and unbelieving atheist, as thou art. He that lusts after new things, preferring his silly convictions, and that whim of a conscience, to solid ease, and the advice of his friends, deserves the cross. Die in thy folly. Henceforth I disclaim thee. Call me kinsman no more!' Years passed over; the word of God grew and prevailed. One day it was whispered at Tarsus, and ran swiftly from mouth to mouth, in the market-place, 'Paul, the apostate, lies in chains at Rome, daily expecting the lions. His next trouble will be his last.' And Abdiel said to his sacerdotal crones, in the synagogue, 'I knew it would come to this. How much better to have kept it to his trade, and the old ways of his fathers and the prophets, not heeding that whim of a conscience. He might have lived respectably to an easy old age at Tarsus, the father of sons and daughters. Men might have called him Rabbi in the streets.' Thus went it at Tarsus. But meantime, in his dungeon at Rome, Paul sat comforted. The Lord stood by him in a vision, and said, 'Fear not,

Paul. Thou hast fought the good fight. Lo! I am with thee to the end of the world.' The tranquil old man replied, 'I know whom I have served, and am thoroughly persuaded that God will keep what I have committed to him. I have not the spirit of fear, but of love, and a sound mind. I shall finish my course with joy, for I see the crown of righteousness laid up for me, and now my salvation is more perfect, and my hope his higher, than when first I believed.' Then in his heart spoke that voice, which had spoken before on the mount of Transfiguration, 'Thou also art my beloved Son. In thee am I well pleased.'"

WAR.

"Now, to make the evils of war still clearer, and to bring them home to your door, let us suppose there was war between the counties of Suffolk, on the one side, and Middlesex on the other; this army at Boston, that at Cambridge. Suppose the subject in dispute was the boundary line between the two—Boston claiming a pitiful acre of flat land, which the ocean at low tide disdained to cover. To make sure of that Boston seizes whole miles of flat, unquestionably not its own. The rulers on one side are Fools, and Traitors on the other. The two commanders have issued their proclamations; the money is borrowed; the whiskey provided; the soldiers—Americans, Negroes, Irishmen, all the able-bodied men—are enlisted. Prayers are offered in all the churches, and sermons preached, showing that God is a man of war, and Cain his first saint—an early Christian—a Christian before Christ. The Bostonians wish to seize Cambridge, burn the houses, churches, college-halls, and plunder the library. The men of Cambridge wish to seize Boston, burn

its houses and ships, plundering its wares and its goods. Martial law is proclaimed on both sides. The men of Cambridge cut asunder the bridges, and make a huge breach in the mill-dam,—planting cannon to enfilade all those avenues. Forts crown the hill-tops, else so green. Men, madder than lunatics, are crowded into the Asylum. The Bostonians re-build the old fortifications on the one Neck, replace the forts on Beacon-Hill, Fort-hill, Copps-hill, levelling houses to make room for redoubts and bastions. The batteries are planted, the mortars got ready; the furnaces and magazines are all prepared. The three hills are grim with war. From Copps-hill men look anxious to that memorable height the other side of the water. Provisions are cut off in Boston; no man may pass the lines; the aqueduct refuses its genial supply; children cry for their expected food. The soldiers—looking somewhat tremulous and pale; all the able-bodied have come, the vilest most willingly; some by force of arms. Some are in brilliant dresses—some in their working frocks. The banners are consecrated by solemn words. Your church-towers are military posts of observation. There are old Testament prayers to the 'God of Hosts' in all the churches of Boston; prayers that God would curse the men of Cambridge, make their wives widows, their children fatherless, their houses a ruin, the men corpses, meat for the beast of the field and the bird of the air. Last night the Bostonians made a feint of attacking Charlestown, raining bombs and red hot cannon-balls from Copps-hill, till they have burnt a thousand houses, where the British burnt not half so many. Women and children fled screaming from the blazing rafters of their homes. The men of Middlesex crowd into Charlestown.

In the mean time the Bostonians hastily repair a bridge or two; some pass that way, some over the Neck—all stealthily by night—and while the foe expect them at

Bunkers. The Cambridge men turn back. The battle is fiercely joined. You hear the cannon, the sharp report of musketry. You crowd the hills, the housetops: you line the Common, you cover the shore,—yet you see but little in the sulphureous cloud. Now the Bostonians yield a little—a reinforcement goes over. All the men are gone; even the gray-headed who can shoulder a firelock. They plunge into battle mad with rage, madder with rum. The chaplains loiter behind.

> "Pious men, whom duty brought,
> To dubious verge of battle fought,
> To shrive the dying, bless the dead"

The battle hangs long in even scale. At length it turns. The Cambridge men retreat—they run—they fly. The houses burn. You see the churches and the colleges go up, a stream of fire. That library 'founded 'mid want and war and sad sectarian strife, slowly gathered by the saving of two centuries, the hope of the poor scholar, the boast of the rich one—is scattered to the winds and burnt with fire, for the solid granite is blasted by powder, and the turrets fall. Victory is ours. Ten thousand men of Cambridge lie dead; eight thousand of Boston. There writhe the wounded; men who but few hours before were poured over the battle field a lava flood of fiery valour—fathers, brothers, husbands, sons.—There they lie torn and mangled; black with powder; red with blood; parched with thirst; cursing the load of life they now must bear with bruised frames and mutilated limbs. Gather them into hasty hospitals—let this man's daughter come to-morrow and sit by him, fanning away the flies, he shall linger out a life of wretched anguish unspoken and insupportable, and when he dies, his wife religiously will keep the shot which tore his limbs. There is the battle field. Here the horse charged; there the howitzers scat-

tered their shells, pregnant with death; here the murderous canister and grape mowed down whole the crowded ranks; there the huge artillery, teeming with murder, was dragged o'er heaps of men—wounded friends who just now held its ropes, men yet curling with anguish, like worms in the fire. Hostile and friendly, head and trunk are crushed beneath those dreadful wheels. Here the infantry showered their murdering shot.—That ghastly face was beautiful the day before—a sabre hewed its half away.

> "Earth is covered thick with other clay.
> Which her own clay must cover, heaped and pent,
> Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent."

Again 'tis night. Oh, what a night, and after what a day! Yet a pure tide of woman's love—which never ebbs since the world began—flew on in spite of war and battle. Stealthily, by the pale moonlight, a mother of Boston treads the weary miles to reach that bloody spot; a widow she—seeking among the slain her only son. The arm of power drove him forth reluctantly to the fight. A friendly soldier guides her way. Now she turns over this face, whose mouth is full of purple dust, bit out of the ground in his extremest agony—the last sacrament offered him by earth herself; now she raises that form, cold, stiff, stony and ghastly as a dream of hell. But, lo! another comes—she too a woman—younger and fairer, yet not less bold, a maiden from the hostile town to seek her lover. They meet—two women among the corpses; two angels come to Golgotha, seeking to raise a man. There he lies before them, they look,—yes, 'tis he you seek; the same dress, form, features too;—'tis he, the Son, the Lover. Maid and mother could tell *that* face in any light. The grass is wet with his blood. Yes, the ground is muddy with the life of man. The mother's innocent robe is drabbled in

the blood her bosom bore. Their kisses, groans and tears recall the wounded man. He knows the mother's voice; that voice yet more beloved. His lips move only, for they cannot speak. He dies! The waxing moon moves high in heaven, walking in beauty 'mid the clouds, and murmurs soft her cradle song unto the slumbering earth. The broken sword reflects her placid beams. A star looks down and is imaged back in a pool of blood. The cool night wind plays in the branches of the trees shivered with shot. Nature is beautiful; that lovely grass underneath their feet; those pendulous branches of the leafy elms; the stars and that romantic moon lining the clouds with silver light! A groan of agony, hopeless and prolonged, wails out from that bloody ground. But in the old farm the whippowil sings to her brood all night long; the rising tide ripples melodious against the shores. So wears the night away—Nature all sinless round that field of wo.

> 'The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
> With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,
> Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
> And living as if earth contained no tomb,
> And glowing into day.'

"What a scene that morning looks upon! I will not turn again. Let the dead bury their dead. But their blood cries out of the ground against the rulers who shed it. Cain, where are thy brothers? What shall the Fool answer? What the Traitor say?

"Then comes the thanksgiving in all the churches in Boston. The consecrated banners, stiff with blood and 'glory,' are hung over the altar. The minister preaches, and the singer sings: 'The Lord hath been on our side. He treadeth the people under me. He teacheth my hands to war, my fingers to fight. Yea, He giveth me the necks of my enemies; for the Lord is His name;' and 'twas a

famous victory!'—Boston seizes miles square of land; but her houses are empty—her wives widows—her mothers childless!

"I would call on Americans, by their love of our country, its great ideas, its real grandeur, its hopes, and the memory of its fathers—to come and help to save that country from infamy and ruin. I would call on Christians, who believe that Christianity is a Truth, to lift up their voice, public and private, against the violation of God's law, this blasphemy of the Holy Spirit of Christ, this worst form of infidelity to Man and God. I would call on all men, by the one nature that is in you, by the great human heart beating alike in all your bosoms, to protest manfully against this desecration of the earth, this high treason against both Man and God. Teach your rulers that you are Americans, not slaves—Christians, not heathens—Men, not murderers, to kill for hire! You may effect little in this generation, for its head seems crazed and its heart rotten. But there will be a day after to-day. It is for you and me to make it better; a day of peace, when nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation; when all shall indeed be brothers, and all blest. Do this—you shall be worthy to dwell in this beautiful land; Christ will be near you; God work with you—and bless you for ever!

"I know the hardy vigour of our men, the stalwart intellect of the people. Would to God they could learn to love the Right and True. Then what a people should we be—spreading from the Madawaska to the Sacramento—diffusing our great Idea, and living our Religion, the Christianity of Christ! Oh, Lord! make the vision true; waken thy people till Righteousness exalt us! No wonders will be wrought for that. But the voice of Conscience

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speaks to you and me—and all of us; the Right shall prosper; the wicked States shall die, and History respond her long Amen.

"What lessons come to us from the past! The Genius of Old Civilization, solemn and sad, sits there on the Alps, his classic beard descending o'er his breast. Behind him arise the new nations, bustling with romantic life. He bends down over the midland sea, and counts his children—Assyria, Egypt, Tyre, Carthage, Troy, Etruria, Corinth, Athens, Rome—once so renowned, now gathered with the dead, their giant ghosts still lingering pensive o'er the spot. He turns westward his face, too sad to weep, and raising from his palsied knee his trembling hand, looks on his brother Genius of the New Civilization. That young giant, strong and mocking, sits there on the Alleghanies. Before him lie the waters, covered with ships; behind him he hears the roar of the Mississippi and the far distant Otegon—rolling their riches to the sea. He bends down, and that far ocean murmurs pacific in his ear. On his left are the harbours, shops and mills of the East, and a five-fold gleam of light goes up from Northern lakes. On his right, spread out the broad savannahs of the South, waiting to be blessed; and far off that Mexique bay bends round her tropic shores. A crown of stars is on the giant's head, some glorious with flashing many-coloured light; some bloody red; some pale and faint, of most uncertain hue. His right hand lies folded in his robe, the left rests on the Bible's opened page; and holds these sacred words—All men are equal, born with equal rights from God. The old says to the young: 'Brother, BEWARE!' and Alps and Rocky Mountains say, 'BEWARE!' That stripling giant, ill-bred and scoffing, shouts amain? 'My feet are red with the Indians' blood; my hand has forged the negro's chain. I am strong; who dares assail me? I will drink his blood, for I have made my covenant of lies and leagued

with hell for my support. There is no Right, no Truth; Christianity is false, and God a name.' His left hand reads those sacred scrolls, casting his Bibles underneath his feet, and in his right he brandishes the negro-driver's whip—crying again—'Say, who is God and what is Right?' And all his mountains echo 'RIGHT.' But the old Genius sadly says again—'Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not prosper.' The hollow tomb of Egypt, Athens, Rome, of every ancient State, with all their wandering ghosts, replies, 'AMEN!'"

IMMORTALITY.

"THERE are times when we think little of a future life. In a period of success, serene and healthy life, the day's good is good enough for that day. But there comes a time when this day's good is not enough, its ill too great to bear. When death comes down and wrenches off a friend from our side—Wife, Child, Brother, Father, a dear one is taken—this life is not enough. Oh, no, not to the coldest, coarsest, and most sensual men I put it to you, to the most heartless of you all, or the most cold and doubting—when you lay down in the earth your Mother, Sister, Wife, or Child, remembering that you shall see their face no more, is life enough? Do you not reach out your arms for Heaven, for Immortality, and feel you cannot die? When I see men at a feast, or busy in the street, I do not think of their eternal life; perhaps feel not my own. But when the stiffened body goes down to the tomb, sad, silent, remorseless,—I feel there is no death for the man. That clod which yonder dust shall cover is not my Brother: The dust goes to its place, Man to his own. 'Tis then I feel my Immortality. I look through the grave into

Heaven. I ask no miracle, no proof, no reasoning for me. I ask no risen dust to teach me Immortality. I am conscious of eternal life.

"But there are worse hours than these: seasons bitterer than death—sorrows that lie a latent poison in the heart, slowly sapping the foundations of our peace. There are hours when the best life seems a sheer failure to the man who lived it, his wisdom folly, his genius impotence, his best deed poor and small; when he wonders why he was suffered to be born; when all the sorrows of the world seem to pour upon him; when he stands in a populous loneliness, and though weak can only lean upon himself. In such hours he feels the insufficiency of this life. It is only his cradle-time—he counts himself just born; all honours, wealth, and fame are but baubles in his baby-hand; his deep philosophy but nursery rhymes; yet he feels the immortal fire burning in his heart. He stretches his hands out from the swaddling clothes of flesh, reaching after the topmost star, which he sees, or dreams he sees, and longs to go alone. Still worse, the consciousness of sin comes over him—he feels that he has insulted himself. All about him seems little; himself little, yet clambering to be great. Then we feel our Immortality; through the garnish light of day we see a star or two beyond. The soul within us feels her wings and wrestles with the earthly worm that folds us in, contending to be born, impatient for the sky.

" 'Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for his lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came;
And, lo, creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?'

'I would not slight this wondrous world. I love its day and night. Its flowers and its fruits are dear to me. I would not wilfully lose sight of a departing cloud. Every year opens new beauty in a star—or in a purple gentian fringed with loveliness. The laws too of matter seem more wonderful, the more I study them, in the whirling eddies of the dust, in the curious shells of former life buried by thousands in a grain of chalk, or in the shining diagrams of light above my head. Even the ugly becomes beautiful when truly seen. I see the beautiful in the bunchy toad. The more I live, the more I love this little world; feel more its author in each little thing; in all that's great. But yet I feel my Immortality the more. In childhood the consciousness of immortal life buds forth feeble though full of promise. In the man it unfolds its fragrant petals—his most celestial flower, to mature its seed throughout eternity. The prospect of that everlasting life, the perfect justice yet to come, the infinite progress before us—cheers and comforts the heart. Sad and disappointed, full of self-reproach, we shall not be so for ever. The light of heaven breaks upon the night of trial, sorrow, sin; the sombre clouds which overhung the east grown purple now, tell us the dawn of heaven is coming in. Our faces, gleamed on by that, smile in the new born glow; we are beguiled of our sadness before we are aware. The certainty of this provokes us to patience, it forbids us to be slothfully sorrowful. It calls us to be up and adoing. The thought that all will at last be right with the slave, the poor, the weak and the wicked, inspires us with zeal to

work for them here, and make it all right for them even now.

"There is small merit in being willing to die; it seems almost sinful in a good man to wish it when the world needs you here so much. It is weak and unmanly to be always looking and sighing voluptuously for that. But it is of great comfort to have in your soul a sure trust in Immortality; of great value here and now to anticipate time and live to-day the eternal life. That we may all do. The joys of heaven will begin soon as we attain the character of heaven and do its duties. That may begin to-day. It is everlasting life to know God—to have his spirit dwelling in you—yourself at one with Him. Try that and prove it worth. Justice, usefulness, wisdom, religion, love, are the best things we hope for in heaven. Try them on—they will fit you here not less beseemingly. They are the best things of earth. Think no outlay of goodness and piety too great. You will find your reward begin here. As much goodness and piety, so much heaven. Men will not pay you—God will; pay you now; pay you hereafter and for ever.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

"FORMERLY," said Baron Cuvier, in a report to the Royal Academy of Sciences, in Paris, "European naturalists had to make known her own treasures to America; but now her Mitchells, Harlans, and Charles Bonapartes, have repaid with interest the debt which she owed to Europe. The history of the American birds by Wilson, already equals in elegance our most beautiful works in ornithology, and if ever that of Audubon be completed, it will have to be confessed that in magnificence of execution the Old World is surpassed by the New." The work of the "American backwoodsman," thus alluded to, has long been completed; the great Cuvier subsequently acknowledged it to be "the most splendid monument which art has erected in honour of ornithology;" and the judgment of mankind has placed Audubon first in the list of authors and artists who have illustrated the beautiful branch of natural history to which he has devoted so large a portion of his long and heroic life.

John James Audubon was born in Louisiana about the year 1782. He is of French descent, and his parents perceiving early the bent of his genius, sent him to Paris to pursue his education. While there he attended schools of natural history and the arts, and in drawing took lessons from the celebrated David. He returned in his eighteenth year, and his father soon after gave him a farm near Philadelphia, where the Perkioming creeks fall into the Schuylkill. Its fine woods offered him numerous subjects for his pencil, and he here commenced that series of drawings which ultimately swelled into the magnificent collection of The Birds of America. Here, too, he was married, and here was born his eldest son. He engaged in commercial speculations, but was not successful. His love for the fields and flowers, the forests and their winged inhabitants, we readily suppose unfitted him for trade. At the end of ten years he removed to the west. There was then no steamboat on the Ohio, and few villages and no cities on its shores. Reaching that noble river in the warm days of autumn, he purchased a small boat, in which, with his wife and child and two rowers, he leisurely pursued his way down to Henderson in Kentucky, where his family resided several years. He appears at first to have engaged in commerce, for he mentions his meeting with Wilson, of whom till then he had never heard, as having occurred in his counting-room, in Louisville, in the spring of 1810. His great predecessor was procuring subscriptions for his work. He called on Audubon, explained

the nature of his occupations, and requested his patronage. The merchant was surprised and gratified at the sight of his volumes, and had taken a pen to add his name to the list of subscribers, when his partner abruptly said to him, in French, "My dear Audubon, what induces you to do so? your own drawings are certainly far better, and you must know as much of the habits of American birds as this gentleman." Wilson probably understood the remark, for he appeared to be pleased, and inquired whether Audubon had any drawings of birds. A large portfolio was placed upon the table, and all its contents exhibited by the amateur ornithologist. Wilson was surprised; he had supposed he was himself the only person engaged in forming such a collection; and asked if it was intended to publish them. Audubon replied in the negative: he had never thought of presenting the fruits of his labours to the world. Wilson was still more surprised; he lost his cheerfulness; and though before he left Louisville, Audubon explored with him the neighbouring woods, loaned him his drawings, and in other ways essayed to promote his interests and happiness, he shook the dust from his feet when he departed, and wrote in his diary that "literature or art had not a friend in the place." Far be it from me to write a word in dispraise of Alexander Wilson. He was a man of genius, enthusiasm, and patient endurance; an honour to the country of his birth, and a glory to that of his adoption; but he evidently could not bear the thought of being excelled. With all his

merits he was, even then, inferior to Audubon, and his heart failed him when he contrasted the performances which had won fame for him with those of the unknown lover of the same mistress, Nature, whom he thus encountered.

Audubon must soon have abandoned or neglected his day-books and ledgers, for in 1811 we find him with his rifle and drawing paper among the bayous of Florida, and in the following years making long and tedious journeys, searching the forests and prairies, the shores of rivers, lakes, gulfs and seas, for the subjects of his immortal work, of the publication of which, however, he had never yet had a thought.

On the 5th of April, 1824, he visited Philadelphia, where the late Dr. Mease, whom he had known on his first arrival in Pennsylvania, presented him to Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who in his turn introduced him to the Lyceum of Natural History. He perceived that he could look for no patronage in this city, and so proceeded to New York, where he was received with kindness well suited to elevate his depressed spirits and afterwards ascending the Hudson, went westward to the great lakes, and in the wildest solitudes of the pathless forests renewed his labours. He now began to think of visiting Europe; the number of his drawings had greatly increased, notwithstanding a misfortune by which two hundred of them, representing nearly a thousand birds, had been destroyed; and he fancied his work under the hands of the engraver. "Happy days and

nights of pleasing dreams," followed, as he retired farther from the haunts of men, determined to leave nothing undone which could be accomplished by time or toil. Another year and a half passed by; he returned to his family, then in Louisiana; and having explored the woods of that state, at last sailed for England, where he arrived in 1826. In Liverpool and Manchester his works procured him a generous reception from the most distinguished men of science and letters; and when he proceeded to Edinburgh and exhibited there his four hundred paintings, "the hearts of all warmed toward Audubon," says Professor Wilson, "who were capable of conceiving the difficulties, dangers and sacrifices that must have been encountered, endured and overcome before genius could have embodied these, the glory of its innumerable triumphs."* "The man himself," at this period writes the same eloquent author, in another work, "is just what you would expect from his productions; full of fine enthusiasm and intelligence, most interesting in his looks and manners, a perfect gentleman, and esteemed by all who know him for the simplicity and frankness of his nature."†

His reception encouraged him to proceed immediately with his plans of publication. It was a vast undertaking which it would take probably sixteen years to accomplish, and when his first drawings were delivered to the

* Wilson's Miscellanies, vol. ii., p. 118.
† Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. ii., p. 103.

engraver he had not a single subscriber. His friends pointed out the rashness of the project, and urged him to abandon it. "But my heart was nerved," he exclaims, "and my reliance on that Power on whom all must depend, brought bright anticipations of success." Leaving his work in the care of his engravers and agents, in the summer of 1828 he visited Paris, and received the homage of the most distinguished men of science in that capital. The ensuing winter was passed in London, and in April, 1829, he returned to America to explore anew the woods of the middle and southern states; accompanied by his wife, he left New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1830, for New York, and on the 25th of April, just a year from the time of his departure, he was again in the great metropolis. Before he close of 1830 he had issued his first volume, containing one hundred plates, representing ninety-nine species of birds, every figure of the size and colours of life. The applause with which it was received was enthusiastic and universal. The kings of England and France had placed their names at the head of his subscription list; he was made a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; a member of the Natural History Society of Paris, and other celebrated institutions; and Cuvier, Swainson, and indeed the great ornithologists of every country, exhausted the words of panegyric in his praise.

On the 1st of August, 1831, Audubon arrived once more in New York, and having passed a few days with his friends there and

in Philadelphia, proceeded to Washington, where the president and other principal officers of the government gave him letters of assistance and protection, to be used all along the coasts and inland frontiers, where there were collectors of revenue or military or naval forces. He had previously received similar letters from the king's ministers to the authorities of the British colonies.

The ensuing winter and spring were passed in the Floridas, and in Charleston; and early in the summer, bending his course northward, to keep pace with the birds in their migrations, he arrived in Philadelphia, where he was joined by his family. The cholera was then spreading death and terror through the country, and on reaching Boston he was himself arrested by sickness and detained until the middle of August. "Although I have been happy in forming many valuable friendships in various parts of the world, all dearly cherished by me," he says, "the outpouring of kindness which I experienced in Boston, far exceeded all that I have ever met with;"* and he tells us, with characteristic enthusiasm, of his gratitude to the Appletons, Everetts, Quincys, Pickerings, Parkmans, and other eminent gentlemen and scholars of that beautiful and hospitable city.

Proceeding at length upon his mission, he explored the forests of Maine and New Brunswick, and the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and

*Introduction to the second volume of "Ornithological Biography," p. xvii.

chartering a vessel at Eastport, sailed for the gulf of St. Lawrence, the Magdalen Islands and the coast of Labrador. Returning as the cold season approached, he visited Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and rejoining his family proceeded to Charleston, where he spent the winter, and in the spring, after nearly three years' travel and research, sailed a third time for England.

The second volume of 'The Birds of America' was finished, in 1834, and in December of that year, he published in Edinburgh the second volume of the "Ornithological Biography." Soon after, while he was in London, a nobleman called upon him, with his family, and on examining some of his original drawings, and being told that it would still require eight years to complete the work, subscribed for it, saying, "I may not see it finished, but my children will." The words made a deep impression on Audubon. "The solemnity of his manner I could not forget for several days," he writes in the introduction to his third volume; "I often thought that neither might I see the work completed, but, at length exclaimed, 'My sons may'; and now that another volume, both of my illustrations and of my biographies, is finished, my trust in Providence is augmented, and I cannot but hope that myself and my family together may be permitted to see the completion of my labours." When this was written, ten years had elapsed since the publication of his first plate. In the next three years, among other excursions he made one to the western coast of the Floridas and to Texas,

in a vessel placed at his disposal by the American government; and at the end of this time appeared the fourth and concluding volume of his engravings, and the fifth of his descriptions. The whole comprised four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing one thousand and sixty-five figures, from the Bird of Washington to the Humming Bird of the size of life, and a great variety of land and marine views, and floral and other productions, of different climate and seasons, all carefully drawn and coloured after nature. Well might the great naturalist felicitate himself upon the completion of his gigantic task. He had spent nearly half a century "amid the tall grass of the far-extended prairies of the west, in the solemn forests of the north, on the heights of the midland mountains, by the shores of the boundless ocean, and on the bosoms of our vast bays, lakes and rivers, searching for things hidden since the creation of this wondrous world from all but the Indian, who has roamed in the gorgeous, but melancholy wilderness." And, speaking from the depth of his heart, he says, "Once more surrounded by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the countenance of numerous friends who have never deserted me, and possessing a competent share of all that can render life agreeable, I look up with gratitude to the Supreme being, and feel that I am happy."

In 1839, having returned for the last time to his native country, and established himself with his family, near the city of New York, Audubon commenced the publication of "The

Birds of America" in imperial octavo volumes, of which the seventh and last was issued in the summer of 1844. The plates in this edition, reduced from his larger illustrations, were engraved and coloured in the most admirable manner, by Mr. Bowen, of Philadelphia, under the direction of the author, and excepting "The Birds of America," in folio, there has never been published so magnificent a work on ornithology.

Audubon was too sincere a worshipper of nature to be content with inglorious repose, even after having accomplished in action more than was ever dreamed of by any other naturalist; and while the "edition for the people" of his "Birds of America" was in course of publication, he was busy amid the forests and prairies, the reedy swamps of the southern shores, the cliffs that protect our eastern coasts, by the currents of the Mexican Gulf, and the tide streams of the Bay of Fundy, with his sons, Victor Gifford, and John Woodhouse, making the drawings and writing the biographies of the "Quadrupeds of America," a work in no respect inferior to that on our birds, which was completed and published in 1849. The plates, on double imperial folio paper, engraved and coloured by Mr. Bowen, after the original drawings made from nature, by Audubon and his sons, are even more magnificent than those of the "Birds of America," which twenty years ago delighted and astonished the naturalists of Europe. The first volume of the "Biographies of American

Quadrupeds" has appeared while this is passing through the press.

Audubon's highest claim to admiration is founded upon his drawings in natural history, in which he has exhibited a perfection never before attempted. In all the climates—the clear atmosphere, by the dashing waters, amid the grand old forests, with their peculiar and many-tinted foliage, by him first made known to art—he has represented the feathered tribes building their nests and fostering their young, poised on the tip of the spray and hovering over the sedgy margin of the lake, flying in the clouds in quest of prey or from pursuit, in love, encaged, indeed in all the varieties of their motion and repose and modes of life, so perfectly, that all other works of the kind are to his as stuffed skins to the living birds.

But he has also indisputable claims to a respectable rank as a man of letters. Some of his written pictures of birds, so graceful, clearly defined, and brilliantly coloured, are scarcely inferior to the productions of his pencil. His powers of general description are also remarkable. The waters seem to dance to his words as to music, and the lights and shades of his landscapes show the practised hand of a master. The evanescent shades of manners, also, upon the extreme frontiers, where the footprints of civilization have hardly crushed the green leaves, have been sketched with graphic fidelity in his journals.

No author has more individuality. The enthusiastic, trustful and loving spirit which breathes through his works distinguishes the

man. From the beginning he surrendered himself entirely to his favourite pursuit, and has been intent to learn every thing from the prime teacher, Nature. His style, as well as his knowledge, is a fruit of his experiences. He had never written for the press until after the age at which most authors have established their reputation; and when he did write, his page glowed like the rich wild landscape in the spring, when Nature, then most beautiful, "bathes herself in her own dewy waters." We seem to hear his expression of wondering admiration, as unknown mountains, valleys, and lakes, burst upon his view, as the deer at his approach leaps from his ambush into the deeper solitudes, as the startled bird with rushing wings darts from his feet into the sky; or his pious thanksgiving as at the end of a weary day the song of the sparrow or the robin relieves his mind from the heavy melancholy that bears it down.

When the celebrated Buffon had completed the ornithological portion of his great work on natural history, he announced with unhesitating assurance, that he had "finished the history of the birds of the world." Twenty centuries had served for the discovery of only eight hundred species, but this number seemed immense, and the short-sighted naturalist declared that the list would admit of "no material augmentation," which embraced hardly a sixteenth of these now known to exist. To this astonishing advance of the science of ornithology no one has contributed more than Audubon, by his magnificent painting and fascinating history.

THE HURRICANE.

FROM ORNITHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY.

"VARIOUS portions of our country have at different periods suffered severely from the influence of violent storms, which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena, in all its grandeur, I will attempt to describe it. The recollection of that astonishing revolution of the ethereal element even now brings with it so disagreeable a sensation, that I feel as if about to be affected by a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

"I had left the village of Shawaney, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when on a sudden I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

"I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to

touch the water, when from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked toward the south-west, where I observed a yellowish, oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left to me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and unable to stand against the blast, were falling into pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise: then went the upper part of the massy trunks; and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage, that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onwards like a

cloud of feathers, and on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers, strewed in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.

"The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphureous odour was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house, I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood, although in the

streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

"Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effect of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log houses, we were told, had been overturned and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire-sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But, as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I will not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself by saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place overgrown with briars and bushes, thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding district. I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and, again, four hundred miles farther off, in the state of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all these different parts, it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth."

DESCENT OF THE OHIO IN 1809.

FROM THE SAME.

"It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter pourtrayed or poet imagined.

"The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the 'Indian Summer.' The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

"Now and then a large cat-fish arose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and, with a splash of his tail, disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for on casting our net from the bow we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

"Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt

a partiality toward this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin, on one side, is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface, while on the other extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great *freshets* or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

"As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the Great Owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

"Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed: some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company—

"When I think of the times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I [illegible] that no longer any Aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes which once pastured on those hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses;—when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and, although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

"Whether those changes are for the better or for the

worse, I shall not pretend to say; but in whatever way my conclusions may incline, I feel with regret that there are on record no satisfactory accounts of the state of that portion of the country, from the time when our people first settled in it. This has not been because no one in America is able to accomplish such an undertaking. Our IRVINGS and our COOPERS have proved themselves fully competent for the task. It has more probably been because the changes have succeeded each other with such rapidity, as almost to rival the movements of their pen. However, it is not too late yet; and I sincerely hope that either or both of them will ere long furnish the generations to come with those delightful descriptions which they are so well qualified to give, of the original state of a country that has been so rapidly forced to change her form and attire under the influence of increasing population. Yes, I hope to read, ere I close my earthly career, accounts from those delightful writers of the progress of civilization in our Western country. They will speak of the CLARKS, the CROGHANS, the BOONS, and many other men of great and daring enterprise. They will analyze, as it were, into each component part, the country as it once existed, and will render the picture, as it ought to be immortal."

THE HUMMING BIRD

FROM THE SAME.

"WHERE is the person, who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of

creation?—There breathes not such a person; so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling—admiration!

"No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little Humming Bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower cup, and like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses, whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose.

"The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green, and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right, and to the left. In this manner it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following with great precaution the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn."

THE MOCKING BIRD.

FROM THE SAME.

"It is where the Great Magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue, where the Golden Orange ornaments the gardens and groves; where Bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the White-flowered Stuartia, and mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines, that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step,—in a word, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and opening her stores to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the Mocking Bird should have fixed its abode there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

"But where is that favoured land?—It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the Mocking Bird, as I at this moment

do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upwards, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

"They are not the soft sounds of the flute or the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

"No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love scenes are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove * * *

"The musical powers of this bird have often been taken notice of by European naturalists, and persons who find pleasure in listening to the song of different birds whilst in confinement or at large. Some of these persons have described the notes of the Nightingale as occasionally fully equal to those of our bird. I have frequently heard both

species in confinement, and in the wild state, and without prejudice, have no hesitation in pronouncing the notes of the European Philomel equal to those of a *soubrette* of taste, which, could she study under a MOZART, might perhaps in time become very interesting in her way. But to compare her essays to the finished talent of the Mocking Bird, is, in my opinion, quite absurd."

THE WOOD THRUSH.

FROM THE SAME.

"THIS bird is my greatest favourite of the feathered tribes of our woods. To it I owe much. How often has it revived my drooping spirits, when I have listened to its wild notes in the forest, after passing a restless night in my slender shed, so feebly secured against the violence of the storm, as to show me the futility of my best efforts to rekindle my little fire, whose uncertain and vacillating light had gradually died away under the destructive weight of the dense torrents of rain that seemed to involve the heavens and the earth in one mass of fearful murkiness, save when the red streaks of the flashing thunderbolt burst on the dazzled eye, and, glancing along the huge trunk of the stateliest and noblest tree in my immediate neighbourhood, were instantly followed by an uproar of crackling, crashing, and deafening sounds, rolling their volumes in tumultuous eddies far and near, as if to silence the very breathings of the unformed thought! How often, after such a night, when far from my dear home, and deprived of the presence of those nearest to my heart, wearied, hungry, drenched, and so lonely and desolate as almost to question myself why I was thus

situated, when I have seen the fruits of my labours on the eve of being destroyed, as the water, collected into a stream, rushed through my little camp, and forced me to stand erect, shivering in a cold fit like that of a severe ague, when I have been obliged to wait with the patience of a martyr for the return of day, silently counting over the years of my youth, doubting perhaps if ever again I should return to my home, and embrace my family!—how often, as the first glimpses of morning gleamed doubtfully amongst the dusky masses of the forest trees, has there come upon my ear, thrilling along the sensitive cords which connect that organ with the heart, the delightful music of this harbinger of day! blessed the Being who formed the Wood Thrush, and placed it in those solitary forests, as if to console me amidst my privations, to cheer my depressed mind, and to make me feel, as I did, that man never should despair, whatever may be his situation, as he can never be certain that aid and deliverance are not at hand.

"The Wood Thrush seldom commits a mistake after such a storm as I have attempted to describe; for no sooner are its sweet notes heard than the heavens gradually clear, the bright refracted light rises in gladdening rays from beneath the distant horizon, the effulgent beams increase in their intensity, and the great orb of day at length bursts on the sight. The grey vapour that floats along the ground is quickly dissipated, the world smiles at the happy change, and the woods are soon heard to echo the joyous thanks of their many songsters. At that moment all fears vanish, giving place to an inspiriting hope. The hunter prepares to leave his camp. He listens to the Wood Thrush, while he thinks of the course which he ought to pursue, and as the bird approaches to peep at him, and learn somewhat his intentions, he raises his mind toward the Superior Disposer of events. Seldom, indeed,

have I heard the song of this Thrush, without feeling all that tranquillity of mind, to which the secluded situation in which it delights is so favourable. The thickest and darkest woods always appear to please it best. The borders of murmuring streamlets, overshadowed by the dense foliage of the lofty trees growing on the gentle declivities, amidst which the sunbeams seldom penetrate, are its favourite resorts. There it is, that the musical powers of this hermit of the woods must be heard, to be fully appreciated and enjoyed."

FLIGHT OF THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

FROM THE SAME.

"It is during the placid serenity of a beautiful summer night, when the current of the waters moves silently along, reflecting from its smooth surface the silver radiance of the moon, and when all else of animated nature seems sunk in repose, that the Great Horned Owl, one of the Nimrods of the feathered tribes of our forests, may be seen sailing along silently yet rapidly, intent upon the destruction of the objects destined to form his food. The lone steersman of the descending boat observes the nocturnal hunter, gliding on extended pinions across the river, sailing over one hill and then another, or suddenly sweeping downwards, and again rising in the air like a moving shadow, now distinctly seen, and again mingling with the sombre shades of the surrounding woods, fading into obscurity."

NIAGARA.

FROM THE SAME.

"AFTER wandering on some of our great lakes for many months, I bent my course towards the falls of Niagara, being desirous of taking a sketch of them. This was not my first visit to them, and I hoped it would not be the last.....

"Returning as I then was from a tedious journey, and possessing little more than some drawings of rare birds and plants, I reached the tavern at Niagara Falls in such a plight as might have deterred many an individual from obtruding himself upon a circle of well clad and perhaps well bred society. Months had passed since the last of my linen had been taken from my body, and used to clean that useful companion my gun. I was in fact covered just like one of the poorer class of Indians, and was rendered even more disagreeable to the eye of civilized man, by not having, like them, plucked my beard, or trimmed my hair in any way. Had Hogarth been living, and there when I arrived, he could not have found a fitter subject for a Robinson Crusoe. My beard covered my neck in front, my hair fell much lower at my back, the leather dress which I wore had for months stood in need of repair, a large knife hung at my side, a rusty tin-box containing my drawings and colours, and wrapped up in a worn out blanket that had served me for a bed, was buckled to my shoulders. To every one I must have seemed immersed in the depths of poverty, perhaps of despair. Nevertheless, as I cared little about my appearance during those happy rambles, I pushed into the sitting-room, unstrapped my little burden, and asked how soon breakfast would be ready.

"In America no person is ever refused entrance to the inns, at least far from cities. We know too well how many poor creatures are forced to make their way from other countries in search of employment, or to seek uncultivated land, and we are ever ready to let them have what they may call for. No one knew who I was, and the landlord looking at me with an eye of close scrutiny, answered that breakfast would be on the table as soon as the company should come down from their rooms. I approached this important personage, told him of my avocations, and convinced him that he might feel safe as to remuneration. From this moment I was, with him at least, on equal footing with every other person in his house. He talked a good deal of the many artists who had visited the Falls that season, from different parts, and offered to assist me, by giving such accommodations as I might require to finish the drawings I had in contemplation. He left me, and as I looked about the room, I saw several views of the Falls, by which I was so disgusted that I suddenly came to my better senses. 'What!' thought I, 'have I come here to mimic nature in her grandest enterprise, and add *my* caricature of one of the wonders of the world to those which I here see?' No.—I give up the vain attempt. I will look on these mighty cataracts and imprint them where they alone can be represented—on my mind!'"

THE DEER HUNT.

FROM THE SAME

"We will suppose that we are now about to follow the *true hunter*, as the Still Hunter is also called, through the interior of the tangled woods, across morasses, ravines, and such places, where the game may prove more or less plentiful, even should none be found, there in the first instance We will allow our hunter all the agility, patience, and care which his occupation requires, and will march in his rear, as if we were spies, watching all his motions His dress, you observe, consists of a leather hunting-shirt and a pair of trowsers of the same material His feet are well moccasined, he wears a belt round his waist, his heavy rifle is resting on his brawny shoulder, on one side hangs his ball pouch, surmounted by the horn of an ancient buffalo, once the terror of the herd, but now containing a pound of the best gunpowder, his knife is scabbarded in the same strap, and behind is a tomahawk, the handle of which has been thrust through his girdle He walks with so rapid a step that probably few men could follow him, unless for a short distance, in their anxiety to witness his ruthless deeds He stops, looks at the flint of his gun, its priming, and the leather cover of the lock, then glances his eye towards the sky, to judge of the course most likely to lead him to the game

The heavens are clear, the red glare of the morning sun gleams through the lower branches of the lofty trees, the dew hangs in pearly drops at the top of every leaf. Already has the emerald hue of the foliage been converted into the more glowing tints of our autumnal months. A slight frost appears on the fence rails of his little cornfield. As he proceeds, he looks to the dead foliage under

his feet, in search of the well-known traces of a buck's hoof. Now he bends toward the ground, on which something has attracted his attention. See! he alters his course, increases his speed, and will soon reach the opposite hill. Now he moves with caution, stops at almost every tree, and peeps forward, as if already within shooting distance of the game. He advances again, but how very slowly! He has reached the declivity, upon which the sun shines in all its glowing splendour; but mark him! he takes the gun from his shoulder, has already thrown aside the leathern cover of the lock, and is wiping the edge of his flint with his tongue. Now he stands like a monumental figure, perhaps measuring the distance that lies between him and the game which he has in view. His rifle is slowly raised, the report follows, and he runs Let us run also. Shall I speak to him, and ask him the result of this first essay? Assuredly, for I know him well.

"'Pray, friend, what have you killed?' (for to say, 'What have you shot at?' might imply the possibility of his having missed, and so might hurt his feelings). 'Nothing but a buck.' 'And where is it?' 'Oh, it has taken a jump or so, but I settled it, and will soon be with it. My ball struck, and must have gone through his heart.'"

THE LAUREL.

FROM THE SAME.

"WHAT a beautiful object, in the delightful season of spring, is our Great Laurel, covered with its tufts of richly, yet delicately, coloured flowers! In imagination I am at a moment rambling along the banks of some murmuring rivulet, overshadowed by the thick foliage of this gor-

geous ornament of our mountainous districts. Methinks I see the timid trout eyeing my movements from beneath his rocky covert, while the warblers and other sylvan choristers, equally fond of their wild retreats, are skipping in all the freedom of nature around me. Delightful moments have been to me those when, seated in such a place, with senses all intent, I gazed on the rosy tints of the flowers that seemed to acquire additional colouring from the golden rays of the sun, as he rode proudly over the towering mountains, drawing aside as it were the sable curtain that till now hung over the landscape, and drying up, with the gentleness of a parent toward his cherished offspring, the dewy tears that glittered on each drooping plant.

* * *

GUILLEMOTS IN A STORM

FROM THE SAME.

"Stay on the deck of the Ripley by my side this clear and cold morning. See how swiftly scuds our gallant bark, as she cuts her way through the foaming billows now inclining to the right and again to the left. Far in the east dark banks of low clouds indicate foul weather to the wary mariner, who watches the approach of a northern storm with anxiety. Suddenly the wind changes, but for this he has prepared, the topsails are snugged to their yards, and the rest are securely reefed. A thick fog obscures all around us. The waters, suddenly checked in their former course, furiously war against those which now strike them in front. The uproar increases, the bark is tossed on every side, now a sweeping wave rushes against the bows, the vessel quivers, while down along her deck violently

pour the waters, rolling from side to side, seeking for a place by which they may escape. At this moment all about you are in dismay save the Guillemots. The sea is covered with these intrepid navigators of the deep. Over each tumultuous billow they swim unconcerned on the very spray at the bow of the vessel, and plunging as if with pleasure, up they come next moment at the rudder. Others fly around in large circles, while thousands contend with the breeze, moving directly against it in long lines, toward regions unknown to all, save themselves and some other species of sea birds."

THE LIFE OF A NATURALIST.

FROM THE SAME.

"THE adventures and vicissitudes which have fallen to my lot, instead of tending to diminish the fervid enthusiasm of my nature, have imparted a toughness to my bodily constitution, naturally strong, and to my mind, naturally buoyant, an elasticity such as to assure me that though somewhat old, and considerably denuded in the frontal region, I could yet perform on foot a journey of any length, were I sure that I should thereby add materially to our knowledge of the ever interesting creatures which have for so long a time occupied my thoughts by day, and filled my dreams with pleasant images. Nay, reader, had I a new lea. of life presented to me, I should choose for it the very occupations in which I have been engaged.

"And, reader, the life which I have led has been in some respects a singular one. Think of a person, intent on such pursuits as mine have been, aroused at early dawn from his rude couch on the alder-fringed brook of some

northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the west, or perhaps on the soft and warm sands of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable saluting the magnificent orb, from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light. Refreshed and reinvigorated by healthful rest, he starts upon his feet, gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, shoulders his trusty firelock, says a kind word to his faithful dog and recommences his pursuit of zoological knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout afford him a repast. Should the day be warm he reposes for a time under the shade of some tree. The woodland choristers again burst forth into song and he starts anew to wander wherever his fancy may direct him or the objects of his search may lead him in pursuit. When evening approaches and the birds are seen betaking themselves to the retreats, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles his fire, prepares his meal, and, as the widgeon or blue winged teal, or perhaps the breast of a turkey or a steak of venison, sends its delicious perfumes abroad, he enters into his parchment bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtain over the scene, his repast is finished and kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to Heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted to him and the sense of the divine presence in this solitary place. Then wishing a cordial good night to all dear friends at home, the American woodsman wraps himself up in his blanket, and closing his eyes soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions.'

Audubon died in 1852.

CHAPTER XV.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Doctor Holmes is a son of the late Reverend Abiel Holmes, D. D., and was born at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, on the 29th day of August, 1809. He received his early education at the Philips Exeter Academy, and entered Harvard University in 1825. On being graduated he commenced the study of the law, but relinquished it after one year's application, for the more congenial pursuit of medicine, to which he devoted himself with much ardour and industry. For the more successful prosecution of his studies, he visited Europe in the spring of 1833, passing the principal portion of his residence abroad at Paris, where he attended the hospitals, acquired an intimate knowledge of the language, and became personally acquainted with many of the most eminent physicians of France.

He returned to Boston near the close of the year 1835, and in the following spring commenced the practice of medicine in that city. In the autumn of the same year he delivered a

poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, which was received with extraordinary and well-merited applause. In 1838 he was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the medical institution connected with Dartmouth College, but, on being married, two years afterwards, he resigned that office, and has since devoted himself entirely to the duties of his profession.

The earlier poems of Doctor Holmes appeared in "The Collegian." * They were little less distinguished for correct and melodious versification than his more recent and most elaborate compositions. They attracted attention by their humour and originality, and were widely circulated and republished in contemporary periodicals. But a small portion of them have been printed under their proper signature.

In 1831 a small volume appeared in Boston, entitled "Illustrations of the Athenæum Gallery of Paintings," and composed of metrical pieces, chiefly satirical, written by Doctor Holmes and Epes Sargent. It embraced many of our author's best humorous verses, afterward included in the edition of his acknowledged

* 'The Collegian' was a monthly miscellany published in 1830, by the undergraduates at Cambridge. Among the editors were Holmes, the late William H. Simmons, who will long be remembered for his admirable lectures on the great poets and orators of England, and John O. Sargent, who distinguished himself as an able political writer in the long contest which resulted in the election of General Harrison to the presidency, and is now engaged in the successful practice of the law in the city of New York.

works. His principal production, "Poetry, a Metrical Essay," was delivered before a literary society at Cambridge. It is in the heroic measure, and in its versification it is not surpassed by any poem written in this country. It relates to the nature and developments of poetry, which he regards as only *expression*. He says:

"There breathes no being but has some pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense;
The rudest savage, roaming through the wild,
The simplest rustic, bending o'er his child,
The infant, listening to the warbling bird,
The mother, smiling at its half formed word;
The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land;
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain,
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning plain;
The hot-cheek'd reveller, tossing down the wine,
To join the pealing chorus 'Auld lang syne;'
The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows dim,
While Heaven is listening to her evening hymn;
The jewel'd beauty, when her steps draw near
The circling dance and dazzling chandelier;
E'en trembling age, when spring's renewing air
Waves the thin ringlets of his silver'd hair;—
All, all are glowing with the inward flame,
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name,
While, unenbalm'd, the silent dreamer dies,
His memory passing with his smiles and sighs!"

The poet, he contends, is

"He, whose thoughts differing not in shape, but dress
What others feel, more fitly can express."

In another part of the essay he gives the following fine description of the different English measures :—

" Poets, like painters, their machinery claim,
And verse bestows the varnish and the frame;
Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar
Shakes the rack'd axle of Art's rattling car,
Fits like Mosaic in the lifies that gird
Fast in its place each many-angled word;
From Saxon lips Anacreon's numbers glide,
As once they melted on the Teian tide,
And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills again
From Albion's cliffs as o'er Achain's plain;
The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,
Rings like the cymbals clashing as they meet
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,
Where waves on waves in long succession pour,
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore;
The lonely spirit of the mournful lay,
Which lives immortal in the verse of Gray,
In sable plumage slowly drifts along,
On eagle pinion, through the air of song;
The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,
With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,
While every image, in her airly whirl,
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl!"

For several years the attention of Doctor Holmes, as I have before remarked, has been devoted to his professional business. He has obtained two or three prizes for dissertations on medical questions, and as a physician and as a lecturer on physiological subjects, he has be

come eminently popular in the city in which he resides. As a poet he has won an enduring reputation. He possesses a rich vein of humour, with learning and originality, and great skill as an artist.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD.

"Old ancient church! its lowly tower,
Beneath the loftier spire,
Is shadow'd when the sunset hour
Clothes the tall shaft in fire;
It sinks beyond the distant eye,
Long ere the glittering vane,
High wheeling in the western sky,
Has faded o'er the plain

"Like sentinel and nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green;
One seems to guard, and one to weep,
The dead that lie between;
And both roll out, so full, and near,
Their music's mingling waves,
They shake the grass, whose pennon'd spear
Leans on the narrow graves.

"The stranger parts the flaunting weeds,
Whose seeds the winds have strown
So thick beneath the line he reads,
They shade the sculptured stone;
The child unveils his cluster'd brow,
And ponders for a while
The graven willow's pendent bough,
Or rudest cherub's smile.

"But what to them the dirge, the knell?
These were the mourner's shade;
The sullen clang, whose heavy swell
Throbb'd through the beating air,
The rattling chord,—the rolling stone,—
The shelving sand that slid,
And, far beneath, with hollow tone
Rung on the coffin's lid

"The slumberer's mound grows fresh and green,
Then slowly disappears,
The mosses creep, the grey stones lean,
Earth hides his date and years,
But, long before the once loved name
Is sunk or worn away,
No lip the silent dust may claim,
That prest the breathing clay

"Go where the ancient pathway guides,
See where our sires laid down
Their smiling babes, their cherish'd brides,
The patriarchs of the town,
Hast thou a tear for buried love?
A sigh for transient power?
All that a century left above,
Go, read it in an hour!

"The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,
The sabre's thirsting edge,
The hot shell, shattering in its fall,
The bayonet's rending wedge,—
Here scatter'd death, yet seek the spot,
No trace thine eye can see,
No altar,—and they need it not
Who leave their children free!

"Look where the turbid rain-drops stand
In many a chisell'd square,
The knightly crest, the shield, the brand
Of honour'd names were there,
Alas! for every tear is dried
Those blazon'd tablets knew,
Save when the icy marble's side
Drips with the evening dew.

"Or gaze upon yon pillar'd stone,*
The empty urn of pride,
There stands the goblet and the sun,—
What need of more beside?
Where lives the memory of the dead?
Who made their tomb a toy?
Whose ashes press that nameless bed?
Go, ask the village boy!

"Lean o'er the slender western wall,
Ye ever roaming girls,
The breath that bids the blossoms fall
May lift your floating curls,
To sweep the simple lines that tell
An exile's† date and doom,
And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,
They wreathe the stranger's tomb.

"And one amid these shades was born,
Beneath this turf who lies,
Once beaming as the summer's morn,
That closed her gentle eyes,

* The tomb of the Vassall family is marked by a free stone tablet, supported by five pillars, and bearing nothing but the sculptured reliefs of the goblet and the sun,—VAS SOL,—which designated a powerful family, now almost forgotten

† The exile referred to in this stanza was a native of Honfleur, in Normandy.

If sinless angels love as we,
Who stood thy grave beside,
Three seraph welcomes waited thee,
The daughter, sister, bride!

"I wander'd to thy buried mound,
When earth was hid, below
The level of the glaring ground,
Chok'd to its gates with snow,
And when the summer's flowery waves
The lake of verdure roll'd,
As if a sultan's white robed slaves
Had scatter'd pearls and gold

"Nay, the soft pinions of the air,
That lifts this trembling tone,
Its breath of love may almost bear,
To kiss thy funeral stone,
And, now thy smiles have pass'd away
For all the joy they gave,
May sweetest dews and warmest ray
Lie on thy early grave!

"When damps beneath, and storms above,
Have bow'd these fragile towers,
Still o'er the graves yon locust grove
Shall swing its orient flowers,
And I would ask no mouldering bust,
If o'er this humble line,
Which breathed a sigh o'er other's dust,
Might call a tear on mine."

The following lines really form a compendium of the History of New England:—

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

"THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
Of joyous day, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch, when this old bowl was new.

"A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the ancient tale.—
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

"'Twas purchased by an English squire, to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft, as on the ancient stock, another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle, spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

"But changing hands, reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden where he found conventicles and schnaps.

"And then, of course you know what's next,—it left the
Dutchman's shore,
With those that in the May-flower came,—a hundred
souls and more,—
Along with all the furniture to fill their new abodes,—
To judge by what is still on hand,—at least a hundred
loads.

"'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing
dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to
the brim;
The little captain stood and stirred the posset with his
sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the
board.

"He poured the fiery Holland in,—the man that never
feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow
beard,
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and
prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man
afraid.

"That night affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle
flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild
halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith
and kin.
'Run from the white man when you find he smells of
Hollands gin.'

"A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"'Drink, John,' she said, 'twill do you good,—poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench out in the midnight air;
And if,—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep away the chill.'
So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!

"I tell you there was generous warmth in 'good old English cheer;
I tell you 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here;
'Tis but the fool that loves excess. Hast thou a drunken soul;
The bane is in thy shallow skull, not in thy silver bowl!

"I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fragrant flowers,—
The moss that clothes the broken walls,—the ivy on its towers,—
Nay this poor bauble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow moist and dim
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;

And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words—'My dear,
where *have* you been?'"

Dr. Holmes is still a young man, and one of the most eminent physicians in Boston. He excels in singing his own charming songs, and speaks as well as he writes; and, after reading even the small specimens of his poetry that my space has enabled me to give, my fair readers will not wonder to hear that he is one of the most popular persons in his native city.

THE MUSIC GRINDERS.

"There are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

"You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

"It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

"Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
Some filthy creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

"He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor, little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread,—
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

* * *

'You're sitting on your window-seat
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound, that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a crack'd bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;
You sit, in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor 'Home, sweet home,' should seem to be
A very dismal place;
Your 'Auld acquaintance,' all at once,
Is alter'd in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dress'd in lace.

"You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

"But, hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound,
It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round!

"No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw;

"But, if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

"And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat!"

THE LAST READER.

"I SOMETIMES sit beneath a tree,
And read my own sweet songs;
Though naught they may to others be,
Each humble line prolongs
A tone that might have pass'd away,
But for that scarce-remember'd lay.

"I keep them like a lock or leaf,
That some dear girl has given;
Frail record of an hour, as brief
As sunset clouds in heaven,
But spreading purple twilight still
High over memory's shadow'd hill.

"They lie upon my pathway bleak,
Those flowers that once ran wild,
As on a father's care-worn cheek
The ringlets of his child;
The golden mingling with the gray,
And stealing half its snows away.

"What care I though the dust is spread
Around these yellow leaves,
Or o'er them his sarcastic thread
Oblivion's insect weaves;
Though weeds are tangled on the stream,
It still reflects my morning's beam.

"And therefore love I such as smile
On these neglected songs,
Nor deem that flattery's needless wile
My opening bosom wrongs;

For who would trample, at my side,
A few pale buds, my garden's pride?

"It may be that my scanty ore
Long years have wash'd away,
And where were golden sands before,
Is naught but common clay,
Still something sparkles in the sun,
For Memory to look back upon

"And when my name no more is heard,
My lyre no more is known,
Still let me, like a winter's bird,
In silence and alone,
Fold over them the weary wing
Once flushing through the dews of spring

"Yes let my fancy fondly wrap
My youth in its declines,
And not in the rosy lap
Of thoughts that once were mine,
And give the worm my little store,
When the last rood reads no more!

THE LAST LEAF

"I saw him once before,
As he pass'd by the door,
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

"But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone.'

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest'd
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

"My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

"And now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-corner'd hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling"

LA GRISETTE.

"Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had pass'd,
I said, 'We meet again,—
I dream'd not in that idle glance
Thy late image came
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name

"The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak,
Then gentler sighs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek,
The trailing of thy long, loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all return'd, more sweet, more fair,
O, had we met again!

"I walk'd where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watch'd where Geneviev was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices pray'd,
Alas! but where was thine!

"And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and wave were calm,
And flam'd, in thousand tinted light,
The rose* of Notre Dame,
I wander'd through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

"In vain, in vain, we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,
When years have clothed the line with moss
That tells thy name and days,
And wither'd, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Père la Chaise!

* Circular-stained windows are called roses

THE TREADMILL SONG.

"THE stars are rolling in the sky,
The earth rolls on below,
And we can feel the rattling wheel
Revolving as we go.
Then tread away, my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly
Why should not wheels go round about
Like planets in the sky!

"Wake up, wake up, my duck-legg'd man,
And stir your solid pegs;
Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,
And shake your spider legs
What though you're awkward at the trade!
There's time enough to learn,—
So lean upon the rail, my lad,
And take another turn.

"They've built us up a noble wall,
To keep the vulgar out;
We've nothing in the world to do,
But just to walk about;
So fasten, now, you middle men,
And try to beat the ends —
It's pleasant work to ramble round
Among one's honest friends.

"Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
He sha'n't be lazy here;
And punch the little fellow's ribs,
And tweak that lubber's ear;

He's lost them both; don't pull his hair,
Because he wears a scratch,
But poke him in the farther eye,
That isn't in the patch.

"Hark! fellows, there's the supper bell,
And so our work is done,
It's pretty sport,—suppose we take
A round or two for fun!
If ever they should turn me out,
When I have better grown
Now, hang me, but I mean to have
A treadmill of my own!

CHAPTER XVI.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THIS admirable author was born in Salem, Massachussetts, and is of a family which for several generations has "followed the sea." Among his ancestors, I believe, was the "bold Hawthorne" who is celebrated in a revolutionary ballad, as commander of the "Fair American." He was educated at Bowdoin College, in Maine, where he graduated in 1825. One of his classmates here was Mr. Longfellow.

In 1837 Mr. Hawthorne published the first, and in 1842 the second volume of his "Twice Told Tales," so named because they had previously appeared in the periodicals. In 1845 he edited "The Journal of an African Cruiser," and in 1846 published "Mosses from an Old Manse," a second collection of his magazine papers.

In the introduction to the last work he has given some delightful glimpses of his personal history. He had been several years in the Custom House, at Boston, while Mr. Bancroft was collector, and afterward had joined that

remarkable association, the "Brook Farm Community," at West Roxbury, where, with others, he appears to have been reconciled to the old ways, as quite equal to the inventions of Fourier, St. Simon, Owen, and the rest of that ingenious company of schemers who have been so intent upon a reconstruction of the foundations of society. In 1843 he went to reside in the pleasant village of Concord, in the "Old Manse," which had never been profaned by a lay occupant until he entered it as his home. In the introduction, to which allusion has been made, he says—

"A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men, from time to time, had dwelt in it; and children, born in its chambers, had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant alone—he, by whose translation to Paradise the dwelling was left vacant—had penned nearly three thousand discourses, besides the better, if not the greater number, that gushed living from his lips. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro along the avenue, attuning his meditations to the sighs and gentle murmurs, and deep and solemn peals of the wind, among the lofty tops of the trees! In that variety of natural utterances, he could find something accordant with every passage of his sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts, as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue; and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old

Muse, well worth those hoards of long hidden gold, which people seek for in moss grown houses. Profound treatises of morality—a layman's unprofessional, and therefore, unprejudiced views of religion,—histories (such as Bancroft might have written, had he taken up his abode here, as he once proposed), bright with picture, gleaming over a depth of philosophical thought,—these were the works that might fitly have flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest event, I resolved at least to achieve a novel, that should evolve some deep lesson, and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone. In furtherance of my design, and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was, in the rear of the house, the most delightful little nook of a study that ever offered its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emmerson wrote 'Nature,' for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn, and the Paphian sunset and moonrise, from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the room, its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels, or, at least, like men who had wrestled so continually and so sturdily with the devil, that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages. They had all vanished now, a cheerful coat of paint, and golden tinted paper hangings, lighted up the small apartment, while the shadow of a willow-tree, that swept against the overhanging eaves, attempered the cheery western sunshine. In place of the grim prints there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como. The only other decorations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one containing graceful ferns. My books (few, and by no means choice,

for they were chiefly such waifs as chance had thrown in my way) stood in order about the room, seldom to be disturbed."

In his home at Concord, thus happily described, in the midst of a few congenial friends, Hawthorne passed three years; and "in a spot so sheltered from the turmoil of life's ocean," he says, "three years hasten away with a noiseless flight, as the breezy sunshine chases the cloud-shadows across the depths of a still valley." But at length his repose was invaded, by that "spirit of improvement," which is so constantly marring the happiness of quiet-loving people, and he was compelled to look out for another residence.

"Now came hints, growing more and more distinct, that the owner of the old house was pining for his native air. Carpenters next appeared, making a tremendous racket among the outbuildings, strewing green grass with pine shavings, and chips of chestnut joists, and vexing the whole antiquity of the place with their discordant renovations. Soon, moreover, they divested our abode of the veil of woodbine which had crept over a large portion of its southern face. All the aged mosses were cleared unsparingly away; and there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint—a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother. But the hand that renovates is always more sacrilegious than that which destroys. In fine, we gathered up our household goods, drank a farewell cup of tea in our pleasant little breakfast-room—delicately fragrant tea, an unpurchasable

luxury, one of the many angel-gifts that had fallen like dew upon us—and passed forth between the tall stone gate-posts, as uncertain as the wandering Arabs where our tent might next be pitched. Providence took me by the hand, and—an oddity of dispensation which, I trust, there is no irreverence in smiling at—has led me, as the newspapers announce while I am writing, from the Old Manse into a Custom House! As a storyteller, I have often contrived strange vicissitudes for my imaginary personages, but none like this. The treasure of intellectual gold, which I had hoped to find in our secluded dwelling, had never come to light. No profound treatise of ethics—no philosophic history—no novel, even, that could stand unsupported on its edges—all that I had to show, as a man of letters, were these few tales and essays, which had blossomed out like flowers in the calm summer of my heart and mind.'

The "Mosses from an Old Manse" he declares are the last offering of their kind it is his purpose ever to put forth, saying, modestly, "unless I could do better I have done enough in this kind." So will say no reader who can appreciate their grace and beauty or the wisdom with which they are pervaded.

The characteristics of Hawthorne which first arrest the attention are imagination and reflection, and these are exhibited in remarkable power and activity in tales and essays, of which the style is distinguished for great simplicity, purity and tranquillity. His beautiful story of Rappacini's Daughter was originally published in the "Democratic Review," as a translation from the French of one M. de l'Aubépine, a writer whose very name, he re-

marks, in a brief introduction, (in which he gives in French the titles of some of his tales, as *Contes deux foix racontées*, *Le Culte du Feu*, etc.) "is unknown to many of his countrymen, as well as to the student of foreign literature." He describes himself, under this *nomme de plume*, as one who—

"Seems to occupy an unfortunate position between the transcendentalists (who under one name or another have their share in all the current literature of the world), and the great body of pen and ink men who address the intellect and sympathies of the multitude. If not too refined, at all events too remote, too shadowy and unsubstantial, in his modes of development, to suit the taste of the latter class, and yet too popular to satisfy the spiritual or metaphysical requisitions of the former, he must necessarily find himself without an audience, except here and there an individual, or possibly an isolated clique."

His writings, to do them justice, he says—

"Are not altogether destitute of fancy and originality; they might have won him greater reputation but for an inveterate love of allegory, which is apt to invest his plots and characters with the aspect of scenery and people in the clouds, and to steal away the human warmth out of his conceptions. His fictions are sometimes historical, sometimes of the present day, and sometimes so far as can be discovered, have little or no reference either to time or space. In any case, he generally contents himself with a very slight embroidery of outward manners—the slightest possible counterfeit of real life,—and endeavours to create an interest by some less obvious peculiarity of the subject. Occasionally a breath of nature, a rain-drop

of pathos and tenderness, or a gleam of imagery, and make us feel as if, after all, we were yet within the limits of our native earth. We will only add to this cursory notice, that M. de l'Aubépine's productions, if the reader chance to take them in precisely the proper point of view, may amuse a leisure hour as well as those of a brighter man; if otherwise they can hardly fail to look excessively like nonsense."

Hawthorne is as accurately as he is happily described in this curious piece of criticism, though no one who takes his works in the "proper point of view," will by any means agree to the modest estimate which, in the perfect sincerity of his nature, he has placed upon them. He is original, in invention, construction, and expression, always picturesque, and sometimes in a high degree dramatic. His favourite scenes and traditions are those of his own country, many of which he has made classical by the beautiful associations that he has thrown around them. Every thing to him is suggestive, as his own pregnant pages are to the congenial reader. All his productions are life-mysteries, significant of profound truths. His speculations often bold and striking, are represented, with singular force, but with such a quiet grace and simplicity, as not to startle until they enter in and occupy the mind. The gaiety with which his pensiveness is occasionally broken, seems more than any thing else in his works to have cost some effort. The gentle sadness, the "half-acknowledged melancholy," of his manner and reflections, are more natural and characteristic.

His style is studded with the most poetical imagery, and marked in every part with the happiest graces of expression, while it is calm, chaste, and flowing, and transparent as water. There is a habit among nearly all the writers of imaginative literature, of adulterating the conversations of the poor with barbarisms and grammatical blunders which have no more fidelity than elegance. Hawthorne's integrity, as well as his exquisite taste, prevented him from falling into this error. There is not in the world a large rural population that speaks its native language with a purity approaching that with which the English is spoken by the common people of New England. The vulgar words and phrases which in other States are supposed to be peculiar to America are unknown east of the Hudson, except to the readers of foreign newspapers, or the listeners to low comedians, who find it profitable to convey such novelties into Connecticut, Massachussetts, and Vermont. We are glad to see a book that is going down to the next ages as a representative of national manners and character in all respects correct.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is among the first of the first order of American writers, and in their peculiar province his works are not excelled in the literature of the present day or of the English language.

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

FROM "THRICE-TOLD TALES."

(SCENE—*the corner of two principal streets. The* TOWN PUMP *talking through its nose.*)

"NOON, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I

hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

"At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

"It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score miles to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I 've been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the n'nature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word

of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food, for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones, that I suspect he is afraid of them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

"Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores

drank of it from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards —at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton [illegible] basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mudpuddle, at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town Pump was sunk in the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! the water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where

no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long lost fountain is known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognised by all.

"Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his yoke of oxen, who have come Topsfield or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe in it, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

"But I perceive my dear auditors that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multitudinous merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all important aid on washing day, though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint my respectable friends at the show of dirty faces, which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump and found me always at my post, firm, amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to

a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

"No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream, that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery mountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The TOWN PUMP and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyard, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and, finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then disease for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the phrensy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces

shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.'

"Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honour of the Town Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let the marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place, upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen, for something very important is to come next

"There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know, they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honourable cause of the Town Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourself and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who has never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around

me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

"One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—'SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!'

DAVID SWAN.—A FANTASY.

FROM THE SAME.

"WE can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

"We have nothing to do with David, until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of

New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton academy. After journeying on foot, from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy hair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky, overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.'

"While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, a-foot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely gazed that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept, and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David

into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the road-side. But, censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference, were all one, or rather all nothing to David Swan.

"He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a stand-still, nearly in front of David's resting place. A linch pin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe the sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown lest David should start up, all of a sudden.

"'How soundly he sleeps!' whispered the old gentleman. 'From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health, and an untroubled mind.'

"'And youth, besides' said the lady. 'Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like this than our wakefulness.'

"The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the way-side and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"'Providence seems to have laid him here,' whispered she to her husband, 'and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we awaken him?'

"'To what purpose?' said the merchant, hesitating. 'We know nothing of the youth's character.'

"'That open countenance!' replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. 'His innocent sleep.'

"While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, peop'e sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendour, who fell asleep in poverty.

"'Shall we not awaken him?' repeated the lady, persuasively.

"'The coach is ready, sir,' said the servant, behind.

"The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering, that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

"The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth, if silk it were, was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shel-

ter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such a purpose too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But, there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz now among the leaves, now flashing through the stripes of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! Thus good deed accomplished, with quickened breath and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"'He is handsome!' thought she, and blushed redder yet.

"How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms! Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with perfect love—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain, by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"'How sound he sleeps!' murmured the girl.

"She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

"Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighbourhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a way-side acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near, that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

"The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villany on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow—

"'Hist!—Do you see that bundle under his head?'

"The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"'I'll bet you a horn of brandy,' said the first, 'that the chap has either a pocketbook, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we will find it in his pantaloons' pocket.'

"'But how if he wakes?' said the other.

"His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"'So be it!' muttered the second villain.

"They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken

for fiends, should be suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves, as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"'I must take away the bundle,' whispered one.

"'If he stirs, I'll strike,' muttered the other.

"But, at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"'Pshaw!' said one villain. 'We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind.'

"'Let's take a drink, and be off,' said the other.

"The man, with the dagger, thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket-pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours, they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life, when that shadow was withdrawn.

"He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now, he stirred—now, moved his lips, without a sound—now, talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the

dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage-coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"'Halloo, driver!—Take a passenger?' shouted he.

"'Room on top!' answered the driver.

"Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters—nor that one of Love had sighed softly through their murmur—nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all, in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough, in mortal life, to render foresight even partially available?"

THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD.

FROM "MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE."

"Not a great while ago, passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous city of Destruction. It interested me much to learn that, by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants, a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town, and the Celestial City. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity to make a trip thither. Accordingly, one fine morning, after paying my bill at the hotel, and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my

seat in the vehicle and set out for the Station-house, it was my good fortune to enjoy the company of gentlemen —one Mr. Smooth-it away—who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy, and statistics, as with those of the City of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being, moreover, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting that praiseworthy enterprise.

"Our coach rattled out of the city, and at a short distance from its outskirts, passed over a bridge of elegant construction, but somewhat too slight, as I imagined, to sustain any considerable weight. On both sides lay an extensive quagmire, which could not have been more disagreeable either to sight or smell, had all the kennels of the earth emptied their pollution there.

"'This,' remarked Mr. Smooth-it-away, is the famous Slough of Despond—a disgrace to all the neighbourhood; and the greater, that it might so easily be converted into firm ground.'

"'I have understood,' said I, 'that efforts have been made for that purpose, from time immemorial. Bunyan mentions that above twenty thousand cart-loads of wholesome instructions had been thrown in here, without effect.'

"'Very probably!—and what effect could be anticipated from such unsubstantial stuff?' cried Mr. Smooth-it-away. 'You observe this convenient bridge. We obtained a sufficient foundation for it by throwing into the Slough some editions of books of morality, volumes of French philosophy and German rationalism, tracts, sermons, and essays of modern clergymen, extracts from Plato, Confucius, and various Hindoo sages, together with a few ingenious commentaries upon texts of Scripture—all of which

by some scientific process, have been converted into a mass like granite. The whole bog might be filled up with similar matter.'

"It really seemed to me, however, that the bridge vibrated and heaved up and down in a very formidable manner; and, in spite of Mr. Smooth-it-away's testimony to the solidity of its foundation, I should be loth to cross it in a crowded omnibus; especially if each passenger were encumbered with as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself. Nevertheless, we got over without accident, and soon found ourselves at the Station-house. This very neat and capacious edifice is erected on the site of the little Wicket Gate, which formerly, as all old pilgrims will recollect, stood directly across the highway, and, by its inconvenient narrowness, was a great obstruction to the traveller of liberal mind and expansive stomach. The reader of John Bunyan will be glad to know, that Christian's old friend Evangelist, who was accustomed to supply each pilgrim with a mystic roll, now presides at the ticket office. Some malicious persons, it is true, deny the identity of this reputable character with the Evangelist of old times, and even pretend to bring competent evidence of an imposture. Without involving myself in a dispute, I shall merely observe, that so far as my experience goes the square pieces of pasteboard, now delivered to passengers, are much more convenient and useful along the road than the antique roll of parchment. Whether they will be as readily received at the Gate of the Celestial City, I decline giving an opinion.

"A large number of passengers were already at the station-house, awaiting the departure of the cars. By the aspect and demeanour of those persons, it was easy to judge that the feelings of the community had undergone a very favourable change, in reference to the celestial pilgrimage. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see

it. Instead of a lonely and ragged man, with a huge burden on his back, plodding along sorrowfully on foot, while the whole city hooted after him, here were parties of the first gentry and most respectable people in the neighbourhood, setting forth toward the Celestial City, as cheerfully as if the pilgrimage were merely a summer tour. Among the gentlemen were characters of deserved eminence, magistrates, politicians, and men of wealth, by whose example religion could not but be greatly recommended to their meaner brethren. In the ladies' apartment, too, I rejoiced to distinguish some of those flowers of fashionable society, who are so well fitted to adorn the most elevated circles of the Celestial City. There was much pleasant conversation about the news of the day, topics of business, politics, or the lighter matters of amusement; while religion, though indubitably the main thing at heart, was thrown tastefully into the back ground. Even an infidel would have heard little or nothing to shock his sensibility.

"One great convenience of the new method of going on pilgrimage, I must not forget to mention. Our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as had been the custom of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage-car, and as I was assured, would be delivered to their respective owners at the journey's end. Another thing, likewise, the benevolent reader will be delighted to understand. It may be remembered that there was an ancient feud between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the Wicket-Gate, and that the adherents of the former distinguished personage were accustomed to shoot deadly arrows at honest pilgrims, while knocking at the door. This dispute, much to the credit as well of the illustrious potentate above-mentioned, as of the worthy and enlightened Directors of the railroad, has been pacifically arranged, on the principle of mutual compromise. The prince's subjects are now pretty numerously employed

about the station-house, some in taking care of the baggage, others in collecting fuel, feeding the engines, and such congenial occupations; and I can conscientiously affirm, that persons more attentive to their business, more willing to accommodate, or more generally agreeable to the passengers, are not to be found on any railroad. Every good heart must surely exult at so satisfactory an arrangement of an immemorial difficulty.

"'Where is Mr. Great-heart?' inquired I. 'Beyond a doubt, the Directors have engaged that famous old champion to be chief conductor on the railroad?'

"'Why, no,' said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a dry cough. 'He was offered the situation of brakeman; but, to tell you the truth, our friend Great-heart has grown preposterously stiff and narrow in his old age. He has so often guided pilgrims over the road on foot, that he considers it a sin to travel in any other fashion. Besides, the old fellow had entered so heartily into the ancient feud with Prince Beelzebub, that he would have been perpetually at blows or ill language with some of the prince's subjects, and thus have embroiled us anew. So, on the whole, we were not sorry when honest Greatheart went off to the Celestial City, in a huff, and left us at liberty to choose a more suitable and accommodating man. Yonder comes the conductor of the train: you will probably recognise him at once.'

"The engine at this moment took its station in advance of the cars, looking, I must confess, much more like a sort of mechanical demon that would hurry us to the infernal regions, than a laudable contrivance for smoothing our way to the Celestial City. On its top sat a personage almost enveloped in smoke and flame, which—not to startle the reader—appeared to gush from his own mouth and nostrils, as well as from the engine's brazen abdomen.

"'Do my eyes deceive me?' cried I. 'What on earth

is this! 'A living creature?—if so, he is own brother to the engine he rides upon!'

"'Poh, poh, you are obtuse!' said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a hearty laugh. 'Don't you know Apollyon, Christian's old enemy, with whom he fought so fierce a battle in the Valley of Humiliation? He was the very fellow to manage the engine; and so we have reconciled him to the custom of going on pilgrimage, and engaged him as chief conductor.'

"'Bravo, bravo!' exclaimed I, with irrepressible enthusiasm, 'this shows the liberality of the age; this proves, if any thing can, that all musty prejudices are in a fair way to be obliterated. And how will Christian rejoice to hear of this happy transformation of his old antagonist! I promise myself great pleasure in informing him of it, when we reach the Celestial City.'

"The passengers being all comfortably seated, we now rattled away merrily, accomplishing a greater distance in ten minutes than Christian probably trudged over in a day. It was laughable whilst we glanced along, as it were at the tail of a thunderbolt, to observe two dusty foot-travellers, in the old pilgrim-guise, with cockle-shell and staff, their mystic rolls of parchment in their hands, and their intolerable burdens on their backs. The preposterous obstinacy of these honest people, in persisting to groan and stumble along the difficult pathway, rather than take advantage of modern improvements, excited great mirth among our wiser brotherhood. We greeted the two pilgrims with many pleasant gibes and a roar of laughter; whereupon, they gazed at us with such woful and absurdly compassionate visages, that our merriment grew tenfold more obstreperous. Apollyon, also, entered heartily into the fun, and contrived to flirt the smoke and flame of the engine, or of his own breath, into their faces, and envelope them in an atmosphere of scalding steam. These little

practical jokes amused us mightily, and doubtless afforded the pilgrims the gratification of considering themselves martyrs.

"At some distance from the railroad, Mr. Smooth-it away pointed to a large, antique edifice, which, he observed was a tavern of long standing, and had formerly been a noted stopping-place for pilgrims. In Bunyan's road-book it is mentioned as the Interpreter's House.

"'I have long had a curiosity to visit that old mansion,' remarked I.

"'It is not one of our stations, as you perceive,' said my companion. 'The keeper was violently opposed to the railroad; and well he might be, as the track left his house of entertainment on one side, and thus was pretty certain to deprive him of all his reputable customers. But the foot-path still passes his door; and the old gentleman now and then receives a call from some simple traveller, and entertains him with fare as old-fashioned as himself.'

"Before our talk on this subject came to a conclusion, we were rushing by the place where Christian's burden fell from his shoulders, at the sight of the Cross. This served as a theme for Mr. Smooth-it-away, Mr. Live-for-the world, Mr. Hide-sin-in-the-heart, Mr. Scaly-conscience, and a knot of gentlemen from the town of Shun-repentance, to descant upon the inestimable advantages resulting from the safety of our baggage. Myself, and all the passengers indeed joined with great unanimity in this view of the matter; for our burdens were rich in many things esteemed precious throughout the world; and especially, we each of us possessed a great variety of favourite Habits, which we trusted would not be out of fashion, even in the polite circles of the Celestial City. It would have been a sad spectacle to see such an assortment of valuable articles tumbling into the sepulchre. Thus pleasantly conversing on the favourable circumstances of our position, as compared with those of

past pilgrims, and of narrow-minded ones at the present day, we soon found ourselves at the foot of the Hill of Difficulty. Through the heart of this rocky mountain a tunnel has been constructed, of most admirable architecture, with a lofty arch and a spacious double-track; so that, unless the earth and rocks chance to crumble down, it will remain an eternal monument of the builder's skill and enterprise. It is a great though incidental advantage, that the materials from the heart of the Hill of Difficulty have been employed in filling up the Valley of Humiliation; thus obviating the necessity of descending into that disagreeable and unwholesome hollow.

"'This is a wonderful improvement, indeed,' said I. 'Yet I should have been glad of an opportunity to visit the Palace Beautiful, and be introduced to the charming young ladies—Miss Prudence, Miss Piety, Miss Charity, and the rest—who have the kindness to entertain pilgrims there.'

"'Young ladies!' cried Mr. Smooth it-away, as soon as he could speak for laughing. 'And charming young ladies! Why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every soul of them—prim, starched, dry, and angular—and not one of them, I will venture to say, has altered so much as the fashion of her gown since the days of Christian's pilgrimage.'

"'Ah, well,' said I, much comforted, 'then I can very readily dispense with their acquaintance.'

"The respectable Apollyon was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate, anxious, perhaps, to get rid of the unpleasant reminiscences connected with the spot where he had so disastrously encountered Christian. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book, I perceived that we must be within a few miles of the Valley of the Shadow of Death; into which doleful region, at our present speed, we should plunge much sooner than seemed at all desir-

able. In truth, I expected nothing better than to find myself in the ditch on one side, or the quag on the other. But on communicating my apprehensions to Mr. Smooth-it-away, he assured me that the difficulties of this passage, even in its worst condition, had been vastly exaggerated, and that, in its present state of improvement, I might consider myself as safe as on any railroad in Christendom.

"Even while we were speaking, the train shot into the entrance of this dreaded Valley. Though I plead guilty to some foolish palpitations of the heart, during our headlong rush over the causeway here constructed, yet it were unjust to withhold the highest encomiums on the boldness of its original conception and the ingenuity of those who executed it. It was gratifying, likewise, to observe how much care had been taken to dispel the everlasting gloom, and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine not a ray of which has ever penetrated among these awful shadows. For this purpose, the inflammable gas, which exudes plentifully from the soil, is collected by means of pipes, and thence communicated to a quadruple row of lamps, along the whole extent of the passage. Thus a radiance has been created, even out of the fiery and sulphureous curse that rests for ever upon the Valley; a radiance hurtful, however, to the eyes, and somewhat bewildering, as I discovered by the changes which it wrought in the visages of my companions. In this respect, as compared with natural daylight, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood; but if the reader had ever travelled through the dark Valley, he would have learned to be thankful for any light that he could get; if not from the sky above, then from the blasted soil beneath. Such was the red brilliancy of these lamps, that they appeared to build walls of fire on both sides of the track, between which we held our course of lightning speed, while a reverberating thunder filled the Valley with its echoes. Had the engine

run off the track—a catastrophe, it is whispered, by no means unprecedented—the bottomless pit, if there be any such a place, would undoubtedly have received us. Just as some dismal fooleries of this nature had made my heart quake, there came a tremendous shriek, careering along the Valley, as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it, but which proved to be merely the whistle of the engine, on arriving at a stopping place.

"The spot, where we had now paused, is the same that our friend Bunyan—truthful man, but infected with many fantastic notions—has designated, in terms plainer than I like to repeat, as the mouth of the infernal region. This, however, must be a mistake; inasmuch as Mr. Smooth-it-away, while he remained in the lurid and smoky cavern, took occasion to prove that Tophet had not even a metaphorical existence. The place he assured us, is no other than the crater of a half extinct volcano, in which the Directors had caused forges to be set up, for the manufacture of railroad iron. Hence, also, is obtained a plentiful supply of fuel for the use of the engines. Whoever has gazed into the dismal obscurity of the broad cavern mouth, whence, ever and anon darted huge tongues of dusky flame,—and had seen the strange, half shaped monsters, and visions of faces horribly grotesque, into which the smoke seemed to wreathe itself, — and had heard the awful murmurs, and shrieks, and deep shuddering whispers of the blast, sometimes forming themselves into words almost articulate,—would have seized upon Mr. Smooth-it-away's comfortable explanation, as greedily as we did. The inhabitants of the cavern, moreover, were unlovely personages, dark, smoke-begrimed, generally deformed, with mis-shapen feet, and a glow of dusky redness in their eyes; as if their hearts had caught fire, and were blazing out of the upper windows. It struck me as a peculiarity, that the labourers at the forge, and those who brought

fuel to the engine, when they began to draw short breath, positively emitted smoke from their mouth and nostrils.

"Among the idlers about the train, most of whom were puffing cigars which they had lighted at the flame of the crater, I was perplexed to notice several, who, to my certain knowledge, had heretofore set forth by railroad for the Celestial City. They looked dark, wild, and smoky, with a smoky resemblance, indeed, to the native inhabitants, like whom, also, they had a disagreeable propensity to ill-natured jibes and sneers, the habit of which had wrought a settled contortion of their visages. Having been on speaking terms with one of these personsan insolent good for nothing fellow who went by the name of Take it easy I called him, and inquired what was his business there.

"'Did you not start,' said I, 'for the Celestial City?'

"'That's a fact,' said Mr. Take it easy, carelessly puffing some smoke into my eyes. 'But I heard such bad accounts that I never took pains to climb the hill on which the city stands. No business doing—no fun going on—nothing to drink and no smoking allowed—and a thumming of church music from morning till night! I would not stay in such a place if they offered me house room and living free.'

"'But my good Mr. Take it easy,' cried I, 'why take up your residence here, of all places in the world?'

"'Oh!' said the loafer with a grin, 'it is very warm hereabouts, and I meet with plenty of old acquaintances, and altogether the place suits me. I hope to see you back again, some day soon. A pleasant journey to you!'

"While he was speaking the bell of the engine rang, and we dashed away, after dropping a few passengers but receiving no new ones. Rattling onward through the Valley, we were dazzled with the fiercely gleaming gas lamps as before. But sometimes, in the dark of intense bright-

ness, grim faces, that bore the aspect and expression of individual sins, or evil passions, seemed to thrust themselves through the veil of light, glaring upon us, and stretching forth a great dusky hand, as if to impede our progress. I almost thought, that they were my own sins that appalled me there. These were freaks of imagination —nothing more, certainly,—mere delusions, which I ought to be heartily ashamed of—but, all through the dark Valley, I was tormented, and pestered, and dolefully bewildered, with the same kind of waking dreams. The mephitic gases of that region intoxicate the brain. As the light of natural day, however, began to struggle with the glow of lanterns, these vain imaginations lost their vividness, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted our escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Ere we had gone a mile beyond it, I could well-nigh have taken my oath, that this whole gloomy passage was a dream.

"At the end of the Valley, as John Bunyan mentions, is a cavern, where in his days, dwelt two cruel giants, Pope and Pagan, who had strewn the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes are no longer there; but in their deserted cave another terrible giant has thrust himself, and makes it his business to seize upon honest travellers, and fat them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, mist, moonshine, raw potatoes, and saw-dust. He is a German by birth, and is called Giant Transcendentalism; but as to his form, his features, his substance, and his nature generally, it is the chief peculiarity of this huge miscreant, that neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe him. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth, we caught a hasty glimpse of him, looking somewhat like an ill-proportioned figure, but considerably more like a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us,

but in so strange a phraseology, that we knew not what he meant, nor whether to be encouraged or affrighted.

"It was late in the day, when the train thundered into the ancient city of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is still at the height of prosperity, and exhibits an epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay, and fascinating beneath the sun. As I purposed to make a considerable stay here, it gratified me to learn that there is no longer the want of harmony between the townspeople and pilgrims, which impelled the other to such lamentably mistaken measures as the persecution of Christian, and the fiery martyrdom of Faithful. On the contrary, as the new railroad brings with it great trade and a constant influx of strangers, the lord of Vanity Fair is its chief patron, and the capitalists of the city are amongst the largest stockholders. Many passengers stop to take their pleasure or make their profit in the Fair, instead of going onward to the Celestial City. Indeed, such are the charms of the place, that people often affirm it to be the true and only heaven; stoutly contending that there is no other, and those who seek further are mere dreamers, and that, if the fabled brightness of the Celestial City lay but a bare mile beyond the gates of Vanity, they would not be fools enough to go thither. Without subscribing to those, perhaps, exaggerated encomiums, I can truly say, that my abode in the city was mainly agreeable, and my intercourse with the inhabitants productive of much amusement and instruction.

"Being naturally of a serious turn, my attention was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures which are the grand object with too many visitants. The Christian reader, if he have had no account of the city, no later than Bunyan's time, will be surprised to hear that almost every street has its church, and that the reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher respect than at Vanity Fair

And well do they deserve such honourable estimation; for the maxims of wisdom and virtue which fall from their lips, come from as deep a spiritual source, and tend to as lofty a religious aim, as those of the sagest philosophers of old. In justification of this high praise, I need only mention the names of the Rev. Mr. Shallow-deep; the Rev. Mr. Stumble-at-Truth; that fine old clerical character, the Rev. Mr. This-to-day, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to the Rev. Mr. That-to-morrow; together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilderment; the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-spirit; and, last and greatest, the Rev. Mr. Wind-the-doctrine. The labours of these eminent divines are aided by those of innumerable lecturers, who diffuse such a various profundity, in all subjects of human or celestial science, that any man may acquire an omnigenous erudition, without the trouble of even learning to read. Thus literature is etherialised by assuming for its medium the human voice; and knowledge, depositing all its heavier particles—except doubtless, its gold—becomes exhaled into a sound, which forthwith steals into the ever-open ear of the community. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery, by which thought and study are done to every person's hand, without his putting himself to the slightest inconvenience in the matter. There is another species of machine for the wholesale manufacture of individual morality. This excellent result is effected by societies for all manner of virtuous purposes; with which, a man has merely to connect himself throwing as it were, his quota of virtue into the common stock; and the president and directors will take care that the aggregate amount be well applied. All these, and other wonderful improvements in ethics, religion and literature, being made plain to my comprehension, by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-it-away, inspired me with a vast admiration of Vanity Fair.

"It would fill a volume, in an age of pamphlets, were

to record all my observations in this great capital of human business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society—the powerful, the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life—princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors, and philanthropists, all making their own market at the Fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy. It is well worth one's while, even if he had no idea of buying or selling, to loiter through the bazaars, and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward.

"Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a young man having inherited a splendid fortune, laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the rest for a heavy lot of repentance and a suit of rags. A very pretty girl bartered a heart as clear as crystal, and which seemed her most valuable possession, for another jewel of the same kind, but so worn and defaced as to be utterly worthless. In one shop, there were a great many crowns of laurel and myrtle, which soldiers, authors, statesmen, and various other people, pressed eagerly to buy; some purchased these paltry wreaths with their lives; others by a toilsome servitude of years; and many sacrificed whatever was most valuable, yet finally slunk away without the crown. There was a kind of book or scrip, called Conscience, which seemed to be in great demand, and would purchase almost anything. Indeed, few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, and a man's business was seldom very lucrative, unless he knew precisely when and how to throw this hoard of Conscience into the market. Yet as this stock was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a loser in the long run. Several of the speculations were of a question-

able character Occasionally, a member of Congress recruited his pockets by the sale of his constituents, and I was assured that public officers have often sold their country at a very moderate price Thousands sold their happiness for a whim Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased at almost any sacrifice In truth, those who desired, according to the old adage, to sell anything valuable for a song, might find customers all over the Fair, and there were innumerable messes of pottage, piping hot, for such as chose to buy them with their birthrights A few articles however, could not be found genuine at the Vanity Fair 'If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth the dealers offered him a set of false teeth and an auburn wig, if he demanded peace of mind they recommended opium or a brandy bottle

'Tracts of land and golden mansions, situate in the Celestial City, were often exchanged at disadvantageous rates, for a few years lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair Prince Beelzebub himself took interest in this sort of traffic and sometimes condescended to meddle with smaller matters I once had the pleasure to see him bargaining with a miser for his soul, which, after much ingenious skirmishing on both sides, his Highness succeeded in obtaining at about the value of sixpence The prince remarked, with a smile, that he was loser by the transaction

'Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my manners and deportment became more and more like those of the inhabitants The place began to seem like home, the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City was almost obliterated from my mind I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily, when Apollyon puffed smoke and steam into their faces, at the commencement of our journey There they stood amid the densest

bustle of Vanity—the dealers offering them their purple, and fine linen, and jewels; the men of wit and humour gibing at them; a pair of buxom ladies ogling them askance; while the benevolent Mr. Smooth-it-away whispered some of his wisdom at their elbows, and pointed to a newly-erected temple;—but there were these worthy simpletons, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy repudiation of all part in its business or pleasures.

"One of them—his name was Stick-to-the-Right—perceived in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration, which, to my own great surprise, I could not help feeling for this pragmatic couple. It prompted him to address me.

"'Sir,' inquired he, with a sad, yet mild and kindly voice, 'do you call yourself a pilgrim?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new railroad.'

"'Alas, friend,' rejoined Mr. Stick-to-the-right, 'I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that that whole concern is a bubble. You may travel on it all your lifetime, were you to live thousands of years, and yet never get beyond the limits of Vanity Fair! Yea; though you should deem yourself entering the gates of the Blessed City, it will be nothing but a miserable delusion.'

"'The Lord of the Celestial City,' began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Foot-it-to-Heaven, 'has refused, and will ever refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for this railroad; and unless that be obtained, no passenger can ever hope to enter his dominions. Wherefore every man who buys a ticket must lay his account with losing the purchase money—which is the value of his own soul.'

"'Poh, nonsense!' said Mr. Smooth-it-away, taking my

arm and leading me off, 'these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window.'

This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and contributed with other circumstances to indispose me to a permanent residence in the city of Vanity; although, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and commodiously by railroad. Still I grew anxious to be gone. There was one strange thing that troubled me; amid the occupations or amusements of the fair, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth and honours, or whatever he might be doing, and however unseasonable the interruption—suddenly to vanish like a soap-bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows; and so accustomed were the latter to such little accidents, that they went on with their business as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

"Finally, after a pretty long residence at the Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City, still Mr. Smooth-it-away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity, we passed the ancient silver mine, of which Demas was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little further onwards was the spot where Lot's wife had stood for ages, under the semblance of a pillar of salt. Curious travellers have long since carried it away piecemeal. Had all regrets been punished as rigorously as this poor dame's were, my yearning for the relinquished delights of Vanity Fair might have produced a similar change in my own corporeal substance, and left me a warning to future pilgrims.

"The next remarkable object was a large edifice, con-

structed of moss-grown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture. The engine came to a pause in its vicinity with the usual tremendous shriek.

"'This was formerly the castle of the redoubted giant Despair,' observed Mr Smooth it away, 'but, since his death, Mr. Flimsy-faith has repaired it, and now keeps an excellent house of entertainment here It is one of our stopping-places'

"'It seems but lightly put together,' remarked I, looking at the frail, yet ponderous walls 'I do not envy Mr. Flimsy faith his habitation Some day it will thunder down upon the heads of the occupants.'

"'We shall escape, at all events,' said Mr Smooth it-way; 'for Apollyon is putting on the steam again

"The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delectable Mountains, and traversed the field where, in former ages, the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient tombstones had been thrust across the track, by some malicious person, and gave the train of cars a terrible jolt Far up the rugged side of a mountain, I perceived a rusty iron door, half overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with smoke issuing from its crevices.

"'Is that,' inquired I, 'the very door in the hill side, which the shepherds assured Christian was a by-way to Hell?'

"'That was a joke on the part of the shepherds,' said Mr. Smooth-it away, with a smile 'It is neither more nor less than the door of a cavern, which they use as a smoke-house for the preparation of mutton hams.'

"My recollections of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a drowsiness here overcame me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the enchanted ground, the air of which encourages a disposition to sleep. I awoke, however, as soon as we

crossed the borders of the pleasant land of Beulah. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches, and congratulating one another on the prospect of arriving so seasonably at their journey's end. The sweet breezes of this happy clime came refreshingly to our nostrils; we beheld the glimmering gush of silver fountains, overhung by trees of beautiful foliage and delicious fruit, which were propagated by grafts from the celestial gardens. Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings, and the bright appearance of an angel in the air, speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final station house, by one last and horrible scream, in which there seemed to be distinguishable every kind of wailing and wo, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. Throughout our journey, at every stopping place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screwing the most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam engine; but in this closing effort he outdid himself, and created an infernal uproar, which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the celestial gates.

While the horrid clamour was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music, with height, and depth, and sweetness in their tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison, to greet the approach of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory, and was come to lay aside his battered arms for ever. Looking to ascertain what might be the occasion of this glad harmony, I perceived, on alighting from the cars, that a multitude of shining ones had assembled on the other side of the river, to welcome two poor pilgrims, who were just emerging from its depths. They were the same whom

Apollyon and ourselves had persecuted with taunts and gibes, and scalding steam, at the commencement of our journey—the same whose unworldly aspect and impressive words had stirred my conscience, amid the wild revelries of Vanity Fair.

"'How amazingly well those men have got on!' cried I to Mr. Smooth-it-away. 'I wish we were secure of as good a reception.'

"'Never fear—never fear!' answered my friend. 'Come—make haste; the ferry-boat will be off directly; and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates.'

"A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river side, puffing, snorting, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances, which betoken the departure to be immediate. I hurried on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in great perturbation; some brawling out for their baggage; some tearing their hair and exclaiming that the boat would explode or sink; some already pale with the heaving of the stream; some gazing affrighted at the ugly aspect of the steersman; and some still dizzy with the slumberous influences of the Enchanted Ground. Looking back to the shore, I was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-away waving his hand in token of farewell!

"'Don't you go over to the Celestial City?' exclaimed I.

"'Oh, no!' answered he with a queer smile, and that same disagreeable contortion of vision which I had remarked in the inhabitants of the Dark Valley. 'Oh, no! I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Good-bye! We shall meet again.'

And then did my excellent friend, Mr. Smooth-it-away, laugh outright; in the midst of which cachinnation a smoke-wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils, while a

twinkle of lurid flame darted out of either eye, proving indubitably that his heart was all of a red blaze The impudent fiend! To deny the existence of Tophet, when he felt its fiery tortures raging within his breast! I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore But the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold with the chill that will never leave those waters, until Death be drowned in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heart quake, I awoke Thank heaven, it was a Dream!"

SPRING

FROM THE SAME

"THANK Providence for Spring! The earth,—and man himself, by sympathy with his birth place—would be far other than we find them, if life toiled wearily onward, without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit Will the world ever be so decayed that spring may not renew its greenness? Can man be so dismally age stricken, that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time worn mansion brightens into beauty, the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime, regained his boyhood, in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring Alas for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it have outlived its privilege of spring time sprightliness! From such a soul the world must hope no reformation of its evil —no sympathy with the lofty faith and gallant struggles of those who contend in its behalf Summer works in the present, and thinks not of the future, Autumn is a rich conservative, Winter has utterly lost its faith, and clings

tremulously to the remembrance of what has been; but Spring, with its outgushing life, is the true type of the Movement!"

THE PINE TREE SHILLING.

"Captain John Hull was the mint master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. He was in a new line of business, for, in the early days of the colony, the current coinage of the people consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities, instead of selling them.

"For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he, perhaps, exchanged a beaver skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called *wampum*, which was made of clam shells, and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Banks had never been heard of. There was not enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers—so they had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

"As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture the money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for his trouble of making them.

"Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and

tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles and broken spoons, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court—all such curious articles were thrown into the pot together. But by far the greatest part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English Buccaneers, (who were little better than pirates,) had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

"All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date of 1652 on one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other side. Hence they were called pine tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain Hull was entitled to put one shilling in his pocket.

"The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his own pocket; Captain Hull declared that he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be, for so diligently did he labour, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine tree shillings. This was probably the case, when he came in possession of a grandfather's chair to rest himself in.

"When the mint master had grown very rich, a young man Samuel Sewel by name, came a courting his only daughter, whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey, who was a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days.

"On the contrary, having always fed lustily on pumpkin pies, dough nuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was round and plump as a pudding. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewel fall in love.

As he was of good character, industrious in business, and a member of the church, the mint master very readily gave his consent.

"'Yes, you may take her,' said he, in his rough way, 'and you will find her a heavy burden enough.'

"On the wedding day, as we may suppose that honest Hull dressed himself in a plain coloured suit, all the buttons of which were made of pine tree shillings The buttons of his waistcoat sixpences and the knees of his small-clothes three pences Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair, and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow On the opposite side of the room, between the bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full blown peony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object

"There, too was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold laced waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any one to wear it below the ears, but he was a very respectable young man, and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself

"The mint master was pleased with his new son in law —especially as he had said nothing about her portion So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to his men servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging a pair of scales They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing, a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them

"'Daughter Betsey,' said the mint master, 'go into one side of the scales'

"Miss Betsey, or Mrs Sewel, as we must now call her, did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any ques-

tions, or why or wherefore; but what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, in which case she would have been a dear bargain, she had not the least idea.

"'And now,' said honest John Hull to his servants, 'bring that box hither.'

"This box, to which the master pointed, was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play hide and seek in.

"The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

"Captain Hull then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! It was full of bright pine tree shillings, from the mint; and Samuel Sewel began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in Massachussetts Treasury. But it was only the mint master's honest share in the coinage.

"Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handsfull of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"'There, son Sewel!' cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in his grandfather's chair, 'take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank heaven for her. It is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver.'

"The children laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but that grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully, however, that he had found it in the pages of a great historian,

and had merely tried, however, to tell it in a somewhat funnier manner.

"'Well, grandfather,' remarked Clara, 'if wedding portions, now a days, were paid as Miss Betsey's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon a fine airy figure, as many of them do.'"

THE HAUNTED MIND

"WHAT a singular moment is the first one, when you have hardly begun to recollect yourself, after starting from midnight slumber! By unclosing your eyes so suddenly you seem to have surprised the personages of your dream in full convocation round your bed, and to catch one broad glance at them before they can flit into obscurity. Or, to vary the metaphor, you find yourself, for a single instant, wide awake in that realm of illusions whither sleep has been the passport, and behold its ghostly inhabitants and wondrous scenery, with a perception of their strangeness, such as you never attain while the dream is undisturbed. The distant sound of a church clock is borne faintly on the wind. You question with yourself, half seriously, whether it has stolen to your waking ear from some gray tower, that stood within the precincts of your dream. While yet in suspense, another clock flings its heavy clang over the slumbering town, with so full and distinct a sound, and such a long murmur in the neighbouring air, that you are certain it must proceed from the steeple at the nearest corner. You count the strokes—one—two, and there they cease, with a booming sound, like the gathering of a third stroke within the bell.

"If you could choose an hour of wakefulness out of the whole night, it would be this. Since your sober bedtime,

at eleven, you have had rest enough to take off the pressure of yesterday's fatigue; while before you, till the sun comes from 'far Cathay' to brighten your window, there is almost the space of a summer night; one hour to be spent in thought, with the mind's eye half shut, and two in pleasant dreams, and two in that strangest of enjoyments, the forgetfulness alike of joy and woe. The moment of rising belongs to another period of time, and appears so distant, that the plunge out of a warm bed into the frosty air cannot, yet, be anticipated with dismay. Yesterday has already vanished among the shadows of the past; to-morrow has not yet emerged from the future. You have found an interminate space, where the business of life does not intrude, where the passing moment lingers, and becomes truly the present, a spot where Father Time, when he thinks nobody is watching him sits down by the way side to take breath. Oh that he would fall asleep, and let mortals live on without growing older!

"Hitherto you have lain perfectly still, because the slightest motion would dissipate the fragments of your slumber. Now, being irrevocably awake, you peep through the half drawn window curtain, and observe that the glass is ornamented with fanciful devices in frost work, and that each pain presents something like a frozen dream. There will be time enough to trace out the analogy while waiting the summons to breakfast. Seen through the clear portion of the glass, where the sylvery mountain peaks of the frost scenery do not ascend, the most conspicuous object is the steeple; the white spire of which directs you to the wintry lustre of the firmament. You may almost distinguish the figures on the clock that has just told the hour. Such a frosty sky, and the snow-covered roofs, and the long vista of the frozen street, all white, and the distant water hardened into rock, might make you shiver, even under four blankets and a woollen

comforter. Yet look at that one glorious star! Its beams are distinguishable from all the rest, and actually cast the shadow of the casement on the bed, with a radiance of deeper hue than moonlight, though not so accurate an outline.

"You sink down and muffle your head in the clothes, shivering all the while, but less from bodily chill, than the bare idea of a polar atmosphere. It is too cold even for the thoughts to venture abroad. You speculate on the luxury of wearing out a whole existence in bed, like an oyster in its shell, content with the sluggish ecstacy of inaction, and drowsily conscious of nothing but delicious warmth, such as you now feel again. Ah! that idea has brought a hideous one in its train. You think how the dead are lying in their cold shrouds and narrow coffins, through the drear winter of the grave, and cannot persuade your fancy that they neither shrink nor shiver, when the snow is drifting over their little hillocks and the bitter blast howls against the door of the tomb. That gloomy thought will collect a gloomy multitude, and throw its complexion over your wakeful hour.

"In the depths of every heart, there is a tomb and a dungeon, though the lights, the music, and revelry above may cause us to forget their existence, and the buried ones or prisoners whom they hide. But sometimes, and oftenest at midnight, those dark receptacles are flung wide open. In an hour like this, when the mind has a passive sensibility, but no active strength; when the imagination is a mirror, imparting vividness to all ideas, without the power of selecting or controlling them, then pray that your griefs may slumber, and the brotherhood of remorse not break their chain. It is too late! A funeral train comes gliding by your bed, in which Passion and Feeling assume bodily shape, and things of the mind become dim spectres to the eye. There is your earliest Sorrow, a pale

young mourner, wearing a sister's likeness to first love, sadly beautiful, with a hallowed sweetness in her melancholy features, and grace in the flow of her sable robe. Next appears a shade of ruined loveliness, with dust among her golden hair, and her bright garments all faded and defaced, stealing from your glance with drooping head, as fearful of reproach; she was your fondest Hope, but a delusive one; so call her Disappointment now. A sterner form succeeds, with a brow of wrinkles, a look and gesture of iron authority; there is no name for him unless it be Fatality, an emblem of the evil influence that rules your fortunes; a demon to whom you subjected yourself by some error at the outset of life, and were bound his slave for ever, by once obeying him. See! those fiendish lineaments graven on the darkness, the pointed finger touching the sore place in your heart! Do you remember any act of enormous folly, at which you would blush, even in the remotest cavern of the earth? Then recognise your shame.

"Pass, wretched band! Well for the wakeful one, if, riotously miserable, a fiercer tribe do not surround him, the devils of a guilty heart, that holds its hell within itself. What if Remorse should assume the features of an injured friend? What if the fiend should come in woman's garments, with a pale beauty amid sin and desolation, and lie down by your side? What if he should stand at your bed's foot, in the likeness of a corpse, with a bloody stain upon the shroud? Sufficient with such guilt is this nightmare of the soul; this heavy, heavy sinking of the spirits; this wintry gloom about the heart; this indistinct horror of the mind, blending itself with the darkness of the chamber.

"By a desperate effort you start upright, breaking from a sort of conscious sleep, and gazing wildly round the bed, as if the fiends were anywhere but in your

haunted mind. At the same moment, the slumbering embers on the hearth sends forth a gleam which palely illuminates the whole outer room, and flickers through the door of the bed-chamber, but cannot quite dispel its obscurity. Your eye searches for whatever may remind you of the living world. With eager minuteness, you take note of the table near the fire-place, the book with an ivory-knife between its leaves, the unfolded letter, the hat, and the fallen glove. Soon the flame vanishes, and with it the whole scene is gone, though the image remains an instant in your mind's eye, when darkness has swallowed up the reality. Throughout the chamber, there is the same obscurity as before, but now the same gloom within your breast. As your head falls back upon the pillow, you think,—in a whisper be it spoken—how pleasant in these night solitudes, would be the rise and fall of a softer breathing than your own, the slight pressure of a tenderer bosom, the quiet throb of a purer heart, imparting its peacefulness to your troubled one, as if the sleeper were involving you in her dream.

"Her influence is over you, though she have no existence but in that momentary image. You sink down in a flowery spot, on the borders of sleep and w[illegible]ulness, while your thoughts rise before you in pictures, all disconnected, yet all assimilated by a pervading gladsomeness and beauty. The wheeling of gorgeous squadrons, that glitter in the sun, is succeeded by the merriment of children round the door of a school-house, beneath the glimmering shadow of old trees, at the corner of a rustic lane. You stand in the sunny rain of a summer shower, and wander among the sunny trees of an autumnal wood, and look upward at the brightest of all rainbows, overarching the unbroken sheet of snow, on the American side of Niagara. Your mind struggles pleasantly between the dancing radiance round the hearth of a young man and his re-

cent bride, and the twittering flight of birds in spring, about their new made nest. You feel the merry bounding of a ship before the breeze, and watch the tuneful feet of rosy girls, as they twine their last and merriest dance, in a splendid ball room, and find yourself in the brilliant circle of a crowded theatre, as the curtain falls over a light and airy scene

"With an involuntary start, you seize hold on consciousness, and prove yourself but half awake, by running a doubtful parallel between human life and the hour which has now elapsed In both you emerge from mystery, pass through a vicissitude that you can but imperfectly control, and are borne onward to another mystery Now comes the peal of the distant clock, with fainter and fainter strokes as you plunge farther into the wilderness of sleep It is the knell of a temporary death Your spirit has departed, and strays like a stray citizen, among the people of a shadowy world, beholding strange sights, yet without wonder or dismay So calm, 'perhaps, will be the final change—so undisturbed, as if among familiar things, the entrance of the soul to its Eternal home!"

CHAPTER XVII.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

EMERSON, the transcendentalist *par eminence*, and the most original of the school. Neither Coleridge nor Cousin was sufficient for him, but in subtlety and daring he rather approaches Fichte. He is the son of a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, and in 1821, when about seventeen years of age, was graduated at Harvard University. Having turned his attention to theology, he was ordained minister of one of the congregations of his native city, but embracing soon after some peculiar views in regard to the forms of worship, he abandoned his profession, and retiring to the quiet village of Concord, after the manner of an Arabian prophet, gave himself up to "thinking," preparatory to his appearance as a revelator. His oration entitled "Man-Thinking," delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in the summer of 1837, attracted a great deal of attention, but less than his address before the senior class in Divinity College, at Cambridge, in the following year. He began now to be

understood. His peculiarity was not so much his system as his point of view. He did not pretend to reason, but to discover; he was not a logician, but a seer; he announced, not argued. His prominent doctrine is that the deity is impersonal,—mere being, and comes to *self-consciousness* only in individuals. The distinction of this from Pantheism is this, that while Pantheism "sinks man and nature in God," Mr. Emerson "sinks God and nature in man."

In 1838 Mr. Emerson published "Literary Ethics," an oration, and in the following year a small volume entitled "Nature." In 1840 he commenced "The Dial," a magazine of literature, philosophy and religion, which was continued four years; in 1841 he published "The Method of Nature," an oration; "Man the Reformer," a lecture on some of the prominent features of the present age; "three Lectures on the Times," and the first series of his "Essays." In the next two or three years he published little except his papers in "The Dial," but in 1844 he gave to the public lectures on "New England Reformers," the "Young American," and "Negro Emancipation in the West Indies, and the second series of his "Essays." He has since delivered lectures on Swedenborg, Napoleon, New England, and other subjects, which are regarded by some who have heard them, as decidedly the finest of his works; and in December, 1146, he published a volume of Poems, which have peculiar and remarkable merits.

Mr. Emerson is "a seeker with no Past at

his back." He evidently aims to break the moulds of popular beliefs, and to get at the heart of the matter, to look around and within with the fresh vision of "a first man," and like Adam in the garden to put his own names upon what he sees. He has none of the ill humour which denies because others affirm; he simply takes leave to look for himself. While, therefore, he continually sees and represents things in singular lights, and sometimes inverts them, so that it would seem to be an inevitable conclusion that either he is crazy or we, on the other hand he regenerates our faith, by giving us an original testimony to great truths. Thus, his essay on "The Over-Soul," notwithstanding its unscriptural title, is as orthodox as St. Paul.

"Whatever appearances there may be to the contrary, Mr. Emerson is no destructive. He is a builder, a born and anointed. His demand is Truth. He must stand face to face with the Absolute. Insatiable as is his craving for truth, he is always orderly and serene. He gives no sign that any deterring considerations have ever occurred to him. They cannot impede, they do not even tease him. He is as self-possessed and assured if he carried in his pocket a commission, signed and sealed of all mankind, to say just the thing that he is saying.

"Mr. Emerson is never commonplace. Hence we infer that he is a genuine worker. He cannot, like a host of others, write in his sleep. Every thing is wrought out by his own thought. I have sometimes fancied that he

must, in his listless moments, repine at the stubbornness of his genius, which can bear to be mute, but which cannot declaim, nor tolerate in him any attempt at "fine writing." There is a very common talent, passing for a great deal more than it is worth,—the sole talent of many quite distinguished writers,—which lies in the putting of words together so fitly and musically, that they seem to sing a new truth, when it is "an old song," with no variations, Mr. Emerson is utterly deficient in this power. He cannot juggle with words. He has no bank-notes: nothing but bullion. If he states an old and well-known truth, he does it with that felicity of expression which gives us a fresh sense of its value, and we confess that the same thing was never before so well said. He fits his word to his thought, consulting no ear but his own.

"In reading Mr. Emerson's works we must observe Coleridge's admirable rule: "When you cannot understand an author's ignorance, account yourself ignorant of his understanding." At the slightest glance we shall find here and there in them much to inspire respect for his sagacity, and admiration for his genius. When, therefore, he seems to be unintelligible, or absurd, modesty dictates that we should at least entertain the question whether the defect be in him or us. If we cannot explain his ignorance, we shall do wisely to distrust our own understanding. It is possible, nay, it is in a very high degree probable, not only that he really has a meaning, but that he has a very good and a very great meaning, and that he

has expressed it in the very best form, so that, were we as keen-sighted as he, we should recognise the beauty both of the thought and the expression."

BEAUTY.

FROM NATURE.

"The presence of a higher, namely of the spiritual element is essential to its perfection. The high and divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will, and never separate Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it, he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. 'All those things for which men plough, build, or sail, obey virtue,' said an ancient historian 'The winds and waves,' said Gibbon, 'are always on the side of the ablest navigators.' So are the sun, and the moon, and all the stars of heaven. When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his martyrs consume three days in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the ava-

lanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades, are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America,—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane, the sea behind, and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelope great actions. When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, 'You never sate on so glorious a seat.' Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot, Lord Russel, to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. 'But,' to use the simple narrative of his biographer, 'the multitude imagined they saw Liberty and Virtue sitting by his side.' In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth and heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal shape, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

POETRY AND NATURE

FROM "LITERARY ETHICS."

'By Latin and English poetry, we were born and bred in an oratorio of praises of Nature,—flowers, birds, mountains, surf, and moon, yet the naturalist of this hour finds that he knows nothing, by all their poems, of any of these fine things, that he has conversed with the merest surface and show of them all and of their essence, or of their history, knows nothing Further inquiry will discover that nobody,—that not those chaunting poets themselves, knew anything sincere of these handsome natures they so commended, that they contented themselves with the passing chirp of a bird that they saw on one or two mornings, and listlessly looked at sunsets, and repeated idly these few glimpses in their song But go into the forest, you shall find all new and undescribed The screaming of the wild geese, flying by night, the thin note of the companionable titmouse, in the winter day, the fall of swarms of flies in autumn, from combats high in the air, pattering down on the leaves like rain, the angry hiss of the wood birds, the pine throwing out its pollen for the benefit of the next century, the turpentine exuding from the tree—and, indeed, any vegetation any animation, any and all are alike unattempted The man who stands on the sea shore, or who rambles in the woods, seems to be the first man that ever stood on the shore, or entered a grove, his sensations and his world are so novel and strange Whilst I read the poets, I think that nothing new can be said about morning and evening, but when I see the daybreak, I am not reminded of Homeric, or Shakspearian, or Miltonic, or Chaucerian pictures. No; but I feel, perhaps, the pain of an alien world—a world not yet subdued by the thought, or, I am cheered by the

moist, warm, glittering, budding, melodious hour, that takes down the narrow walls of my soul, and extends its life and pulsation to the very horizon. That is morning, to cease for a bright hour to be a prisoner of this sickly body, and to become as large as Nature.

"The noonday darkness of the American forest, the deep, echoing, aboriginal woods, where the living columns of the oak and fir tower up from the ruins of the trees of the last millenium; where, from year to year, the eagle and the crow see no intruder; the pines, bearded with savage moss, yet touched with grace by the violets at their feet; the broad, cold lowland, which forms its coat of vapour with the stillness of subterranean crystallization; and where the traveller, amid the repulsive plants that are native in the swamp, thinks with pleasing terror of the distant town; this beauty,—haggard and desert beauty,—which the sun and the moon, the snow and the rain repaint and vary, has never been recorded by Art, yet is not indifferent to any passenger. All men are poets at heart. They serve Nature for bread, but her loveliness overcomes them sometimes. What mean these journeys to Niagara? these pilgrims to the White Hills? Men believe in the adaptations of utility, always. In the mountains they may believe in the adaptations of the eye. Undoubtedly, the changes of geology have a relation to the prosperous sprouting of the corn and peas in my kitchen garden; but not less is there a relation of beauty between my soul and the dim crags of Agiocochook up there in the clouds. Every man, when this is told, hearkens with joy, and yet his own conversation with Nature is still unsung."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

FROM AN ESSAY ON LOVE.

"Be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forget the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory: when we became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, an studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; for, the figures, the motions, the words of the beloved object are not like other images written in water, but, as Plutarch said, 'enamelled in fire,' made the study of midnight.

'Thou art not gone being gone, where'er thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.'

In the noon and the afternoon of life, we still throb at the recollection of days when happiness was not happy enough, but must be drugged with the relish of pain and fear; for he touched the secret of the matter, who said of love,

'All other pleasures are not worth its pains:'

and when the day was not long enough, but the night too

must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song, when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures.

"The passion remarks the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. Almost the notes are articulate. The clouds have faces, as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass and the peeping flowers have grown intelligent, and almost he fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men.

> 'Fountain heads and pathless groves,
> Places which pale passion loves,
> Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
> Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
> A midnight bell a passing groan,
> These are the sounds we feed upon.'

Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a passing groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.'

"Behold there in the wood the fine madman! He is a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he walks with arms akimbo; he soliloquizes; he accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover, and the lily in his veins; and he talks with the brook that wets his foot.

"The causes that have sharpened his perceptions of natural beauty have made him love music and verse. It is a fact often observed, that men have written good verses under the inspiration of passion who cannot write well under any other circumstances.

'The like force has the passion over all his nature. It expands the sentiment; it makes the clown gentle, and gives the coward heart. Into the most pitiful and abject it will infuse a heart and courage to defy the world, so only it have the countenance of the beloved object. In giving him to another, it still more gives him to himself. He is a new man, with new perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a religious solemnity of character and aims. He does not longer appertain to his family and society. He is somewhat. He is a person He is a soul."

GENIUS.

FROM THE "METHOD OF NATURE."

"AND what is Genius but finer love, a love impersonal, a love of the flower and perfection of things, and a desire to draw a new picture or copy of the same? It looks to the cause and life it proceeds from within outward, whilst talent goes from without inward Talent finds its models and methods and ends in society, exists for exhibition, and goes to the soul only for power to work Genius is its own end, and draws its means and the style of its architecture from within, going abroad only for audience and spectator, as we adapt our voice and phrase to the distance and character of the ear we speak to. All your learning of all literatures would never enable you to anticipate one of its thoughts or expressions, and yet each is natural and familiar as household words. Here about us coils for ever

the ancient enigma, so old and so unutterable. Behold! there is the sun, and the rain, and the rocks: the old sun, the old stones. How easy were it to describe all this fitly: yet no word can pass. Nature is a mute; and man, her articulate speaking brother, lo! he also is a mute. Yet when genius arrives, its speech is like a river, it has no straining to describe, more than there is straining in nature to exist. When thought is best, there is most of it. Genius sheds wisdom like perfume, and advertises us that it flows out of a deeper source than the foregoing silence, that it knows so deeply and speaks so musically, because it is itself a imitation of the thing it describes. It is sun, and moon, and wave, and fire in music, as astronomy is thought and harmony in masses and matter.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF CALAMITY.

FROM AN ESSAY ON "COMPENSATION."

"THE changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends, and home, and laws, and faith, as the shell fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house In proportion to the vigour of the individual, these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant, and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming, as it were, a transparent fluid membrane through which the form is always seen, and not as in most men an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates, and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and

the man of to day scarcely recognises the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting not advancing, resisting not co operating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

"We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that archangels may come in We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to day to rival or re create that beautiful yesterday We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread, and shelter, and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful But we sit and weep in vain The voice of the Almighty saith, 'Up and onward for evermore!' We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new, and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

"And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of cha-

racter. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the desert, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighbourhoods of men."

TRAVELLING.

FROM ESSAY ON SELF-RELIANCE.

"It is for want of self-culture that the idol of travelling, the idol of Italy, of England, of Egypt, remains for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination, did so not by rambling round creation as a moth round a lamp, but by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours, we feel that duty is our place, and that the merrymen of circumstance should follow as they may. The soul is no traveller: the wise man stays at home with the soul, and when his necessaries, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still, and is not gadding abroad from himself, and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance, that he goes the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign, and not like an interloper or a valet.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get some-

what which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they He carries ruins to ruins

"Travelling is a fool's paradise We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up at Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from I seek the Vatican, and the palaces I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated My giant goes with me wherever I go

"But the rage of travelling is itself only symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home We imitate, and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste, our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments, our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds lean and follow the past and the distant, as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought, and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will

find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

"Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows yet what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipiohism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If any body will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakspeare will never be made by the study of Shakspeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment, there is for me an utterance bare and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses, or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul all rich, all eloquent, with a thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice: for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell up there in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt produce the Foreworld again."

STATELINESS AND COURTESY.

FROM AN ESSAY ON MANNERS.

"I LIKE that every chair should be a throne, and hold a king. I prefer a tendency to stateliness, to an excess of fellowship. Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. I would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculptures, that he might not want the hint of tranquillity and self poise. We shall meet each morning as from foreign countries, and spending the day together, should depart at night, as in foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all round Olympus. No degree of affection need invade this religion This is myrrh and rosemary to keep the other sweet. Lovers should guard their strangeness. If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion and meanness. It is easy to punish this deference to a Chinese etiquette; but coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise . a lady is serene. Proportionate is our disgust at those invaders who fill a studious house with blast and running, to secure some paltry convenience. Not less I dislike a low sympathy of each with his neighbour's deeds. Must we have a good understanding with one another's palates? as foolish people, who have lived long together, know when each wants salt or sugar. I pray my companion, if he wishes for bread, to ask me for bread, and if he wishes for sassafras or arsenic, to ask me for them, and not to hold out his plate, as if I knew already. Every natural function can be dignified by deliberation and privacy. Let us leave hurry to slaves. The compliments and ceremonies

of our breeding should signify, however remotely, the recollection of the grandeur of our destiny.'

"The flower of courtesy does not very well bide handling, but if we dare to open another leaf, and explore what parts go to its conformation, we shall find also an intellectual quality. To the leaders of men, the brain as well as the flesh and the heart must furnish a proportion. Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Men are too coarsely made for the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs. It is not quite sufficient to good-breeding, a union of kindness and independence. We imperatively require a perception of, and a homage to beauty in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and workyard, but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws, than with a sloven and unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances, the senses are despotic. The same discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less rigour, into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energetic class is good sense, acting under certain limitations and to certain ends. It entertains every natural gift. Social in its nature, it respects everything which tends to unite men. It delights in measure. The love of beauty is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams, or uses the superlative degrees, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius, or a prodigious usefulness, if you will hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and perfect the parts of the social instrument. Society will pardon much to genius and special gifts, but, being in its nature convention, it loves what is conventional, or what belongs coming together. That makes the good and bad of manners, namely, what helps or hinders

fellowship. For, fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character, hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary, and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; while it values all peculiarities as in the highest degree refreshing, which can consist with good fellowship. And besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendour of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.

TRUTH AND TENDERNESS

FROM AN "ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP."

"I DO not wish to treat friendship daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frost-work, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature, or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken towards the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul, is the fact itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation, and honour its law! It is no idle band, no holiday engagement. He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant, comes up, like an Olympean, to the great games, where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proves himself for contests where time,

Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness, and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal, that I may drop even those under most garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness, with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like dukedoms and authority, only to the highest rank, that being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who, under a religious frenzy, cast off his drapery, and omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men greed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to face him, and what love of nature, what poetry, what

symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility, requires to be humoured;—he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that he is not to be questioned, and so spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring me to stoop, or to lisp, or to mask myself A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the resemblance of my being in all its height, variety and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature

"The other element of friendship is Tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by lust, by need, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another, as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness, When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says, 'I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectly am, and tender myself least to him whom I am the most devoted.' I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it walks over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of usual loans; it is good neighbourhood;

it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite losses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet, on the other hand, we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his road too fine, and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of plough-boys, and tin-pedlars, to the silken and perfumed amity which only celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricle, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and prosecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive, and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

Mr. Emerson was born in Boston, and in 1820 received his bachelor's degree at Cambridge. He afterwards studied theology and was settled over the Second Unitarian Church in his native city; but left his charge on account of having adopted the Quaker opinion in regard to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Mr. Emerson is a true poet, but his metrical productions are not very numerous. In 1839 he published a few pieces in "The Western Messenger," a periodical devoted to religion and letters, at Cincinnati, and in the last two years several others in "The Dial;" a quarterly magazine, of which he was the editor, at Boston.

EACH IN ALL.

"LITTLE thinks in the field yon red-cloak'd clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
And the heifer that lows in the upland farm
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton tolling his bell at noon
Dreams not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbours creed hath lent,
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

"I thought the sparrows note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even,—
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky
He sang to my ear, these sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore—
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,

And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetch'd my sea-born treasures home,
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.
Nor rose, nor stream, nor bird is fair,
Their concord is beyond compare.

"The lover watch'd his graceful maid
As mid the virgin train she stray'd,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by that snow-white quire.
At last, she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage,—
The gay enchantment was undone,—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

"Then, I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat,
I leave it behind with the games of youth,"
———As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curl'd its pretty wreath,
Running over the hair-cap burs:
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs:
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground.
Over me soar'd the eternal sky
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw—again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird:
Beauty through my senses stole,—
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

"GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD!"

"Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine.
Too long through weary crowds I roam.—
A river ark on the ocean brine,
Too long I am toss'd like the driven foam.
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

"Good bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace:
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,—
Good bye, proud world, I'm going home.

"I go to seek my own hearth-stone
Bosom'd in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies plann'd,
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and to God.

"O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

TO THE HUMBLE BEE

"Fine humble bee! fine humble bee!
Where thou art is clime for me,
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far off heats through seas to seek,—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zig zag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines,
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

"Flower bells,
Honey'd cells,—
These the tents
Which he frequents

"Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

"When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a colour of romance,
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets,—

Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence doth displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me the drowsy tune,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

"Aught unsavoury or unclean
Hath my insect ever seen,
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Clover, catchfly, adders-tongue,
And briar-roses dwelt among.
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he pass'd.

"Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
Thou already slumberest deep,
Woe and want thou canst outsleep:
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous."

THE RHODORA

LINES ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

"In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook,
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black waters with their beauty gay,
Young Raphael might covet such a school,
'The lively show beguiled me from my way
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought
you'

THE SNOW STORM

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whitened air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm house at the garden's end
The sled and traveller stopped the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm

Come see the north-winds masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnish'd with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he.
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are number'd, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonish'd Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
The frolic architecture of the snow."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE ancestors of Whittier settled at an early period in the town of Haverhill, on the banks of the Merrimack river, in Massachusetts. They were Quakers, and some of them suffered from the "sharp laws" which the fierce Independents enacted against these "devil-driven heretics," as they are styled in the "Magnalia" of Cotton Mather. The poet was born in the year 1808, on the spot occupied by his family for four or five generations; and until he was eighteen years of age, his time was principally passed in the district schools, and in aiding his father on the farm. His nineteenth year was spent at a Latin school, and in 1828 he went to Boston to conduct "The American Manufacturer," a gazette established to advocate a protective tariff. He had previously won some reputation as a writer by various contributions, in prose and verse, to the newspapers printed in his native town, and in Newburyport, and the ability with which he managed the "Manufacturer," now made his name familiar through-

out the country. In 1830 he went to Hartford, in Connecticut, to take charge of the "New England Weekly Review." He remained here about two years, during which he was an ardent politician, of which was then called the National Republican school, and devoted but little attention to literature. He published, however, in this period his "Legends of New England," a collection of poems and prose sketches, founded on events in the early history of the country; wrote the memoir of his friend Brainard, prefixed to the collection of his writings printed in 1830; and several poems which appeared in the "Weekly Review."

In 1831, Whittier returned to Haverhill, where he was for five or six years engaged in agricultural pursuits. He represented that town in the legislature in the sessions of 1835 and 1836, and declined a re-election in 1837. "Mogg Megone," his longest poem, was first published in 1836. He regarded the story of the hero only as a frame work for sketches of the scenery and of the primitive settlers of Massachusetts and the adjacent states. In portraying the Indian character, he followed as closely as was practicable the rough but natural delineations of Church, Mayhew, Charlevoix, and Roger Williams, and therefore discarded much of the romance which more modern writers have thrown around the red-man's life. In this, as well as in some of his minor poems, and in the "Legends of New England," he has depicted with honesty the intolerant spirit and superstition of the early colonists. That he

would willingly do injustice to their memories, none who know him or his works will be easily persuaded. He is himself a son of New England, and in the following lines, from "Moll Pitcher," has well expressed his feelings toward her and her founders:

"Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains rear'd aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land for ever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have link'd with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior's dream!
Oh! never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love,
The stream beneath the green hill flowing,
The broad arm'd trees above it growing,
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing,
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breath'd o'er the brave New England born,
Or mark the stranger's jaguar hand
Disturb the ashes of the dead,
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part,—
Nor feel resentment like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart!

O, greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France,
And streams rejoicing as they run
Like life beneath the day beam's glance,
May wander where the orange bough
With golden fruit is bending low,
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—
And pillar'd fane and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,
And over shrift and architrave
The green luxuriant ivy climb,
And far toward the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening one by one
Like stars upon the twilight sky,
And breezes soft as sighs of love
Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
A thousand bright hued pinions play;
Yet unto thee, New England, still,
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Seem dearer than the land of palms,
Thy mossy oak and mountain pine,
More welcome than the banyan's shade,
And ever free, blue stream of thine
Seem richer than the golden bed
Of oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below!"

In 1836, Whittier was elected one of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and much of his time since then has been passed in its service. Many of his best poems

relate to slavery. His productions are all distinguished for manly vigour of thought and language, and they breathe the true spirit of liberty.

Perhaps Mr. Whittier's finest poem is "CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK." Miss Mitford says of it—"His poem itself can scarcely be overrated. The march of the verse has something that reminds us of the rhythm of Mr. Macaulay's fine classical ballads, something which is resemblance, not imitation; whilst in the tone of mind of the author, his earnestness, his eloquence, his pathos, there is much that resembles the constant force and occasional beauty of Ebenezer Elliot. Whilst equally earnest, however, and equally eloquent, there is in Mr. Whittier, not only a more sustained, but a higher tone than that of the Corn-law Rhymer. It would indeed be difficult to tell the story of a terrible oppression and a merciful deliverance—a deliverance springing from the justice, the sympathy, the piety of *our* countrymen, the English captains—with more striking effect. I transcribe the prose introduction, which is really necessary to render such an outrage credible, although one feels intuitively that the story must have been true, precisely because it was too strangely wicked for fiction:—"This ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of all his property for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined ten pounds

each for non-attendance at church, which they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the General Court at Boston, that body issued an order, which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the Treasurer of the County was 'fully empowered to sell the said persons to any of the English nation at Virginia or Barbadoes to answer said fines.' An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies."—*Vide* "Sewall's History," pp. 225–6, G. Bishop."

"To the God of all true mercies let my blessing rise to day,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away,—
Yea, He, who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His handmaid free!

"Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,
Last night across my damp earth floor fell the pale gleam of stars,
In the coldness and darkness all through the long night-time,
My grated window whitened with autumn's early rime.

"Alone in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by,
Star after star looked palely in, and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea.

All night I sate unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

"Oh the weakness of the flesh was there, the shrinking and the shame,
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came
'Why sit'st thou thus forlornly? the wicked murmur said,
'Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?

"'Where be the smiling faces and voices soft and sweet
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?
Where be the youths, whose glances the summer Sabbath through
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?

"'Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra? Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth,
How the crimson shadows tremble, on foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood half hid in golden hair

"'Not for thee the hearth fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,
for thee the nuts of Wenham Woods by laughing boys are broken,

No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of autumn the youthful rustics braid.

"'O weak deluded maiden! by crazy fancies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship and teaching pure and sound,
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth bound.

"'Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit and holy bread and wine,
Sore from their cart tail scourgings and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness and glorying in their shame.

"'And what a fate awaits thee? a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!'

"Oh!—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
To feel—oh, Helper of the weak! that Thou indeed wert there!

"I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison shackles fell,

Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

"Slow broke the grey cold morning, again the sunshine fell
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lowly cell;
The hoar frost matted on the wall, and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word and tread of passing feet

"At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side up the long street I pass'd;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see
How, from every door and window the people gazed on me.

"We paused at length where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining sand, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchants' ships lay idly there in hard clear lines on high
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

"And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains, with faces bronzed and old,

And on his horse with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,
Sate dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

"But grey heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, or gainful offering.

"Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said:—
'Which of ye worthy seamen will take this Quaker maid?
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor.'

"Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried—
'Speak out my worthy seamen!' no voice or sign replied;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear;—
'God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!'

"A weight seemed lifted off my heart—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard rough hand—I saw it in his eye:
And when again the sheriff spake, that voice so kind to me
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea.

"'Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold
From keel-piece up to deck-plank the roomage of her hold.

By the living God who made me! I would sooner in yon bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo than bear this child away!'

"'Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws!'
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
'Like the herdsman of Tekoa in Israel of old
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?'

"I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-way drawn
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn;
Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

"Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul,
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment roll;
'Good friends,' he said, 'since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye if from their further work I be not well released.'

"Loud was the cheer, which, full and clear, swept round the silent bay,
As with kind words and kinder looks he bade me go my way;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

"Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath
my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill and stream and woodland
lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

"Thanksgiving to the Lord of life! to Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set His handmaid
free!
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are
afraid
Who takes the crafty in the maze which for the poor is
laid!"

HAMPTON BEACH.

"The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy grey.

"The tremulous shadow of the sea!
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

"On—on—we tread, with loose-flung rein,
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
Where the wild briar-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

"Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of new life—the healing of the seas!

"Now rest we, where this grassy mound
His feet hath set,
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ancles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

"Good-by to pain and care! I take
Mine ease to-day;
Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

"I draw a freer breath—I seem
Like all I see—
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
And far-off sails which flit before the south wind free.

"So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of misery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

"And all we shrink from now, may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream,
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

"Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning,
And, as in summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

"I sit alone in foam and spray,
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks, which, stern and grey,
Beneath like fallen Titans lay,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and cave

"What heed I of the dusty land,
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand,
To where the blue of Heaven in bluer waves shuts down!

"In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud, and wave, and wind,
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

"But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore
In shadow lie,
The night wind warns me back once more,
To where my native hill tops o'er
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky!

"So, then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the sea."

THE REFORMER

"All grim and soiled, and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man,
Along his path

"The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm,
Wealth shook within its gilded home,
With pale alarm

"Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in,
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head,
To drown the din

'Spare Art implored, 'yon holy pile,
That grand, old, time worn turret spare,
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out 'Forbear!'

'Gray headed Use who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown

"Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,
'Why smite,' he asked in sad surprise,
'The fair, the old?'

"Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam,
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream

"I looked, aside the dust cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too,
Upspringing from the ruin old,
I saw the new.

"'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill,
Whate'er of good the old time had,
Was living still.

"Calm grew the brows of him I feared,
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

"Green grew the grain on battle plains,
Over swarded war mounds graved the cow,
The sword was forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

"Where frowned the fort pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower entwined
Looked out upon the peaceful bay,
And hills behind.

"Through vine wreathed cups, with wine once red,
The lights on burnished crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

"Through prison walls, like heaven sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sun beams strayed,
And with the idle gallows rope
The young child played.

"Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

"Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

"The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The Good held captive in the use
Of Wrong alone—

"These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time-serve to-day;
And frosher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

"Oh! backward-looking son of time!—
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

"So wisely taught the Indian sage;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one the same.

"As idly as in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,
So, in his time, thy child grown gray,
Shall sigh for thine.

"Yet, not the less for them or thou,
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!

"Take heart! the Master builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for Death!

'God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night —
Ho! wake and watch! the world is gray,
With morning light!"

THE FISHERMEN.

"Hurrah! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain.
Heave up, my lads, the anchor,
Run up the sail again!
Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rail car and the steed,
The stars of Heaven shall guide us
The breath of Heaven shall speed.

"From the hill top looks the steeple,
And the light house from the sand,
And the scattered pines are waving
Their farewell from the land.
One glance, my lads, behind us,
For the homes we leave one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky.

"Now, brothers, for the icebergs
Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
Along the low, black shore!
Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murre are flying
Like black scuds overhead.

"Where in mist the rock is hiding
And the sharp reef lurks below;

And the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where through grey and rolling vapor
From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.

"Hurrah! for the Red Island,
With the white cross on its crown!
Hurrah! for Meccatina
And its mountains bare and brown!
Where the Caribou's tall antlers
O'er the dwarf wood freely toss,
And the footstep of the Mickmac
Has no sound upon the moss!

"There we'll drop our lines, and gather
Old Ocean's treasures in,
Where'er the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel dark fin,
Where'er the brown cod glideth
Amidst this scaly clan,
We will reap the North land's harvest
As her reapers only can.

"Our wet hands spread the carpet
And light the hearth of home
From our fish, as in the old time,
The silver coin shall come.
As the demon fled the chamber
Where the fish of Tobit lay,
So ours from all our dwellings
Shall frighten Want away.

"Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals,

And our lines wind stiff and slowly
From off the frozen reel,
Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind
And laugh beneath the cloud!

"In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot,
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

"Hurrah! hurrah, the west wind
Comes creeping down the bay,
The rising sails are filling—
Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth like a weed—
The stars of Heaven shall guide us,
The breath of Heaven shall speed"

THE LEGEND OF ST MARK.

"The day is closing dark and cold,
With roaring blast and sleety showers,
And through the dusk the lilacs wear
The bloom of snow instead of flowers.

"I turn me from the gloom without,
To ponder o'er a tale of old,
A legend of the age of faith,
By dreaming monk or abbess told.

'On Tintoretto's canvass lives
That fancy of a loving heart,
In graceful lines and shapes of power,
And hues immortal as his art.

"In Provence (so the story runs)
There lived a lord to whom as slave,
A peasant boy of tender years,
The chance of trade or conquest gave.

"Forth-looking from the castle tower,
Beyond the hills with almonds dark,
The straining eye could scarce discern
The chapel of the good St. Mark.

"And there when bitter word or fare
The service of the youth repaid,
By stealth, before that holy shrine,
For grace to bear his wrong, he prayed.

"The steed stamped at the castle gate,
The boar-hunt sounded on the hill;
Why staid the Baron from the chase,
With looks so stern and words so ill?

"Go bind yon slave, and let him learn,
By scathe of fire and strain of cord,
How ill they speed who give dead saints
The homage due their living lord."

"They bound him on the fearful rack,
When, through the dungeon's vaulted dark
He saw the light of shining robes,
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

"Then sank the iron rack apart,
The cords released their cruel clasp,
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,
Fell broken from the torturer's grasp.

"And lo! before the Youth and Saint,
Barred door and wall of stone gave way
And up from bondage and the night,
They passed to freedom and the day!

"Oh, dreaming monk! thy tale is true,
Oh, painter, true thy pencil's art,
In tones of hope and prophecy,
Ye whisper to my listening heart!

"Unheard no burdened heart's appeal
Moans up to God's inclining ear,
Unheeded by his tender eye
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

"For still the Lord alone is God!
The pomp and power of tyrant man
Are scattered at his lightest breath,
Like chaff before the winnower's fan!

"Not always shall the slave uplift
His dusky hands to Heaven in vain,
God's angel, like the good Saint Mark,
Comes shining down to break his chain!

"Oh, weary ones! ye may not see
Your helpers in their downward flight,
Nor hear the sound of silver wings,
Slow beating through the hush of night!

"But not the less grey Dothan shone,
With sunbright watchers bending low,
That Fear's dim eye beheld atone
The spear heads of the Syrian foe.

"There are, who like the Seer of old,
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain side
Is white with many an angel tent!

"They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down his pathway to prepare;
And light, from others hidden, shines
On their high place of faith and prayer

'Let such, for earth's despairing ones,
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,
Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer
"Lord, open their eyes that they may see!"

THE CURSE OF THE CHARTER BREAKERS

"'The rights and liberties affirmed by Magna Charta were deemed of such importance in the 13th century, that the Bishops, twice a year, with tapers burning and in their pontifical robes, pronounced, in the presence of the king and the representatives of the estates of England, the greater excommunication against the infringer of that instrument. The imposing ceremony took place in the great Hall of Westminster. A copy of the curse of 1253, now before us, declares that, 'By the authority of Almighty God, and the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, and all the saints in heaven, all those who violate the English liberties, and secretly or openly, by deed, word, or counsel, do make statutes, *or observe them being made*, against said liberties, are accursed and sequestered from the company of heaven and the sacraments of the Holy Church.'

"'William Penn, in his admirable political pamphlet, '*Englands Present Interest Considered*,' alluding to the course of the Charter breakers, says —'I am no Roman Catholic, and little value their other curses, yet I declare I would not for the world incur this curse, as every man deservedly doth, who offers violence to the fundamental freedom thereby repeated and confirmed.'

"In Westminster's royal halls,
Robed in their pontificals,
England's ancient prelates stood
For the people's right and good.

"All around, in armor dressed,
Steel for glove, and mail for vest,
King and council, lord and knight,
Squire and yeoman, stood in sight

"Stood to hear the priest rehearse,
In God's name, the Church's curse,
By the tapers round them lit,
Slowly, sternly uttering it

"Right of voice in framing laws,
Right of peers to try each cause,
Peasant homestead, man and small,
Sacred as the monarch's hall—

'Whoso lays his hand on these,
England's ancient liberties
Whoso breaks, by word or deed,
England's vow at Runnymede—

"Be he prince or belted knight,
Whatsoe'er his rank or might,
If the highest, then the worst,
Let him live and die accursed

"Thou who to thy Church hast given
Keys alike of earth and heaven,
May our word and witness sure,
Let the curse we speak endure!"

"Silent while that curse was said
Every bare and listening head

Bowed in reverent awe, and then
All the people said, Amen!

"Seven times the bell's have tolled
For the centuries grey and old,
Since that stol'd and mitred band
Cursed the tyrants of their land.

"Since the priesthood, like a tower,
Stood between the poor and power,
And the wronged and trodden down
Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

"Gone, thank God, their wizard spell,
Lost their keys of heaven and hell;
Yet I sigh for men as bold
As those bearded priests of old.

"Now too oft the priesthood wait,
At the threshold of the State—
Waiting for the beck and nod
Of its power as law and God

"Fraud exults with solemn words
Sanctify his stolen hoards;
Slavery laughs while ghostly lips
Bless his manacles and whips.

"Not on t' em the poor rely,
Not on them looks Liberty,
Who with fawning falsehood cower
To the wrong, when clothed with power.

"Oh! to see them meanly cling,
Round the master, round the king,
Sported with, and sold and bought—
Pitifuller sight is not!

"Tell me not that this must be
God's true priest is always free;
Free, the needed truth to speak,
Right the wronged, and raise the weak—

"Not to fawn on wealth and state,
Leaving Lazarus at the gate—
Not to peddle creeds like wares—
Not to mutter hireling prayers—

"Not to paint the new life's bliss
On the sable ground of this—
Golden streets for idle knave,
Sabbath rest for weary slave!

Not for words and works like these,
Priest of God, thy mission is;
But to make earth's desert glad,
In its Eden greenness clad;

And to level manhood bring
Lord and peasant, serf and king;
And the child of God to find
In the humblest of thy kind!

"Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away,
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting Heaven's warm sunshine in—

"Watching on the hills of Faith,
Listening what the Spirit saith
Of the dim-seen light afar,
Growing like a nearing star.

God's interpreter art thou,
To the waiting ones below;
'Twixt them and its light midway
Heralding the better day—

Catching gleams of temple spires,
Hearing notes of angel choirs,
Where, as yet unseen of them,
Comes the New Jerusalem!

Like the seer of Patmos gazing
On the glory downward blazing,
Till upon Earth's grateful sod
Rests the City of our God!

DEMOCRACY

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.—MATT. VII. 12.

"Oh! fairest born of Love and Light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the human sight,
Or wounds the perfect ear!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,
Though there profaning gifts are thrown,
And fires enkindled to the skies,
Are glaring on thy altar stone

"Still sacred—though thy name be breathed
By those whose hearths thy truth deride,
And garlands plucked from thee are wreathed
Around the haughty brow of Pride

"Oh! idol of my boyhood's time,
The faith in which my father stood,
Even when the suns of Lust and crime
Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood.

"Still to those courts my footsteps turn,
For through the mists that darken there,
I see the flames of Freedom burn,
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer.

"The generous feeling, pure and warm,
Which owns the right of all divine,
The pitying heart—the helping arm—
The prompt self-sacrifice are thine.

"Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

"Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him,
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim

"By misery unrepelled, unawed
By pomp or power, thou seest a man
In prince or peasant—slave or lord—
Pale priest or swarthy artisan.

"Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on the man within;

"On man, as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set—
The immortal gift of God to him.

"And there is reverence in thy look;
For that frail form which mortals wear
The spirit of the Holiest took,
And veiled his perfect brightness there.

"Not from the poor and shallow fount
Of vain philosophy thou art;
He who of old on Syria's mount
Thrilled, warmed by turns the listener's heart

"In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels yearned to know,
Proclaimed thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe.

"That voice's echo hath not died!
From the blue sea of Galilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

"Thy name and watchward o'er this land
I hear in every breeze that stirs,
And found a thousand altars stand
Thy banded party worshippers.

"Not to these altars of a day,
At party's call my gift I bring;
But on my olden shrine I lay
A freeman's dearest offering!

"The voiceless utterance of his will
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,
That manhood's heart remembers still
The homage of its generous youth.

DEDICATION.

"DEAR SISTER!—while the wise and sage
Turn coldly from my playful page,
And count it strange that ripened age
Should stoop to boyhood's folly;
I know that thou wilt judge aright,
Of all which makes the heart more light,
Or lends one star-gleam to the night
Of clouded Melancholy.

"Away with weary cares and themes!—
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!
Leave free once more the land which teems
With wonders and romances!
Whore thou with clear-discerning eyes
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
Beneath the quaintly masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies.

"Lo! once again our feet we set
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret
The roots of spectral beeches;
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
Home's white-washed wall and painted floor,
And young eyes widening to the lore
Of faery folks and witches.

"Dear heart!—the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again,
And, calling back from care and pain,
And Death's funereal sadness,
Draws round its old familiar blaze,
The clustering groups of happier days,
And lends to sober manhood's gaze
A glimpse of childish gladness.

"And knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife, with strong-willed men,
Thou wilt not chide my turning,
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen at Life's noon-day chime
For the sweet bells of Morning!

THE SUPERNATURALISM OF NEW ENGLAND.

"'TAMAR.—But are they round us, Hadad? Not confined
In penal chains and darkness?
"'HADAD. So he said,
And so your sacred books infer. What saith
Your prophet?—What the prince of Us?
"'TAMAR. I shudder
Lest some dark minister be near us now!'"—HADAD

"ELDERLY people in this region yet tell marvellous stories of Gen. M., of Hampton, N.H., especially of his league with the Devil, who used to visit him occasionally in the shape of a small man in a leathern dress. The general's house was once burned, in revenge, as it is said, by the fiend, whom the former had outwitted. He had agreed, it seems, to furnish the general with a bootful of gold and silver poured annually down the chimney. The shrewd Yankee cut off, on one occasion, the foot of the boot, and the Devil kept pouring down the coin from the chimney's top, in a vain attempt to fill it, until the room was literally packed with the precious metal. When the general died, he was laid out, and put in a coffin as usual; but, on the day of the funeral, it was whispered about that his body was missing; and the neighbours came to the charitable conclusion that the enemy had got his own at last.

"The following Ballad is founded upon one of the marvellous legends connected with this Yankee Faust. I remember hearing the story, when a child, from a venerable family visitant.

THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

"DARK the halls, and cold the feast—
Gone the bridemaids, gone the Priest!
All is over—all is done,
Twain of yesterday are one!

Blooming girl and manhood grey,
Autumn in the arms of May!

"Hushed within and hushed without,
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout;
Dies the bonfire on the hill;
All is dark and all is still,
Save the starlight, save the breeze
Moaning through the grave-yard trees;
And the great sea-waves below,
Pulse i' the midnight, beating slow.

'From the brief dream of a bride
She hath wakened, at his side.
With half uttered shriek and start —
Feels she not his beating heart?
And the pressure of his arm,
And his breathing near and warm?

'Lightly from the bridal bed
Springs that fair dishevelled head,
And a feeling, new, intense,
Half of shame, half innocence,
Maiden fear and wonder, speaks
Through her lips and changing cheeks.

'From the oaken mantel glowing
Faintest light the lamp is throwing
On the mirror's antique mould,
High-backed chair and wainscot old,
And, through faded curtains stealing,
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,
Silver-streaked his careless hair;
Lips of love have left no trace
On that hard and haughty face;

And that forehead's knitted thought
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,
More than these calm lips will tell.
Stooping to my lowly state,
He hath made me rich and great,
And I bless him, though he be
Hard and stern to all save me!"

"While she speaketh falls the light
O'er her fingers small and white,
Gold and gem, and costly ring
Back the timid lustre fling—
Love's selectest gifts and rare,
His proud hand hath fastened there

"Gratefully she marks the glow
From those tapering lines of snow,
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending
His black hair with golden blending,
In her soft and light caress,
Cheek and lip together press.

"Ha!—that start of horror!—Why
That wild stare and wilder cry,
Full of terror, full of pain?
Is there madness in her brain?
Hark! that gasping hoarse and low
"Spare me—spare me—let me go!"

"God have mercy!—Icy cold
Spectral hands her own enfold,
Drawing silently from them
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,
"Waken! save me!" still as death
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;
But she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of woe,
Half a sigh and half a moan
"Fear not! Give the dead her own!"

Ah!—the dead wife's voice she knows!
That cold hand whose pressure froze,
Once in warmest life had borne
Gem and band her own hath worn.
"Wake thee! Wake thee!" Lo his eyes
Open with a dull surprise.

"In his arms the strong man folds her,
Closer to his breast he holds her;
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
And he feels her heart's quick beating;
"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is here!"

"Nay, a dream—an idle dream."
But before the lamp's pale gleam
Tremblingly her hand she raises,—
There no more the diamond blazes,
Clasp of pearl or ring of gold,—
"Ah," she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

"Broken words of cheer he saith,
But his dark lip quivereth,
And as o'er the Past he thinketh,
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh,
Can those soft arms round him lie,
Underneath his dead wife's eye?

"She her fair young head can rest
Soothed and child-like on his breast,

And in trustful innocence
Draw new strength and courage thence;
He, the proud man, feels within
But the cowardice of Sin!

"She can murmur in her thought
Simple prayers her mother taught,
And his blessed angels call,
Whose great love is over all,
He, alone, in prayerless pride,
Meets the dark Past at her side!

"Once, who living shrank with dread,
From his look or word or tread,
Unto whom her early grave
Was as freedom to the slave,
Moves him at this midnight hour,
With the dead's unconscious power!

"Ah, the dead, the unforgot!
From their solemn homes of thought,
Where the cypress shadows blend
Darkly over foe and friend,
Or in love or sad rebuke,
Back upon the living look.

"And the tenderest ones and weakest,
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,
Lifting from those dark, still places,
Sweet and sad remembered faces,
O'er the guilty hearts behind
An unwitting triumph find.

Haunted houses are becoming scarce in New England. Formerly every village could boast of one or more of these favoured tenements. I have, nevertheless, seen several of the most unchristian reputation in this respect —

ord, black, and unseemly, with shingles and clap-boards hanging loose and ragged, like the cloak of Otway's witch. A new coat of paint, in almost all cases, proves an effectual exorcism. A former neighbour of mine—a simple, honest mechanic—used to amuse us by his reiterated complaints of the diabolical revels of certain evil spirits, which had chosen his garret for their ball room. All night long he could hear a dance going on above him, regulated by some infernal melody. He had no doubt whatever of the supernatural character of the annoyance, and treated with contempt the suggestion of his neighbours, that, after all, it might be nothing more than the rats among his corn.

"Any one who has read Increase Mather's "Remarkable Providences," or the second volume of "Magnalia," p. 391 3, will remember the story of the house in Newbury, on the Merrimack, which was "infested by demons," and where, "before the Devil was chained up, the invisible hand did begin to put forth an astonishing visibility." This house is still standing at the corner of Market street and opposite St Paul's Church, in the pleasant town of Newburyport,—a venerable and respectable mansion, half hidden by aged trees. Here, in 1679, lived a poor old couple, William Morse and his wife Elizabeth, and their grandson, a roguish lad of fifteen, who seems to have been the author of the mischief. The whole neighbourhood was filled with consternation by strange disturbances in this dwelling; doors opening and shutting; pots and kettles dancing on the floor; the dinner-pot, after being hung over the fire carefully by the good wife, persisting in turning itself over, and emptying the pork and cabbage in the fire; the bed-clothes flying off as fast as they could be put on; and the great wooden wheel turning itself upside down, and standing on its end, in a manner very unseemly and improper for a piece of Puritan housing-stuff. A sea-faring man, named Powell,

detected the young mischief-maker, and put an end to the disturbance; but, for so doing, he was himself suspected of being a wizard, was arrested and tried at Salem, and narrowly escaped the gallows. On his acquittal, the good citizens seized upon Morse's wife as the witch, and she was actually sentenced to be executed, but was finally reprieved by the Governor and Council. A full and accurate account of this case may be found in Coffin's quaint "History of Newbury," pp. 122-134.

"About two miles from my residence are the ruins of a mill, in a narrow ravine fringed with trees. Some forty years ago the mill was supposed to be haunted, and horse-shoes, in consequence, were nailed over its doors. One worthy man, whose business lay beyond the mill, was afraid to pass it alone, and his wife, who was less fearful of supernatural annoyance, used to accompany him. The little neighbours, whenever he made a particularly early visit to his mill, used to hear it in full operation—the water-wheel dashing bravely, and the old ricketty building clattering to the jar of the stones. Yet the moment his hand touched the latch, or his foot the threshold, all was hushed, save the melancholy drip of water from the dam, or the low gurgle of the small stream eddying amidst willow-roots and mossy stones in the ravine below.

This haunted mill has always reminded me of that most beautiful of Scottish ballads, "The Song of the Elfin," in which fairies are represented as grinding the poor man's grist without toil:—

"Full merrily rings the mill-stone round,
Full merrily rings the wheel,
Full merrily gushes out the grist,—
Come, taste my fragrant meal!
The miller he's a worldly man,
And mauna hae double fee;
So draw the sluice in the churl's dam,
And let the stream gae free!"

"Whoever has seen Great Pond, in the East parish of Haverill, has seen one of the very loveliest of the thousand little lakes or ponds in New England. With its soft slopes of greenest verdure—its white and sparkling sand-rim—its southern hem of pine and maple, mirrored, with spray and leaf, in the glassy water—its graceful hill-sentinels round about, white with the orchard-bloom of spring, or tasselled with the corn of autumn—its long sweep of blue waters, broken here and there by picturesque headlands—it would seem a spot, of all others, where spirits of evil must shrink, rebuked and abashed, from the presence of the beautiful. Yet here, too, has the shadow of the supernatural fallen. A lady of my acquaintance, a staid, unimaginative church-member, states that, a few years ago, she was standing in the angle formed by two roads, one of which traverses the pond shore, the other leading over the hill which rises abruptly from the water. It was a warm summer evening, just at sunset. She was startled by the appearance of a horse and cart of the kind used a century ago in New England, driving rapidly down the steep hillside, and crossing the wall a few yards before her, without noise, or displacing of a stone. The driver sat sternly erect, with a fierce countenance; grasping the reins tightly, and looking neither to the right nor the left. Behind the cart, and apparently lashed to it, was a woman of gigantic size, her countenance convulsed with a blended expression of rage and agony, writhing and struggling, like Laocoon in the folds of the serpent. Her head, neck, feet, and arms were naked; wild locks of grey hair streamed back from temples corrugated and darkened. The horrible cavalcade swept by across the street, and disappeared at the margin of the pond.

"The preparation of this little volume has been to me a pleasant recreation, a grateful relief from the ordinary taskwork of life; a brief turning aside from a heated and

dusty highway to the haunted shades and dim grottoes of Fancy:—

"'A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that flit before the half-shut eye.'

May I not hope that its perusal will afford pleasure to others—making heavy and lonely hours lighter and happier, breaking the sad monotony of the sick chamber, and relieving with innocent amusement the weary treadmill of labour? In a desultory manner I have thrown together such facts in illustration of my subject as chanced to present themselves, with very little regard to order or connexion. It has been no part of my object to apply to these facts the test of philosophical and scientific analysis. I have contented myself with sketching, in dim and indistinct outline, the great temple of mystery, leaving to others the task of ascertaining whether it is really a solid structure or a palace of Cloud land; and of applying with mathematical accuracy Ezekiel's reed to the walls thereof. The very nature of my subjects has led me, by sudden transitions, from the grave to the gay; from the horrible to the grotesque and ludicrous; and it has been difficult to avoid altogether the appearance of irreverence on the one hand, and credulity on the other. I am aware that there are graver aspects of the subject than any I have presented, and which are entitled to serious inquiry. For the Supernaturalism of New England and of all other countries is but the exaggeration and distortion of actual fact—a great truth underlies it. It is Nature herself repelling the slanders of the materialist, and vindicating her claim to an informing and all-directing Spirit—the confused and incoherent utterance of her everlasting protest against 'the fool who hath said in his heart there is no God.'

"And, has it never occurred to the thoughtful reader, that the phantasms upon which he has been looking, as he would upon the spectral projections of a showman's magic-

lantern, are, in fact, but the hieroglyphic representation of spiritual and moral phenomena, which, in a rude age, can only be expressed by significant symbols? In the undefinable power of mind over mind—magnetic forces of attraction and repellency—the mental enslavement of the weak and honest by the strong and evil will,—may we not find a solution of the witchcraft of our ancestors? Are not the passions—perverted from their true purpose, their moral harmonies all turned to discord, warring with each other, and leading their victim, like the unhappy one of Scripture, into the fire and the water, and 'among the tombs'—fitly described as demons? In the condition of the miser, shivering and starving over his hoarded gold; and of the desperate votary of ambition, hurried away from all the sweet charities and holy affections which make life beautiful and happy, is there nothing to suggest the old idea of possession? Are not memory's chambers always ghost haunted? Do not our dead, indeed, come back to us, with their looks of unutterable love, or of sorrowful reproach? What is remorse but the spectre of an evil deed tormenting the guilty one, and following him whithersoever he goes? And what is the fiend himself but the evil which all men see in others, and feel in themselves—a monstrous embodiment of the terrible idea of sin? And may we not conclude in the words of Wilson of Durham 'These sayings of poets, and all their fables are not to be forgotten; they are not feigned without cause, neither yet continued into the present time, and kept in memory, without consideration.'"

J. G. Hatt, Stokesley, Yorkshire.